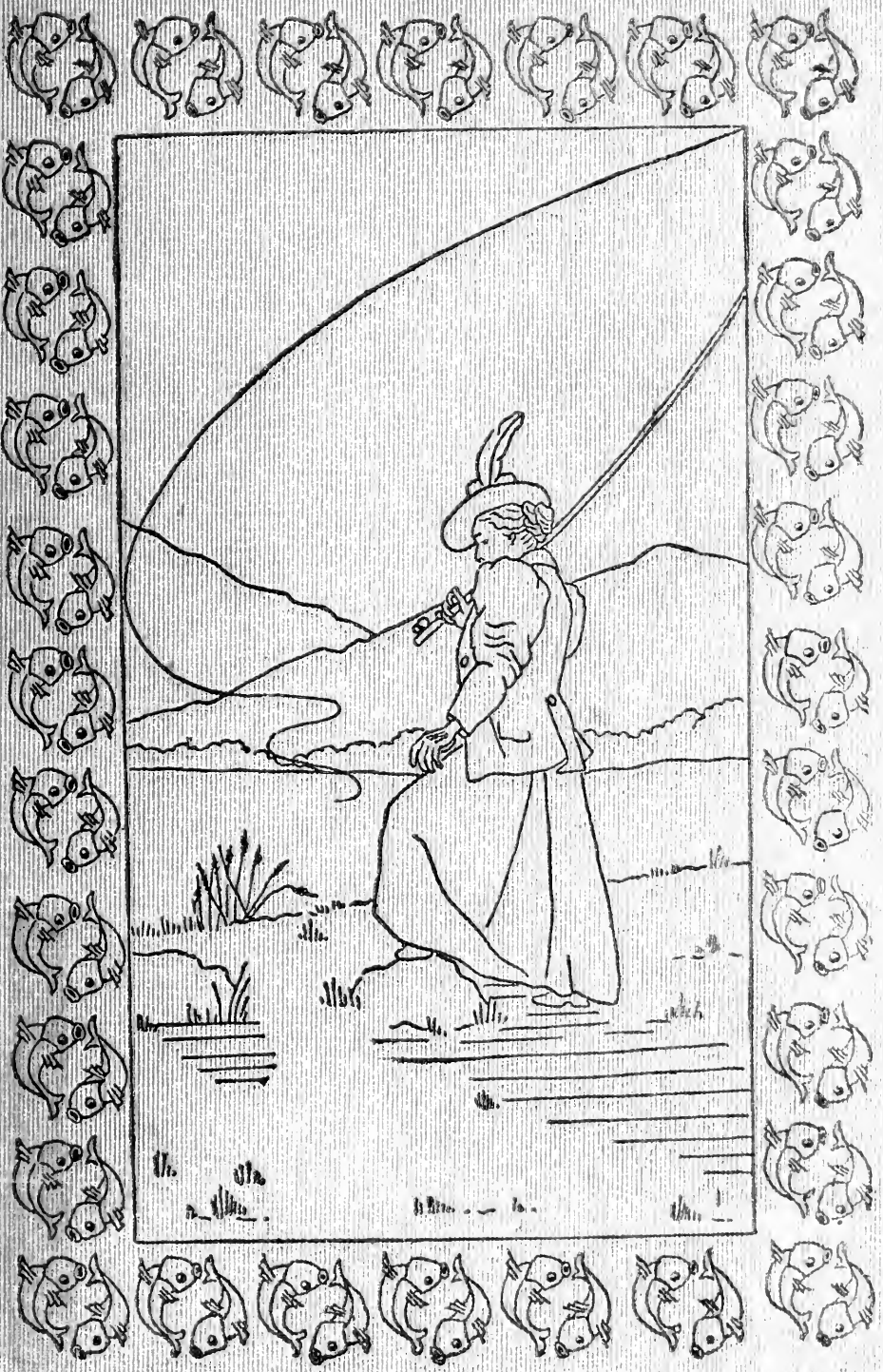

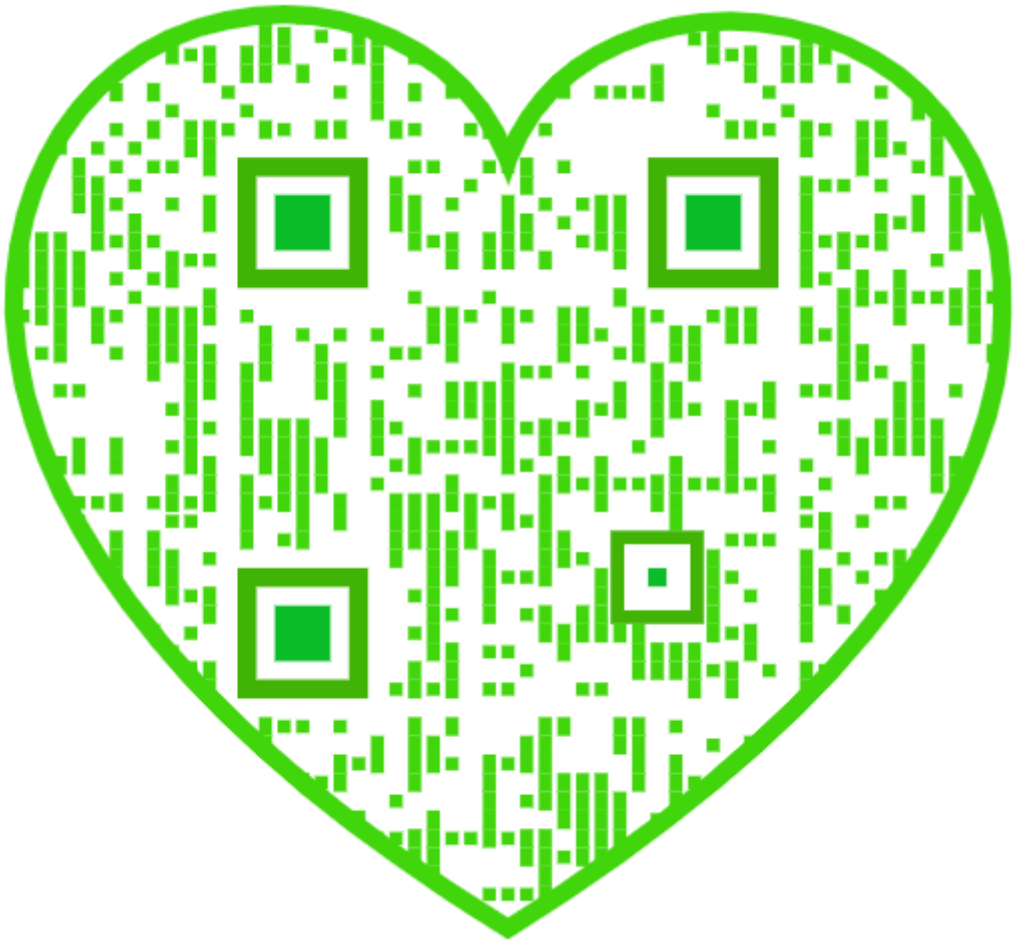

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The Sportswoman's Library.

Vol. I.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WORCESTER.

THE SPORTSWOMAN'S LIBRARY.

EDITED BY
FRANCES E. SLAUGHTER.

VOLUME I.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND OLD PRINTS.

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DEDICATED

BY PERMISSION TO THE

MARCHIONESS OF WORCESTER

A KEEN SPORTSWOMAN AND WIFE

OF ONE OF THE FOREMOST

SPORTSMEN OF THE AGE.

BIRMINGHAM:
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THE SPORTSWOMAN'S LIBRARY.

Vol. I.

Contents.

Preface.

1. Englishwomen and Sport - - The Editor.
2. Fox Hunting - - - - Mrs. Burn.
3. Hare Hunting - - - - The Editor.
4. Shooting - The Hon. Mrs. Lancelot Lowther.
5. Fishing for Tarpon - Mrs. Murphy-Grimshaw.
6. Archery - - Mrs. Berens and Miss Walrond.
7. Skating - - - - Miss May Balfour.
8. Golf - - - - - Miss Starkie-Bence.
9. Croquet - - - - - Mrs. Spong.

Appendix A. Golf Rules and Glossary.

Appendix B. Croquet Rules.

PREFACE.

WHEN I look at the completed MSS. of the first volumes of the *Sportswomans' Library*, I feel deeply grateful to the many good sportswomen who have aided me in my work, not only for the great stores of practical knowledge they have brought to bear on the several subjects of which we have treated, but for the way in which they have collaborated with me. For this my warmest thanks are due to them one and all.

The object we have placed before us, is to give women the information and help they are not likely to find in those books, which are written chiefly from a man's point of view, and we have therefore avoided, as far as possible, trenching on ground that has been already adequately covered by those who, to sportsmen and sportswomen alike, are the best authorities on the various subjects. If, therefore, our writings sometimes seem to be wanting in completeness, it

is, I venture to think, to be attributed to this cause.

When I first gathered round me the body of contributors, some of whom were personally unknown to me, I could but feel that the many threads I held in my hand might prove to be a very "tangled skein," before the work was brought to completion. This foreboding, however, I am glad to say, was entirely without foundation, for each writer threw herself into her part with such genuine determination to do the best she could for the *matter* of her work, that the minor details as to the *manner* in which it should be given to the world, did not assume undue proportions, and there has been nothing to throw the slightest shadow over the harmony in which we have worked. That the effort we have thus jointly made to give some help to our sister-sportswomen may be successful, is to wish the writers the best reward they can have, for the labour they have bestowed.

Besides my fellow workers, I have a debt of gratitude to discharge to all who have so kindly assisted me in my work. Foremost among these I must acknowledge the valuable help given by Lady Gifford, Mrs. Pryse-Rice, Mrs. Cheape, and

Miss Lloyd, of Bronwydd, without whose assistance I could not have ventured to write on the subject of Hare-Hunting: by Mr. T. F. Dale, author of *The Game of Polo*, whose great practical knowledge of sport has made him an invaluable referee on many important questions: by another good sportsman, Captain the Hon. R. C. Drummond, who generously gave me the benefit of his advice on matters which have been a lifelong study to him: by Elizabeth, Lady Wilton; Lady Theodora Guest, Lady Gerard, Lady Dorothy Coventry, Mrs. Wrangham, Mrs. T. E. Harrison, Miss Serrell, Mr. C. H. Bassett, late Master of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds; Mr. Ian Heathcoat-Amory, Master of the Tiverton Staghounds; Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.; Miss Maud Earl, Miss Walrond, Mr. Cuthbert Bradley, Dr. Lewis Mackenzie, Miss Florence Ritson, and Mrs. Dudley Smith.

I must also acknowledge the help so readily given by Mr. Charles Lancaster, and Messrs. Holland and Holland, on the sport with which their names are so closely connected, and I must thank those photographers who have exercised their skill on our behalf, viz.: Messrs. Lombardi and Co., who, from the first, have helped us

largely; Messrs. Lambert Weston, J. Weston and Son, Stuart, Becken, and A. Debenham.

My thanks are also due to the Proprietors of *Baily's Magazine*, *The Field*, *The Gentlewoman*, and *The Lady's Pictorial* for the use of blocks which have been re-produced in their pages.

Lastly, I must discharge the debt of gratitude I owe Messrs. A. Constable and Co., for the unfailing courtesy I have met with at their hands, and for the hearty way in which they have thrown themselves into the interests of the book.

Whether we have all succeeded in our object, viz., to give clear, practical directions to women in the several out-door recreations of which we have written, it is for our readers to determine, and on their verdict will depend the extension of our plan to other branches of sports and pastimes.

To the great body of sportsmen, who so far have held almost undisputed sway in the realm of sporting literature, I would plead:

"Softly, my Masters!
Do me this right—hear me with patience."

The Editor.

Beeding,
March 31st, 1898.

London and Co. *MISS FRANCES SLAUGHTER.* *13, Pall Mall East.*

ENGLISHWOMEN AND SPORT.

IN all ages of the world's history, women have taken part in the out-door recreations in which men have ever delighted, the extent to which they have joined in these health-giving exercises being regulated, by the amount of freedom and independence allowed to the sex, by the unwritten laws of the spirit of the age. In a consideration of the subject that is rather suggestive than attempting to deal with the matter in any final sense, we can perhaps trace in the easiest way the position held by women in the world of sport, at different epochs of our history, by seeing how the subject was regarded by the authors of the period.

In the romances of the middle ages—to go no further back in our researches—sport for all divisions of the upper classes of society was regarded with a favourable eye. The nobles, the superior clergy, and the dames of high degree had their deeds of prowess in the field extolled by

the literary lights of the time. For a noble not to care for hunting was considered nothing less than a disgrace, while the clergy were expected to require the relaxation of the chase, and to them was given the right to hunt in their own parks and enclosures. Of this privilege they seem to have availed themselves to some purpose, as at the time of the Reformation the see of Norwich is said to have possessed no less than thirteen deer

parks. The wives of the nobles and those who ruled over the religious houses for women, seem to have had an almost equal amount of liberty in sharing in these recreations, and in organising hunts for themselves. The doings of these gay dames—for the religious habit seems to have made but little difference—are extolled by the poets, and if the feats recorded of them are true, they must not only have been accomplished horsewomen but very keen and determined huntresses.

On many occasions, we are told, they organised hunting parties, "winding the horn, rousing the game and pursuing it by themselves." Nor, in spite of what it is the fashion of the present time to say of that period of our history, do the stay-at-home embroidery-loving dames come in for the same share of praise at the hands of the old writers.

In hawking especially women were proficient, and one scribe even tells us that they excelled their husbands and brothers in the knowledge and exercise of the art of falconry, from which, however, he deduces the ungallant conclusion that the pastime was to be regarded as "frivolous and effeminate."

At the time of the great revival of letters, the art of falconry was at the height of its popularity, and both in England and in other countries of Europe it was the rule for women of noble birth to train, handle, and fly their own hawks. It was the seventeenth century which saw the decay of this sport as a royal and aristocratic amusement, for though in the early years of the age it was still the most popular form of recreation in the field, by the time the following century had dawned it was all but extinct.

After this, during the eighteenth century, there

is no doubt that the prowess of women in the field suffered an eclipse, and the few bold spirits who from time to time broke through the trammels that restrained their less enterprising sisters, were regarded with a certain amount of suspicion and distrust. To come to the days when the writings of Sir Walter Scott opened up a new field of enchantment to his readers, we know that his creation of Di Vernon needed excuse at the hands of the author for her sport-loving tastes, as the presumption was against her being a true specimen of the "womanly" woman, in the best sense of the word.

Whyte Melville, entirely devoted to the chase as he was himself, is yet doubtful of the place of his heroines in the hunting field, and in his well-known novel, *Kate Coventry*, he seems to consider it a reasonable condition on the part of the man Kate is about to marry, that she should give up hunting when she becomes his bride. In the pages of Surtees, which give such a vivid picture of the fox-hunter's life in the first half of the century, the woman who hunts is nearly always an adventuress, while in the social sketches of Trollope sport has no place in the life of his otherwise charming heroines.

But gradually and surely women once more made good their position in the realm of sport, one of the early books to take a decided line in this matter being, I believe, a little-known novel entitled *A Matched Pair*. In this book which was published anonymously, a young man and woman who have kindred tastes, are brought together through their common love of hunting, and an amusing instance of the prevailing spirit,

is given at their wedding breakfast. When the hour is drawing near for the departure of the bride and bridegroom, news is brought to the latter that the M.F.H. of the country has met with an accident, which will keep him from the saddle for the remainder of the season. The lady of course is told the news, and she receives the suggestion that their honeymoon should be given up, in order that her husband may stay and hunt the hounds, with the most obliging readiness.

This incident I give from memory, as it is now many years since I have seen the book. The strangest thing about the incident, perhaps is, that such a truly sporting couple should not have delayed their marriage till the end of the hunting season.

It is during the last ten years that women have come to be reckoned as a power in the land, in the matter of sport, and it is now a matter of course for the novelists of the day to make their leading women-characters of almost all classes, join in some one or more form of out-door recreation. Vivid pictures of the hunting-field, the banks of the salmon river, the croquet lawn and the golf links, show the love of the nineteenth century maid and matron for the healthy out-door exercise, which has given to the younger generation a physique that would have been regarded with wondering awe, not unmixed with disapproval, by their gentle and delicate great-grandmothers.

In a bird's-eye view, too, of the course of our history, we may note that at the time of the absence of the great body of the nobles in the Holy Land in the days of the Crusades, the women, so many of whom had been left in charge of the castles and lands of their lords, came very promin-

ently forward in the domain of sport, as well as in the social life of the period. On the return of the warriors, this liberty seems in some degree to have been curtailed, and whether this is to be attributed to any undue exercise of freedom during their time of independence, or to the fact of the minds of their lords and masters having been effected by the Oriental ideas as to the conduct of women, does not seem very clear.

The restraint however was but temporary, and when the highest place in the land was filled by a woman, and "Queen Bess" ruled her subjects with a judicious determination none could gainsay, her humbler sisters shared in the reflected glory of her fame. Elizabeth herself, as we all know, was an ardent sportswoman, and took the keenest delight in a run with hounds, or a trial of skill with the cross-bow, long after she had passed the age, at which even modern Dianas are

wont to retire from an active share in the fatigues of the hunting-field.

The reign of Queen Anne on the other hand, although the Sovereign herself and the members of her court were lovers of the chase, seems to have had a distinctly depressing effect on the independent position of women. It was not till the present century, when our beloved Queen by her conduct on the throne, and in her private life, gave such a stimulus to the position of her sex, that women came forward to take their share in the sports, as well as in the more serious duties of our national life, in a way that was new in the world's history.

That the young Queen whose every act was eagerly copied by her girl subjects, could have ridden after hounds as she did in the early years of her reign, without having many followers, is not to be supposed. Thus indirectly—for Victoria's early succession to the duties of a sovereign left her but little time for the enjoyment of the lighter side of life—Her Majesty's example has probably had not a little to do with the increased love of sport among the women of the present day.

In the history of sport, therefore, as in other

departments of our life as a nation, the name of Victoria will be remembered as the great benefactor of women, by having given them larger, truer conceptions of life, and by opening to them spheres of usefulness and pleasure which the deadening influence of the eighteenth century, seemed to have closed to them for ever.

The Editor.

Sc. Lht. Rugby.

MRS. BURN.

FOX HUNTING.

"MY dear young lady, you would enjoy your hunting so much more if you would *only* watch the hounds!" I once heard a Master of Hounds say to an eager young woman whose only aim and object seemed to be to get on. Such indeed was her anxiety to do this that she was quite oblivious of the fact, she was meanwhile riding the hounds off the line. The M.F.H. quoted being one of the finest huntsmen in England, I have remembered his words. For it is simply wonderful to think of the hundreds upon hundreds of people in Great Britain, who hunt regularly week after week in the season, and who never "watch the hounds!" Talk and chatter when they draw, gallop of course and jump—most probably—when they run, but "know what they are doing?" *No.*

And yet to anyone who is really fond of hunting,

the greatest charm of all is in watching the hounds and in taking an intelligent interest in the hunt itself. Not that this interest is given to all, for crowds come out, some because they can afford it and it is the right thing to do, some to see their friends, and others to *ride*, and lastly some, not many, to *hunt*.

These last have generally been "bred to it," as a man would say, and have the love of hunting born in them, and so they are able to enjoy themselves when others do not. For even though the scent be bad, and they "cannot run a yard," these few will take a pleasure in watching hounds really hunt, and will hug themselves with delight as they distinguish old Rhapsody feather up a furrow away from the rest till she can assure herself that it is right, and then with a note like a bell bring all the others flying to her cry, till one after another they pick up the line and proclaim that it is good.

Part of the charm of hunting is the beauty of its surroundings. I know nothing prettier than the different scenes of a hunt. To watch the hounds put into covert, to stand at a corner and see down the ride the huntsman's red coat and all the hounds round him, among the brown leaves

on the ground and the dark trees in the background is simply a picture, and time after time in each hunting day such pictures appear, and delight the eye. Then the joy of listening to the cry, and not only the cry, for it does one good to hear the huntsman cheering the hounds in covert, especially if he has a good voice and can blow a good note on his horn.

Even the smell of the dank leaves turned over as the hounds rustle through them is delightful, and like all loved scents it brings back more than anything else the days of long ago.

I never go out cub-hunting now without that scent bringing back to me the old days at Brigstock, when my father* hunted the Pytchley hounds. In Spring and early Autumn we always went to the Woodlands, for the Woodland Pytchley had not then become a separate pack, and I once more seem to see him, long of leg and lithe of limb on the raking chestnut mare, and hear his cheery voice drawing those great woods. And as I listen to his view halloa I feel a thrill run through me, and in fancy I see them striding down the broad grass ride, while the hounds fly to him from every side, and with an "over, over,

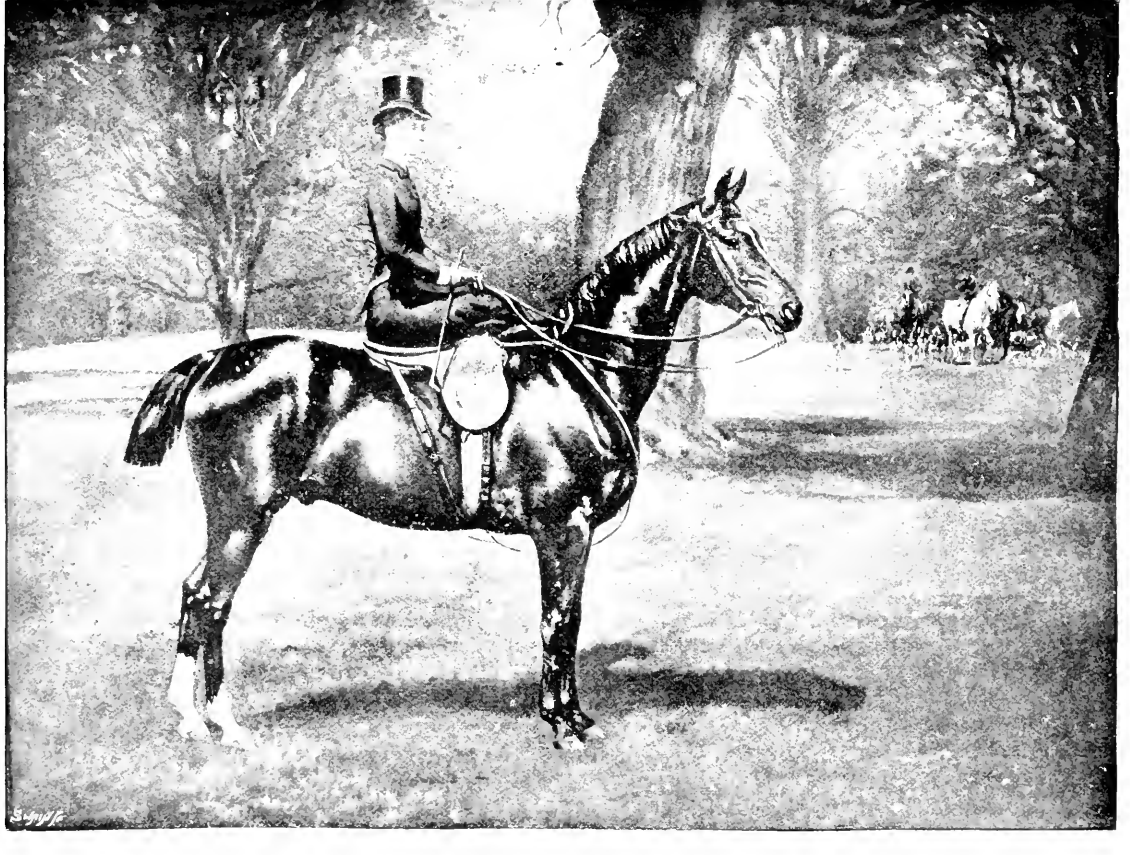
* Colonel J. Anstruther-Thomson.

over, over," which simply make one shiver, he cheers them over the ride, while they swing to the right and crash into the covert with a glorious burst of music like a chime of silver bells. It is odd how these things remain in one's heart.

"Wire and silence" will be the end of hunting, so he says; he being my father whom on all things venatic I firmly believe.

I suppose hardly one "hunting" woman out of every hundred who go out, ever know how many couple of hounds there are out, or think of counting them while the Master sits outside the covert blowing them to him. Yet this is interesting in itself, and if you know the hounds personally all the more so, as you watch them come tumbling through the fence by ones and twos and go smiling up to their huntsman's side, with a satisfied expression as if they were saying "here I am anyhow."

Hunting in the provinces has that great advantage over the shires, that you have fewer people out, and consequently you really can take an interest in the hound work and watch what they are doing, and when they run you can keep your eye on them all through, and ride to them, whereas in a fashionable country you get cramped



ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF WILTON, ON WILLOUGHBY.

up at a corner of a covert with three or four hundred people hemming you in, behind a narrow gateway may be, hardly wide enough for one horse to get through at a time. Your horse probably gets frightened in the thick of the fray, and tries to go backwards instead of forwards, the man's horse in front of you has his ears back and a ribbon in his tail, while those behind keep cramming on with cries of "*Get* on, *do*, or else let *me* come," so by the time you have sniggled yourself through this turmoil, hounds have slipped away and are out of sight. You may then ride for all you are worth, but you probably will never see the *hounds* again until they kill, or at any rate check. So you must e'en be content with galloping in the wake of somebody else's back, and trust to luck that he is going the right way, but it is dull work compared to picking your own places and using your own head to get to hounds the shortest way.

Of course the country in the shires makes up for almost anything, and to stride away over the pasture lands of Leicestershire or Pytchleydom, is truly the realisation of the "Happy Hunting Grounds." After you have once learned to find your way over a cramped country, intersected

with lime and mortar walls and barbed wire, in Scotland, or after you have scaled the heights and fathomed the depths of the banks and drains in Ireland, then to go down for a hunt in the shires is a holiday worthy of the name. "Call this a ditch?" you exclaim inwardly as you flick over an English fence, after encountering those gruesome dykes in Meath. True, I only hunted in Meath one season, but my private verdict at the end of the time was, "a splendid education, but an awful experience as far as the fences are concerned." But then I do not like a ditch I cannot see the bottom of, especially when it has sheer cut-out sides which every person in front of you makes bigger and bigger. I also have a vivid recollection of seeing several top hats (nothing else) wandering up and down on the level of the ground, as other brave souls went at those ditches and cleared them and their contents, human, equine and all. This was on a pleasant spot in Meath, known as the "Bush Farm," and I don't mind saying that for appalling fences I have never met its equal, and devoutly trust I may never come in contact with its superior, unless I am mounted either on a bird or a balloon. But for sport it was undefeated, and the beautiful old

turf was a pleasure to ride on. A great blessing too it is having no ridge and furrow, for really sometimes in England, the Bay of Biscay "is jokes" compared to the ground you ride over. The continued galloping up and down is so hard on horses, and though of course one knows the dodge of taking them slantways, still it is not half such fun as swinging away over smooth grass.

One thing about Ireland—and when I say Ireland, I am thinking only of the county Meath, for I have never hunted with any other pack over there, barring one day in Kildare—is that a pony can get over it. It will creep about and jump like a cat, and cross the country as it never could in England. Then, too, people do not seem to hurt themselves so often when they fall over there, and that no doubt is because they ride *slowly* at their fences, but then how one misses the gates. It is almost impossible to believe at first that there really are not any, but the cruel fact is proved time after time, till at last you are forced to own that it is only too true.

Scotland, some years ago, before so much wire crept in, was as good a school as need be to teach

anyone how to get to hounds. You sometimes had to crawl and creep, and sometimes to jump a bit of timber standing, perhaps uphill in a corner, or an awkward place under a tree, with generally a wire somewhere through it or standing handy by, and it is a great thing to *learn* where there are difficulties, for it teaches you to use your head, which is as important out hunting as it is in daily life. Yet how few people seem to hunt with their heads. As long as they can gallop and jump in sight of someone else's coat tails, there are many who seem to be quite content, and will assure you they enjoy their hunting immensely.

But this is not the *real* way.

To use your own judgment, to have a quick eye to hounds, and as they turn and swing to cut off the corners, to save your horse by choosing the weak places in the fences and the best going in the fields, this is the science of riding to hounds. Yet very few know how to do it, and fewer still have the gift of being able to make a horse gallop. In a crowded country where everything depends on your getting a start much also depends on this.

To be *strong* on a horse is given to few, to ride

light to very few, and yet to be a really good horsewoman one ought to be both. It is pretty to see a really good man or woman riding to hounds. How they keep flitting along to one side of the pack, never seeming in a hurry, but always moving on, down the furrows and over the gaps, and those who try to catch them will find they are always in front and generally clean.

One great thing to learn, and especially I think for a woman, is to go quietly and not to splash. One hates to see the women of a hunt always on the gallop, going from covert to covert across the fields. It looks so much better, and *is* so much wiser to trot quietly over them than to go helter skelter past everybody else, probably squelching muddy water over them as you go, and incurring the condemnation of the opposite sex, who, if they are sportsmen of the right sort, will seldom be seen bustling between times.

Not only to ride your horse quietly, but to *be* quiet yourself is also an advantage. I shall never forget once in Leicestershire, after an almost blank day, the whole field was drawn up to one side of a small spinney by the road, and all our hopes of retrieving the day lay in our getting a fox away from the far corner of the wood. All who under-

stood the importance of keeping quiet were dumb, and we could not help feeling a little bit bored by one good lady, who in strident tones gave an exhaustive history of her aluminium watch. Her listener would evidently have gladly cut her short had his manners been less good, and the rest of us wished heartily that both she and her watch were at the bottom of the sea. Poor lady, she hunted with the greatest regularity several days a week, but she had never learned the *why* of things out hunting.

Then there are what may be called the "let *me* come" women—those who have to gallop at their fences because they dare not go at them slower, and if anybody happens to be before them think it necessary to shout. I know, of course, that opinions differ as to riding fast or slow at a fence, though personally I hold to the latter, and cannot help thinking that people who always ride at them fast are afraid to do so any slower. Certain it is that a horse will jump a place more surely and more cleverly if you give him time to see what he is going at, and most of them can jump very much bigger places even standing than people generally give them credit for. If you take a pull to steady your horse when you are a

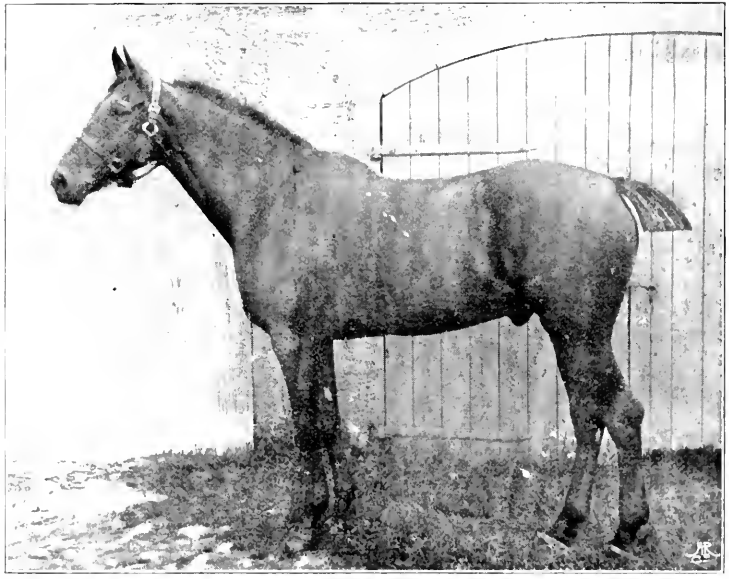
little distance from your fence, you will probably arrive at the other side far more collectedly, and be striding away again over the next field, before others who allow their horses to gallop on right up to the fence are near you. They are going too fast to notice the grip before they arrive at it, and consequently their horse takes off from the wrong leg and lands like a star-fish in the next field, then stumbles, pecks, and recovers again before he is once more set in motion. All this takes time and tires the horse, moreover should the luckless animal thus ridden fail to recover from the stumble and peck, he will give his rider a far worse fall than if he had gone at it slower.

"Hands" of course have everything to do with the niceties of riding, and "hands" cannot be taught. But, after all, *thinking* has a great deal to do with good riding, and if people would but remember that horses are not machines, that they *do* feel and their poor mouths *are* sensitive, it would go far towards improving their horsemanship and hands. I am sure that half the falls we get are due to our own faulty riding, though we all know how we say if our horse falls with us he is a stupid brute for doing it, yet if the same mishap should occur while a groom is on his

back, it is then *he* who gets that title for letting him down. We read sometimes about people "lifting" their horses, but I do not know what that means. One must *trust* them to a great extent, and any interference at the critical moment is most likely to land them head over heels.

I remember hearing a well-known coper say to a friend of mine who could ride a runaway horse without being even pulled, "Ah, but then you've got the fingers." I once tried to explain to my sister that she must "carry her own hands," and she laughed at me for telling her to try and make them be like soufflés. "Anything will pull if you pull at it," I have often been told, but it is *not* easy to be like a soufflé when you are going forty thousand miles a minute, skew-ways on at a double wire fence with a river in between.

How women long ago could possibly ride across country without a third pommel is a mystery to me. Yet we are told they went well. I cannot credit their having been able to ride anything but patent safety horses, for one needs all the strength the third pommel gives to steer an awkward horse along, though of course one's knee should hang below it in the ordinary way of riding. I believe the great tip in women's riding



LANCER, IRISH HORSE.

(Property of Mrs. Burn.)

is to ride off the right leg. So much strength is to be got out of pressing the leg against the saddle flap, and it is noticeable what a much prettier seat those have who rise in trotting off the right thigh than others who laboriously rise out of the stirrup.

Another thing that often strikes me is how few women carry their stirrup foot in the right place. The proper position for the left foot is to hang in a straight line from the knee, with the foot easy in the stirrup, not pressed against it, but home in it *I* think, though I see many who only touch it with their toes. It is pitiful to ride behind a woman and see the sole of her foot sticking up at the back, yet some find they get their grip in this way, so they tell me, the grip which *should* come from the pressure I mentioned before, of the right leg against the saddle flap.

A well-known woman to hounds was once pointed out to me as a wonder on a horse. So she was, very good; *but* if she had ridden with a spur she would have been killed long before, for she rode with her toe out and her heel pressed against her horse's ribs. Why many women have not broken their necks before now I do not know. Those who ride with a loose rein, for instance.

I once saw a gallant girl galloping hard across a heavy plough, with her reins hung over one finger. It may have been smart, it certainly was brave, but the sad thing was it showed her ignorance so patently that one pitied her from the heart, and her horse still more, for had he not been one of the cleverest in England he must have tumbled her head over heels.

Women out hunting should take their chance with the rest, and never trade on the chivalry of the opposite sex, for this is what makes them unpopular in the hunting field.

If they are not brave enough to take their own place at a fence, they must be content to wait their turn at the gap or gate. If they are wise they will keep on the very *outside* of the crowd in a gateway, as they will pass through quicker like that than if they go straight into the mass of struggling humanity, which will probably jam them out the more they try to get in front.

If you hunt, be ready to help other people, "and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you."

Don't let a loose horse gallop past you, because you happen to be a woman, but *catch* him. Always do what is wanted promptly. If the

Master says "hold hard," or only holds up his hand, "stop." It would be very bad form for a woman to lead the way on such an occasion by going on, as the Master cannot so well tell *her* what is in his heart, as he probably would if the delinquent were a man. If you should make a mistake and earn a reproof, hold your tongue, and remember an M.F.H.'s life is not a happy one, and there is more to worry and aggravate him every hour of every hunting day, than his field ever dreams of. So instead of feeling angry at his speaking to you, be sorry that you have deserved it. Remember too that most people out hunting are exactly like a flock of sheep, so if you show the way over a seedfield for instance, or by unnecessarily jumping fences when hounds are not running, your example is very likely to be followed, and the result will be damage done and consequent trouble.

Women are more generally accused of riding jealous than men, but real good sportsmen of either sex will never think of such a thing. Of course being "alone with the hounds" is a pleasure that cannot be denied, and there is an uncontrollable feeling of joy when one happens to be among the favoured few who get well away.

But that is more because it gives you a better chance of being with hounds, and more room to ride, than when you are surrounded by hundreds of people hustling and bustling all over the place. Live and let live, is just as sound a maxim out hunting as elsewhere.

Always make way for the huntsman at a gate, over a gap, or wherever it may be. Let him pass, for it is his proper place to be with his hounds. Always too, wait for dismounted men. If anyone has to get off to open a gate or break down an impracticable place, cut a wire, or for whatever cause it may be, pull up and wait till he is on again. For remember no horse will stand still to be mounted while others are galloping past him, though strange to say few people seem to think of that. It is rather hard on a man after letting you through a gap or gate to see you gallop away, leaving him to struggle with his impatient horse which assuredly will give him little chance of getting on again in a hurry. Possibly you might be able to help him by holding his horse's head till he is up. There are so many little things like this that can be done quietly, by a woman being quick to see what is wanted, and just being helpful without being officious.

If you arrive first at a gate, open it, and swing it back for the others, that is to say, if you are sure you wont make a mess of it, and only keep the whole crowd waiting while you fumble helplessly between your whip and the latch. If you think you cannot open it, do not try, but pull back and let somebody else do it for you, and so save time. No one will thank you for it if you get in the way, and then only fumble.

It always distresses me to hear men saying, as alas, they often do, and very often I fear with every excuse, "a woman of course," or, "a lady as usual," when a hound has been kicked or a man jumped on. It is so unnecessary, for why should not a woman use her brains as much as anyone else out hunting.

I remember once hearing of a lady, who had not much experience, and was mounted on a kicking horse. She stood among the crowd in a gateway with her horse kicking viciously at everybody near, till at last an exasperated man could bear it no longer, and remonstrated, saying, "Really, Mrs. Smith, do you know your horse is kicking most dangerously?" "Oh, yes," she replied with an innocent smile, "I know, but I assure you I don't mind." Such innocence is

sweet, but out hunting it is as well to remember to turn your horse's heels to the hedge, and his head to the hounds when they are coming past you, and if your horse kicks to keep out of the crowd. For the sake of all other women who hunt, do not risk their reputation by doing a stupid thing, or not doing a kindly action whenever you get the chance, and try never to give anyone an excuse for wishing that women should not come out hunting. That warning shout of "seeds," or "young grass," in an agonised tone from the Master himself, is too often unheeded by the hard riding woman who has not taken in the fact, that in her anxiety to "show them all the way," she is careering alone across a newly-sown field, while the rest of the people have gone round on purpose to avoid doing damage to the land. It is extraordinary how few people take such a state of things in, but it is as well to know young grass or sown wheat when you see it, and having seen, to avoid riding over it as much as possible, also to shut the gates behind you if you can, and in all ways to try to keep friendly with the farmers, for on them depends the continuance of hunting.

Now a word on the disagreeable subject of

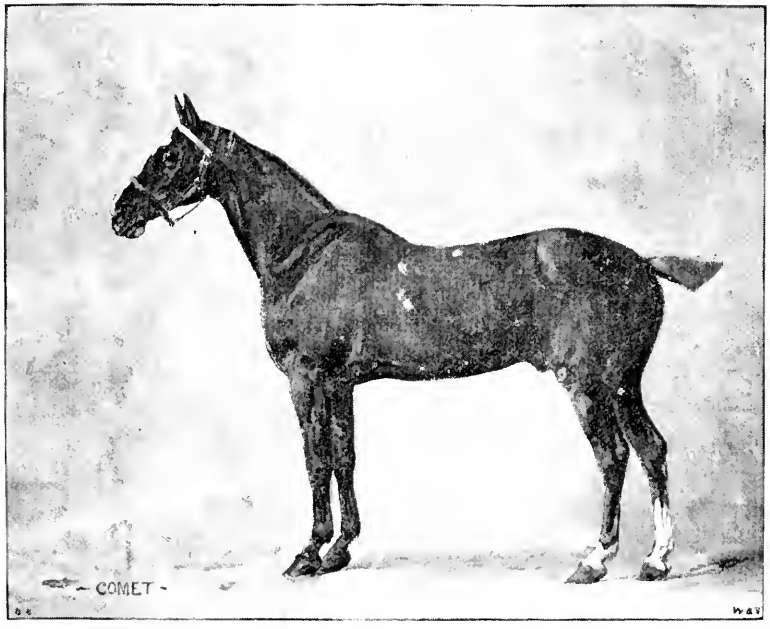
falling and getting into difficulties. In the latter case I hold with the words of Solomon, who said, "Their strength shall be in *sitting still*," and he generally talked sense, though perhaps he was not thinking of hunting when he made the remark. Anyhow, the best thing under difficulties is to keep your head and sit still. Take your foot out of the stirrup, so that you may get clear away as soon as opportunity offers and good sense dictates. A good thing is to kick your foot free of the stirrip before you get into the mess, if you think it at all likely to occur. It is well to be as free as possible, and not to meddle with your horse's head, for he will probably be as keen to set himself straight again as you are, if he only gets the liberty to do so.

One can but speak from experience, and my own is this, that since I learned to ride slow at my fences, I have not had one-third of the falls I used to get before. By riding slow, I mean taking a pull about three or four lengths from the fence, and getting your horse to go steady and *look*. When once you are over, you can go striding away again as fast as you like, and so not lose your "pride of place." Indeed you are far more likely to keep it in that way, than

if you gallop over your fences, for before long the *over* will relapse into *through*, and then it will be only a question of time how soon you will measure your length on the ground.

Of course one is bound to fall sometimes, however good the horse, however good the horsewoman. Blind fences, wire, a wide place on the far side, or the sun low so that it catches your horse's eyes, are all pretty well bound to knock you over, and then the main thing is to fall clear. Nowadays we are mercifully seldom hung up, thanks to our safety skirts and safety stirrups, without both of which no woman should, in my opinion, be allowed to hunt. It is wise to minimise the dangers of hunting as much as possible, and I think that in one's clothes and saddlery for hunting, everything should be as plain and as *safe* as possible.

I believe myself in Champion and Wilton's safety stirrup, and dislike hunting on a saddle without it, though some people "crab" them, and say they come off at the wrong moment. If indeed this does happen, the stirrups must require mending, or else the movement of the rider has caused the leather flap which protects the bar to rise, which of course will set the stirrup leather



COMET.

Property of Lady Gerard.)

free. But this is obviously not the stirrup's fault. I also like the arrangement on the off flap, so that you can tighten your own girths, for it is nonsense to say that women's girths should "never need tightening." They need it far more than men's as a rule, and if you can pull them up a hole or two after a gallop, yourself, it is a great convenience, and much better than making some unfortunate man, or his groom, fumble about at a buckle covered with mud below the horse's body, as on other saddles.

As for the safety habits, I believe in the apron skirt, for in that you must fall clear. I have tried several so-called safety habits, and have been hung up both on the near and the off side, but since I took to the apron I have had no more danglings. Of course the drawback to the apron is its appearance off the saddle, when it is certainly too scanty to be becoming. I have, however, overcome that difficulty by having an extra "modesty," made of the very thinnest serge, which I always carry under the near flap of my saddle, so that it does not show, and yet when I get off to ease my horse's back, I can put it on and feel quite independent and happy. I therefore commend this plan to others, as being far

handier than buttoning the extra covering inside their habit skirt, and much nicer than going without altogether.

Women, as a rule, are not particular enough about the way they put their boots on. Though they would be very much surprised if they saw a man out hunting with the tags of his boots sticking out, they seem to forget that anything wrong in the way they are put together, is sure to be noticed, and that it is only when our clothes are right that they attract no attention. One should always study, therefore, to be neat and clean-looking beyond everything.

I know many men assert that no woman should ever wear a spur. Of course they are chivalrous enough to add, because women should never ride a horse that needs one. Such a state of things would indeed be delightful, but as there are some in the world still, who would rather go out on anything than not go out at all, and that "anything" is as often as not a refusing brute of a hireling, as cunning as a monkey, I cannot agree with the opinion. In saying this, however, please note I do not mean by a spur., that horrible sort of a dagger which works with a spring, and is commonly sold as a "lady's spur," for of

all the dangerous and cruel inventions, that is about the worst. I mean the ordinary small man's spur, with the rowels blunted, and of course this should only be worn by those who know how to use it, never by a beginner, or indeed by any but a really fine horsewoman, for if the foot is not carried in the right position you are sure to touch your horse with it unwittingly, and if you make a mistake you will probably have to pay for it. If your horse is very hot and eager, too, you will be better without it.

One of the most useful things for a woman to learn, is to be able to get on her horse off the ground by herself. If you cannot do this, you are so utterly dependent on the kindness of the long-suffering man. It is very easy to learn, if you have any spring in your body. You simply put your left foot in the stirrup, catch hold of the cantle of your saddle with your left hand, and the pommel and reins in your right, and up you go. Be careful, however, not to knock up the flap over the stirrup bar, if it be a safety, in doing this, or out it will come, and down you will flop again. Of course the main thing is, that your horse should stand still and allow you to mount. A horse is generally so tactless about this, he will

fidget and dance and never give you a chance, but, by taking the off reins up short in your left hand, you have at least so much control over his curvetting, that by pulling his head away, you make him turn his body and saddle towards you. But mind in doing this he does not trample on your toes, which he is very likely to do.

Of course you should always try to get your horse on lower ground than yourself, and if he is still too high, you must let down the stirrup until you can reach it. Always try and sandwich your horse between yourself and a fence or house, so that he cannot revolve round and round, as they are so fond of doing at the critical moment. Try, also, not to tickle or kick him with your toe, after it is in the stirrup, as that will probably induce him to kick you off before you are safely on.

It is really a marvel how few men can jump a woman on to her horse properly, and how few women go up as they should. The operation is quite easy, if only the man can be persuaded to *stand still* and merely give his hand a little heave upwards. The majority of men who do not know, no sooner feel the foot on their hand than they count hard and run backwards towards the

horse's head, carrying the unfortunate woman's foot with them. Thus, instead of sending her up, dragging her down till the whole thing ends in a wild struggle, she clinging round the pommels with her chest, chin, and arms. Too degrading an exhibition. If the man will stand still and take it quietly, and if the woman will just spring off her right leg and straighten her left knee, she will arrive in her saddle gracefully and lightly, and the man will not have felt her weight at all. It is best to come to a thorough understanding with the man before you begin, as to when he expects you to spring. If this is to be when he counts three, or as soon as your foot is in his hand? Do not in any case allow him to have hold of the hem of your skirt with your foot. Unless this is free it will hold you down, and a sort of Jack-in-the-box-performance will begin. You spring and the man's hand remains inert, then he jerks up your left foot when you are standing stolidly on the right, and generally the end of all is that you arrive in a heap on your saddle, and finish by kicking the man in the face.

How to have a quick eye to hounds? Yes, how? But I do not know. It is a gift which few have, and most people have *not*. To keep

looking out for the hounds in front and all round if you are *not* seeing them, and to keep your eye on the leading hounds if you *are* in that lucky position, to notice every turn and be quick to turn with them, to cut off the corners and go the shortest way, a sort of anticipation without anticipating, that is all I can say about it. Never ride exactly *behind* the hounds, as if they check you are thus sure to hustle them on over the line and incur the wrath of the huntsman besides spoiling your own sport and everybody else's. Ride either to one side or the other of the pack, down wind for choice, about forty yards in their wake, so as to give hounds plenty of room to swing or stop, should they come to a check.

As there is hardly one woman in fifty or a hundred who can go her own line and pick her way all through a run—or perhaps it would be more courteous to say *I* do not *know* many who, if put down in a country on an ordinary hunter alone with the hounds, could find their way into and out of ten fields in succession; it is as well for most women to have a pilot. First, though, ascertain that the man is willing to accept this onerous position. Then be careful *to give him room*, not to ride in his pocket or get in his way,

MISS SERRELL ON COLLEEN.

and above all things to give him time at his fences to land *or fall* without jumping on him.

When you have once chosen your pilot, obey him. If at a gate or in a crowd, or for any other reason, even if you do not understand it, he should want you to go first, *Go!* Nip through quickly and quietly, and don't keep others waiting whatever you do. Take your turn whenever it comes, and take every chance that offers without hanging back, which hinders other people, and without hustling, which annoys them. In fact, if after you have achieved being *quiet* out hunting you succeed in being quick, you will have begun to grasp the situation.

It is as well for your own comfort and that of other people to ride sane horses as far as in you lies. I once had a ride on an insane one, and it was far from satisfactory. It was perfectly immaterial to that horse whether he arrived at his fence with his head or his tail foremost. Now it is not a pleasant sensation to waltz round and round, or to find yourself bounding backward towards an impenetrable black bullfinch and at the last moment to whip round and swish through or over as chance befalls. It was rather like having a hunt on a wild cat, for I never knew where or

how he intended either to take off or land, but he would not fall, though the bridle *behind his ears* was a mass of mud and grass, after one double distilled peck into a boggy field.

Of course a woman has not half the strength on a phlegmatic horse that a man has to "gar them gang," as we say in the North. A man can squeeze a half-hearted one over a fence, where a woman would be simply powerless to do anything, and I think the worst sort of a horse a woman can ride is a refuser. It is bad for her in every way, for body, temper, and nerve. One can forgive a horse everything if he will but try, but a sulky or funking brute, who grows more and more slack as he nears each fence until he collapses at the brink, is too high a trial, especially when the fight which must come generally ends in rearing, which is of all things most dangerous for a woman.

I once had a racehorse given me, which had been spoiled in training, with the temper simply of a fiend. In racing, he never would try, but always shut up just when he ought to have won with ease, for to give the devil his due—and he *was* one—he could gallop. That horse out hunting was simply purgatory; he could jump like a stag, which was the most irritating part of the

whole thing, and sometimes he would gallop and jump with the best for a few fields, then all of a sudden collapse, stop, dig in his toes, and that was the end of my hunt, for no power on earth after that would induce him to go *forwards*. Backwards he would go all round the field, with intervals of rearing. I saw him fall backwards twice in one day, when one of the whippers-in was riding him, because he refused to go through an open gate.

Riding a refuser does I think teach one to be strong on a horse; but is it worth it? You can always acquire strength to a certain degree by riding different horses, which is a far more agreeable form of education, and much more interesting than always sticking to two or three of your own. For a beginner, of course, it is necessary she should above all things have confidence in her horse that he will carry her safely, so that when she finds one she had better stick to him. A made hunter in the prime of life with nice manners, easy paces, and good temper is the horse for her, for he will carry her safely without fatigue, and for that there is nothing like the action of a thoroughbred, whose low, slinking stride hardly makes one rise. A woman should not ride too

big a horse for her size, as a great stride is very tiring, especially when hacking on the roads. One of the greatest luxuries is a smooth hack, and if you wish to keep warm on your way to the meet, then, instead of driving, to canter along the grassy sides of our English roads on a thoroughbred polo pony, is one of the most delightful sensations in life.

The ideal hunter would be neither too young nor too old. For the young one will be too brave, if he is bold by nature and ridden by a keen beginner, he will with his rider probably come to grief through want of discrimination. The old hunter will fall short, in the sense of being too cunning to jump one inch bigger than he need; moreover when he falls he will not pick himself up as quickly as he might. Therefore if, when riding him he falls, you do not happen to be "top side" your peril will be prolonged, though mercifully horses are mostly kind and really try not to tread on one or hurt one if they can avoid it.

It is more than foolish ever to jump a tired horse, it is unfair, for if he is fond of hunting, horses mostly are, he will jump as long as he can, so if, after a long run he refuses a place, *take the hint* and go home.

No one knows better than I the lonely feeling of being obliged to pull up in the middle of a good run because one's horse is beat, "while the merry chase goes heedless sweeping by." But if you have only one horse out, it is hopeless to compete with more fashionable souls who are on their fresh second horses, so it is really wiser to make the best of a bad job, and though you feel it hard, go home. Your horse will come out again the oftener, too, and you can enjoy a hunt but little, if you know you are asking more of your horse than you ought. A tired horse, too, makes a tired rider, and *that* makes a sore back, and then—where are you? Talking of going home and tired horses, reminds me that if you are at all far from home it is best to put your horse in a public, or some friendly stable on the way, and give him a drink of gruel, for this will freshen him up and make your ride home all the pleasanter. Perhaps it would be as well to mention how the gruel should be made, in case you should ever have to do it yourself. Thus, place two double-handfulls of oatmeal in a bucket, pour boiling water over it and stir until it becomes a thick cream; then pour cold water till cool enough for the horse to drink, which

will be when it is about blood heat. Should your horse be very done, add a pint of ale or a little gin, to revive him.

The ride home is now shorn of some of its terrors, by the saddles which let you sit down-hill. What a boon these are, for one used to suffer anguish, jogging for miles on the old-fashioned saddle whose pommels rose higher than the seat, so that your knee was almost under your chin, and the consequence was a pain between the shoulder blades, which made you long for rest. Oh! those long jogs home. Miles and miles at hounds' pace, on a rough or tired horse. How I used to pull up and walk, and then gallop to catch up my father, he jogging even on, even on, all the time. I can hear him now answering my complaints with, "nonsense, child; it rests one all the way."

Perhaps I am a Sybarite, but I do like to drive both to and from hunting, and to have a second horse out completes my joy. An open cart with a polo pony to drive, is to me better than all the broughams in Christantee. To drive on in the morning through the soft damp air that smells like hunting, with hopes running high for the sport to come, seeing the tiniest second horseman

GONE TO GROUND.

(PORTRAITS OF FOUR B.V.H. PRIZE WINNERS.)

(From a Picture by Basil Nightingale, in the possession of Lady Theodora Guest.)

jogging on with the biggest of horses, everything makes one feel the joy of life. And when the day is over, to slide off your horse and send him home, and turn in yourself to a bright fire, and tea and poached eggs, at some little Inn by the way, is most comforting. Then you wrap yourself up in your fur coat and woolly gloves, and tuck yourself in to the rugs, and bowl away home in the twilight, with the stars twinkling above you, and the blackbird chuckling his good-night, while the pony trots his best in the anticipation of oats to come. A pleasant sense of healthy tiredness is upon you, which serves to make you appreciate the comforts of your drive, as you sit there cosy and warm, dreaming of the happy day that is done.

R. M. Burn.

Elliott and Fry.

LADY GIFFORD AND HER HARRIERS.

55, Baker Street.

HARE HUNTING.

THIS sport has a peculiar interest for women inasmuch as they are able to take a leading part in it. With fox-hounds, the duties of the huntsman are too arduous, even though a woman M.F.H. has not been unknown in the past. But to the Lady Salisbury of venatic fame who hunted the fox manfully over Hertfordshire, we may refer as the exception that proves the rule, for few women would feel they had the physical strength for the task.

With harriers, however, the case is different, for in the first place the little hounds are very handy, and the hunting of the hare is a sport which should above all things be conducted quietly. The less holloaing and noise there is with them the better, for the hounds should be trusted to work out the puzzles set them by the hare, with as little interference as possible. Of

course hare hunting may be turned into a poor imitation of fox-hunting, by racing a hare to death with 22-inch foxhound bitches, but this is not true sport in any sense, for it gives the quarry little chance of saving its life, and should be discountenanced by all lovers of the chase. Apropos of this subject, there was in a certain harrier country a great, flat-sided, long-legged hound which attracted the notice of a sport-loving stranger, as being evidently too fast for the pack. In all innocence this visitor remarked to the Master, "I suppose you will draft that hound?" To his astonishment the Master, with an expression of horror and indignation, exclaimed, "Draft him, why he is the best hound I have. He kills more hares than all the rest put together." The visitor said nothing, but he knew the kind of sport that lay before him.

To leave the travesty of honest hare hunting, let us turn to the more pleasing subject of how the chase should be carried on, and here at the threshold we may pause to recall the names of those women, who of late years have carried the horn and hunted their own hounds. Mrs. Cheape, the Squire of Bentley, has shown good sport for many a year, first with the Wellfield

Beagles, and since 1892 with the Bentley Harriers with which her name is so intimately connected. Mrs. Pryse-Rice became M.H. only two years later, having started her pack in 1894, and last season a third name appeared in our hunting lists, when Lady Gifford took the field and carried the horn with her harriers. Great success has attended both the kennel and field management of these enterprising sportswomen, and when we come to consider the history of their efforts, we shall see that they have proved the fitness of women for the duties in which they themselves have excelled. Lady Ileene Campbell too, before her marriage, proved herself fully equal to the hunting of her brother Lord Huntingdon's celebrated pack in Ireland, the Duchess of Newcastle at the present time enjoys the pleasure of hunting her little pack in the neighbourhood of Clumber, while Mrs. Briscoe in Ireland whips in to her husband's hounds, and Miss Lloyd of Bronwydd does the same to her father Sir Marteine Lloyd's famous pack of beagles in South Wales.

As we have already said, there should be no fuss and bustle in the field with harriers. When hunting them you should never interfere with

them unless they are entirely at fault, and then you should have some definite idea of where the hare is gone, and should know, or think you know, something the hounds do not. There is no cracking of whips wanted in this sport. A touch on the horn, or, better still, a low whistle —if you possess this accomplishment which to many good sportswomen is denied—should bring your pack round you, and you should then slowly trot off in the direction in which you think you will pick up the line. If you view the hare, as you often will, squatted close to your horse's feet, do your utmost to prevent the hounds getting a view, for it is the destruction of good sport with harriers for them to view the hare till within a few moments of the end. The hunting should be done fairly and honestly, inch by inch, till the quarry has been run down. Any hound, therefore, that is given to staring about for a view, I would draft, or make a present of to one of those packs which holloa, mob, and course hares to death.

Foot people who as a rule come out largely with harriers will of course holloa, and in some cases when they receive no encouragement to do so, but their too noisy zeal should be steadily

MRS. PRYSE-RICES KENNELS.

(WOODMORTON CHARITY AND WILFUL.)

discouraged, and while you show every willingness to let this part of the field see sport, you should let it be known that you wish for, and expect silence from them. If your wishes are not respected, I should then advise you either to take hounds home, or trot right away for two or three miles before you look for another hare. No woman should attempt to hunt hounds who has not the resolution to keep her field—both mounted and unmounted—in proper order. You may indeed—for it is very hard for some men to believe that a woman can understand hound-work—be troubled by suggestions from your field, which they would never dream of offering if a man were carrying the horn, but most women will know how to meet such cases with the courteous indifference which will protect them from further interference. An instance of this has lately come to my knowledge. A lady M.H.'s pack was drawing for a hare on some moorland, and it was evident to her that hounds were on a very stale line, but were slowly working it out foot by foot. This was not very amusing to her field, and at last the farmer who owned the land went up to her and said that hares never worked the way hounds were going,

and asked if she would not cast them up the moor. The M.H., however, answered quietly that while she felt sure the farmer knew the run of his hares, she thought the hounds were close on their's, and that in another moment or two it would get up in front of them. The words were scarcely spoken when up got the hare, and the worthy mentor had to sit down and ride for all he was worth, for she ran as only a moorland hare can, and hounds had a fast forty-five minutes before they ran into her in the open.

Quietness and trust in her hounds are the two qualities without which no woman can hunt a pack succesfully. This brings me to the subject of the hounds themselves, and though it may seem rather like putting the cart before the horse, to speak of hunting them first, yet it is certain that no one will find the hounds of much use until she knows how to handle them. The first point of course to decide is the kind of hounds you mean to have, whether dwarf foxhounds, stud-book harriers, or the old pure harrier.

The pure harrier has undoubtedly the advantage in tongue, but though good music is a charm it is not so necessary with harriers as with foxhounds, as the former are generally in sight. As

H. Fall. Re'd Hitch.

BUXOM, BENTLEY HARRIER.

(Winner of Champion Cup, Peterborough, 1897.)

against this they have, unless *very* carefully bred, a lightness of bone and a tendency to splay feet and flat sides. Here again, however, we shall see presently what the experience of those who have taken the matter in hand has been.

Dwarf foxhounds are only to be recommended in countries where hares are bold and strong and go away like foxes, for most countries they have too much drive, and will be continually flashing over the line, and if you compare the hunting of one of these packs in an ordinary country with that of good stud-book harriers, the balance of sport in the long run is sure to be with the latter. What the foxhounds gain in speed they lose in the tendency to over-run the line. And now we must face the question of what a stud-book harrier is. A pure harrier, with an infusion of foxhound blood some generations back, so that now the hare-hunting instinct of the former, and the good feet and shoulders of the latter are combined in the shapely, compact, little harrier to be seen taking the prizes at Peterborough, is, I suppose, about as good a description as we can have. The nose and the patience characteristic of the good old-fashioned hare hunting hound are necessary to good sport, and that

power of hunting a cold scent down a road, which they transmit to their descendants, is a most useful one. But the make and shape which will enable them to stay through a long day's hunting, and a certain amount of drive which adds greatly to the sport, come from an infusion of foxhound blood. Then, after at least three generations devoted exclusively to the chase of the hare, we may hope to get the happy mean between the drive forward on the one hand, and the pottering and towling on the other, in which lies the pleasure and success of hare-hunting.

When you have got over the preliminary difficulties of starting a pack you should draft down your hounds till you have as level a lot as possible, 18—19 inches being about the general standard. Larger hounds than these will smother the hare, and smaller ones cannot get over the fences of any ordinary country. The ultimate aim of everyone is, of course, to have a level pack, as otherwise, no matter how good the hounds may be, they can never have the smart appearance in the field so dear to the sportswoman's heart. I would always prefer to have even two or three couples short, than to spoil the look of the pack by having out hounds either

too large or too small. It is not in any case desirable to have out a large pack to kill hares, from eight to fourteen couple being quite enough for any country. Some twenty couple of good stud-book harriers then in kennel, will be enough for you to have a smart workmanlike lot of the requisite number in the field, two days a week.

There are no hounds so full of faults, both of make and disposition, as harriers, and it is never an easy matter to buy a pack ready made. The best way, therefore, to begin is with unentered drafts from known kennels, such as the Boddington, the Aldenham, and the Bath and County, and then to breed and buy as opportunity offers.

I would remorselessly draft hounds that do not throw their tongues, and this in spite of the fact that mute hounds are often good in other ways, and the rest of the pack will fly to a trustworthy one directly it begins to feather on the line. This recalls the amusing hypothesis recently made by a brilliant writer on sport, that hounds have a system of signalling with their sterns, analogous to the "flag wagging" of our army. Did the original idea of signalling, this writer asks, come to some gallant officer while he was watching hounds feather on a scent? If not,

many will agree that the system *might* have originated in this way.

But to return. Worse hound faults, even than muteness, are jealousy, skirting and babbling, any one of which should be at once met by drafting. The last—babbling—is incurable, but the other failings often appear in good hounds after they have lost their pace. As these habits are very catching, the only remedy is to draft the hounds directly they show symptoms of them, and you will find that you need to be constantly drafting from the head and tail of your pack, and you will be wise to keep few hounds over four seasons.

The first thing in the training of hounds is to get them perfectly handy and under control, and to do this will mean time and trouble. You must win their affection, and consequently must spend much time with them, both in the kennel and on the road. In this way you will soon get to know the character of each hound, and you will take out the docile ones first in couples, and then when you can trust these, the wilder and more headstrong hounds. You should take notice of the hounds continually on the road, speaking to them of course by name, and your whipper-

in should be ready with his thong whenever it is wanted. Not that the whip should be much used, this will not be necessary if you study your hounds' dispositions, and treat each one according to the peculiarities you have noted. But all the same, chastisement should be prompt for any attempt at rebellion after due warning given, and then you must harden your heart to the piteous cries that will follow. Always keep a watchful eye on the hounds when you have them out, and never let them break away if you can possibly help it. If, however, such a thing does happen, it will add greatly to your comfort if the ringleaders be transferred at once to another kennel. At the same time when on the road, or out for exercise, you should give hounds plenty of room, for it is bad for them and certainly does not look well, to have them packed close round your horse's heels.

Never under any circumstances take a pack into the field before you are sure that their discipline is perfect. Till the hounds know you thoroughly you should drill them whenever you go into the kennel. Let them greet you while you make much of them, for it is thus that you will win their hearts, but, this over, it is a good

thing to make them "lie up," and not to let them venture to leave the bench till they are called by name. Then you will call first one and then the other, making much of the obedience and readiness shown, and rewarding the hounds with biscuit. If you mean to hunt the hounds yourself, you must go to the kennels daily, and in any case it is always well to see that the servants are sufficiently careful in preserving perfect cleanliness and sweetness, both with the hounds themselves and in the kennels. It cannot be too much insisted on that cleanliness rigorous, absolute and complete, must always prevail. This is quite practicable, and no excuse should be accepted as to its failure in any one particular. A good disinfectant such as Jeyes' Fluid, and constant vigilance on the part of the kennel-man, are all that are required.

If you have a good kennel-man, it is not necessary for you to feed hounds yourself, but you should frequently inspect the food, as even the best servants are apt to be careless in this matter. If, however, you study economy and only have a lad in the kennels, then you or some member of your family should always see to the feeding of the hounds. The food may consist of

WOODBINE, WELLFIELD, BUXOM,

BENTLEY HARRIERS.

(*W. West*, K.H., *with two Champion Hunters.*)

horseflesh and old oatmeal, with a few biscuits and some bone-dust, and this diet I should say would be found the best and cheapest in the end. This, however, is a matter in which each hound owner will use her own judgment. There are of course various ways of cheapening the diet, but I cannot honestly recommend any of them. On the care in the kennel depends the sport in the field, and without health and condition in the hounds you can hope for no good days. Far better to have a less well-bred pack, or an inferior country, than hounds which are out of sorts and condition. This reminds me that whenever you go into the kennel you should have a watchful eye for the slightest symptoms of a dull or heavy look in any hound, and order such to be separated at once. A healthy hound should be clear of eye and bright of coat, as well as bright and cheery in manner. If you are in doubt about the health of one of your pack, remember that the pink of the mouth is a great sign of health, while paleness and yellowness about the gums is the reverse.

Quite the worst part about keeping harriers, in my opinion, is the constant drafting of the hounds. Perhaps in the case of some old

favourite which you know has taken to skirting and hanging on the line, you overlook the faults and refuse to part with him. But what is the result? You find the younger hounds are becoming demoralised, and reluctantly are forced to recognise the truth of the verdict, that harriers should be drafted in their fifth season. It is only the few of exceptional constitution and strength to whom this does not apply, and so you have constantly to be hardening your heart to send some old favourite away.

There are only two points on which I need touch further, and these are your assistants in the field, and the treatment of the quarry. For the first you should have two whippers-in, one an amateur and one a professional, and though as long as things go right they will not be needed, they should always be ready in case of riot, or when hounds are nearing forbidden territory. For though harriers will do no harm in a country if they are properly managed, it is well to remember that M.F.H.'s are tenacious, and covert owners are ready to take alarm.

A question that has to be faced is, what to do with the hare when your little hounds have caught her, and my advice is to let hounds break

her up themselves without any fuss, as the Badminton hounds do their foxes.

And now to turn to the interesting topic of the experience in kennel and field of our present lady M.H.'s, and all will doubtless like to know something of the methods in which each of these pioneer sportswomen has built up her pack.

In South Wales, where Mrs. Pryse-Rice has her kennels, the conditions of sport are very different to what they are in the southern counties of England. In the first place, the spare little black-backed mountain hares of Wales, have a turn of speed beyond the powers of their better fed English fellows, and are very hard to kill. Instead, too, of circling round and round when before hounds, they will generally go straight away and will often give a five mile point as bravely as any fox. The reason of this fitness is to be found in the fact that they are constantly being coursed by the farmers' cross-bred greyhounds and collie dogs, which are often scantily fed and badly in want of a dinner, and they have far to go themselves for food, as they have no nice fields of roots at hand like the more luxurious lowland hares.

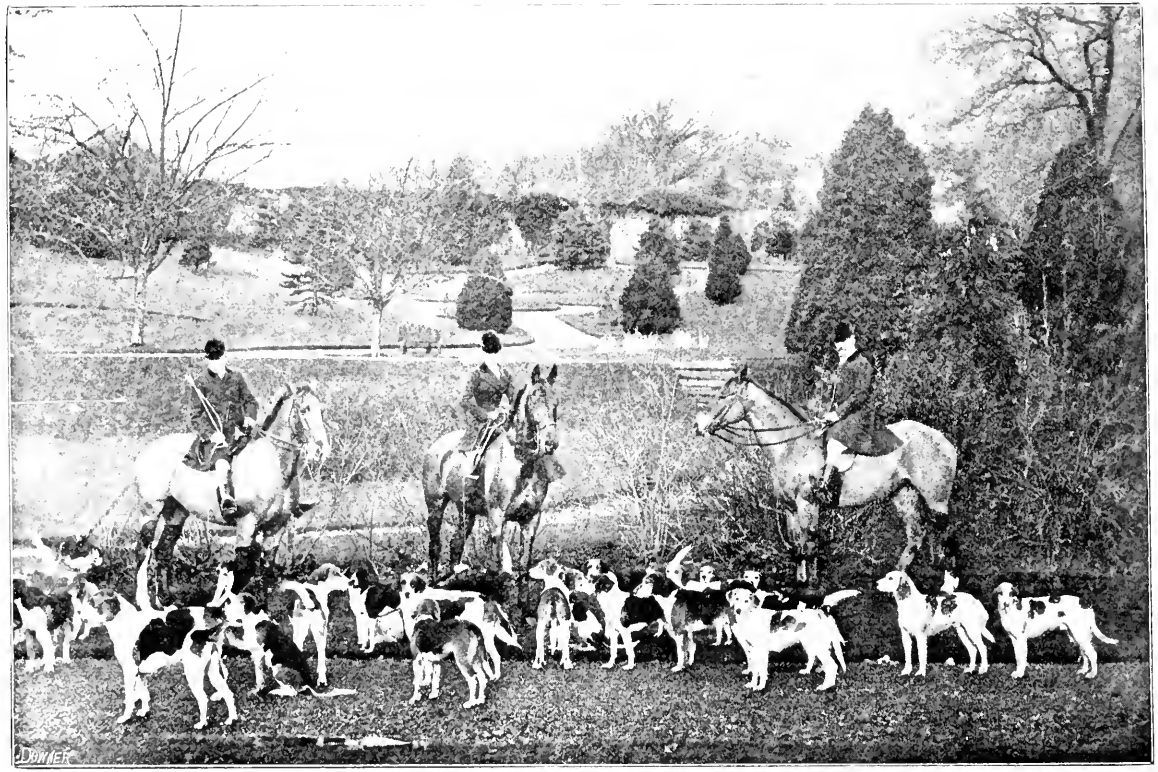
It is evident then that the hounds to follow

these speedy little hares must be quick in getting away and have plenty of drive, and I cannot do better than quote Mrs. Pryse-Rice's own words on the subject, as to how she has succeeded in building up such a pack.

"I started my harriers in 1894, being much helped in the first instance by gifts of hounds from my father-in-law, Mr. Vaughan Pryse, who hunted his harriers for forty seasons, and is one of the oldest Masters in the kingdom. To these I added a few couple of the Woodnorton pack when it was given up by the Comtesse de Paris, and some small foxhounds chosen from my husband's pack, which he had given up the season before.* The first year I ran a small pack of twelve couple, and though the hounds were perhaps not a very level lot, they gave us a very good season's sport. Now after four years of breeding, buying and drafting, they run up well together, and are a Stud-book pack of twenty couple of 19-20 inch hounds.

"Although I am of course keen to breed a Peterborough winner, still my great ambition is to own a pack that will hunt and drive. I am not in favour of the slow, sure and persevering

* Mr. Pryse-Rice was Master of the Tivyside Foxhounds.—Editor.



Elliott and Fry. *MRS. PRYSE-RICE AND HER HARRIERS.* 55, Baker Street.

(*MR. PRYSE-RICE AND A. MANDEVILLE*, K.H.)

type of hound, for though these may hunt and constantly kill their hare, they will by giving her time, allow her to run round and round in the country she knows, instead of *driving* her out of her beaten track. I like hounds to get away on the back of their quarry and if they drive her into a strange country she will be almost certain to go straight. If hounds do this and possess plenty of drive without flashiness, they will often *make* a good scent, when otherwise they would find an indifferent one."

As an apt commentary on the remarks of this very successful M.H., we may note that Mrs. Pryse-Rice's hounds had some really extraordinary runs last season.* For instance early in December they found a hare in the heather, and after running her down wind for nearly two miles, they turned and went at a pace that tried their followers for a five-mile point dead up wind, killing her in forty-five minutes from the start. In the same month another mountain hare gave them a good five-mile point, and on January 12th the hounds were two hours and forty-five minutes going at a good pace, and travelling over a great extent of country, and they did not reach

* 1897-98.

kennels after this, their best run of the season, till 7.40 p.m.

It is clear, therefore, that Mrs. Pryse-Rice is to be counted among those who have attained more or less to the ideal they have set before them in breeding, and she has beside scored high honours at Peterborough. The noted Harrier Stud-book bitch, Aldenham Restless, a veteran of pure foxhound blood, by the Whaddon Chase Tarquin—Oakley Sarah, is now in the Llandovery Kennels. This bitch won the Champion Cup at Peterborough in 1893, and three years later took the Silver Cup for the best brood bitch,* after which she became the property of Mrs. Pryse-Rice.

The stock of Restless are well to the fore, for last year—1897—no fewer than nine of her descendants were winners at the Peterborough Show.

Rigby, a fine upstanding hound, of pure harrier blood, by Eamont Barrister—their Russet was second for the Champion Cup in 1897, and as he was unentered and was shown against old dog-hounds, this was a remarkably good performance.

* I must express my regret that it has not been found possible to reproduce the photograph of this famous hound, though it was most kindly sent me by Mrs. Pryse-Rice.—Editor.

To quote once more from Mrs. Pryse-Rice's own words: "We have never," she says, "had a big count of hares killed. We—my husband acts as my first whip and A. Mandeville is K.H. and second whip—are quite content to come home having accounted for one hunted hare, or when we kill a brace in this way, it is quite a red-letter day for us. I do not see any fun in either chopping them, or in killing three or four hares that only run a few fields, though of course this does make up the count."

Touching on the subject of the introduction of the foxhound cross with harriers, Mrs. Pryse-Rice says that she is "in favour of an infusion of foxhound blood, in moderation, into the harrier kennel."

The country hunted by Mrs. Cheape lies round Redditch, and extends into Warwickshire and Gloucestershire. In 1892, when "The Squire" inherited the Bentley estates from her father, she bought the well-known pack of harriers belonging to Captain Spicer, of Spye Park, and several couple of the Herondon Hall harriers. The Bentley pack of the present day includes many Peterborough winners, and deservedly ranks very high among the harrier packs of the land. The

hounds, however, have not been bred for show purposes only, but for nose and tongue, and to show sport. At the Peterborough show of last year (1897) the first prize for dog hounds, under 19 inches, was taken by Mrs. Cheape's Wellfield and Gainer. The former of these is by Lord E. Somerset's Dancer—Woodbine, and through his dam, which was the winner of the champion cup for bitch hounds not exceeding 19 inches, at Peterborough in 1893, strains back to the Aldenham Restless. Gainer, on the other hand, is a home-bred hound. A grand three couple, which took the silver cup in 1897, are Buxom (Wellfield—Bracelet, dam by Boddington Borderer—Breconshire Lightstone) also winner of the champion cup; Gadfly, home-bred; Verity (Aldenham Valiant—Their Restless); Waterwitch, home-bred (Waggoner—Woodbine); Warlike, also a son of Wellfield; and Dahlia, home-bred (Druid—Worry); the sire of the last (Ashford Valley Pillager—H. H. Dewdrop) being one of the winners of the first prize for best couple of entered hounds, not exceeding 19 inches, in 1894, at Peterborough.

Truly a triumph of breeding and selection of which any woman may be proud.

BRACELET, WATERWITCH, VERITY, WOODBINE, GENEROUS, WORRY.

MRS. CHEAPE AND HER PETERBOROUGH WINNERS.

(*Best Three Couple under 19 inches, Peterborough, 1896.*)

Lady Gifford began by having a small pack of beagles, but as she found it impossible to keep with these hounds on foot, she gradually changed to harriers. The ideal she then placed before herself was to get a level pack of 17 inch hounds of pure harrier blood. In colour, too, Lady

DULCIMA, PURE HARRIER.

Property of Lady Gifford.

Gifford is particular, her fancy being to get her hounds as dark as possible, with golden-red tan on their heads, but, as she truly says, though a smart appearance is much—and such hounds are very smart—"when you get a good-shaped hound it does not do to quarrel as to colour."

In starting her pack Lady Gifford has gone a good deal to Mr. Allgood's kennels, and Dulcima, a very beautiful bitch by his Durable—Darkeye, has perfect colouring and good bone, and, moreover, an excellent nose, and will gallop all day without tiring. Her owner naturally regrets that owing to the fact of Mr. Allgood not being a member of the Association of Masters of Harriers, she is not able to show hounds bred by him, although Lady Gifford herself has joined the association.

The country over which Lady Gifford hunts is the moorland near her home in Northumberland, and she finds the little hounds of 17—18 inches beautiful to ride to over the open grass land, and very quick to get over the stone walls and the heather. That they need to be speedy after a heather-fed hare there is no doubt, for such an one is stronger than most of her kind, and will usually go straight as a good fox, after a ring or two to start with. The open land, too, generally carries a fine scent, and even though you have harriers before you, you will find you need to be riding a horse with a good turn of speed to enable you to live with them.

In kennel management Lady Gifford takes the

keenest interest, and her system appears so excellent, that all engaged in hound breeding may find something to learn from it. "I always think," writes Lady Gifford, "that when hounds are in work, they are often given their food too wet. This, I am sure, is a mistake. I give my hounds the best oatmeal that can be got, and too much care cannot be given to the making of the porridge. It must be boiled just right, or it is worse than useless. There is a biscuit known as bread biscuit, which I find extremely good for hounds, though it is a little difficult to get. It is made, I understand, from the dinner rolls and bread left at London parties, and so you may be sure it is made of the best meal. I always find, however, that my meal merchant is anxious for me to have *any* kind of biscuit except this. The washing and grooming of hounds is, I think, a point in the kennel not sufficiently thought of. All the summer months I have my hounds thoroughly washed with soap and warm water, and of course thoroughly dried, and though no doubt this takes a long time, the result well repays you. If hounds are well groomed every day, they will keep twice as healthy, and their coats will have a shine like satin, exactly like a

well-groomed horse. As to exercising, I take them out on the road every morning about six o'clock, for two hours, and in consequence they never really get out of condition, but by the time August comes round they are quite ready for 'cubbing,' so to speak."

Another point on which Lady Gifford gives information which others may find valuable, is concerning a cure for that "kennel dread," distemper, which she learnt from the great veterinary surgeon, Professor Pritchard. She advises a preparation of coffee and milk in equal parts, exactly as you would have it made for your own consumption, then to drench the puppy continually with it, allowing him to touch nothing else, and while the treatment lasts to keep the puppy in an even temerature. The results of this treatment, in Lady Gifford's kennel, has been all that could be wished, and though previously she had had heavy losses from this cause, she has never since lost one that she has tried it on. Is it possible that as this simple remedy becomes better known, we may find that cruel scourge, distemper, disarmed of its terrors?

Beagles. Beside the harrier, there is sport and good sport too, to be had with the beagle after

MRS. PRYSE-RICE'S KENNELS.

ALDENHAM BITCHES.

hare, and those who are young and active and to whom the merry cry of hounds is a delight, will find a never-ending source of interest in hunting with these little hounds. This sport has too the advantage of being inexpensive, for it not only requires but a small outlay to start with, but necessitates a very moderate sum for the keeping up of the pack. Of course there are degrees of expenditure both in the management and hunting of beagles, to be determined by the means at your command, but a sportswoman can have a good and efficient pack of beagles in the field for very much less than she could have other hounds.

The first necessity, if you wish to hunt your own beagles, is to have a country to hunt over, and you must get leave to pursue your quarry over a farm or farms where there is a fair proportion of hares. The number of hares, indeed, need not be very great, as not very many will fall before beagles. Neither do you require a large extent of country to hunt over, as a hare is not likely to be driven right away, but in a majority of cases will circle round the place where she is found. Yet there is a charm in beagling, which lies in the open air, the active exercise,

the music of the hounds, and the working out by them of the puzzles set by the hare.

When you have secured a country—or before, if you are so inclined—you will need to get together your pack. If a good pack of beagles should come into the market, you would do well to buy them, provided you do not mind the expense to start with. If, however, you do not object to trouble, and do mind the outlay, then, even before you think about country, you will buy some well-bred bitches and set to work to build up a pack. In any case, if you mean to have beagles, *have them*, and do not have dwarf harriers. The Beagle Stud-book will help you in your choice of strains. Go to good beagle kennels such as those of Sir Marteine Lloyd, or the Caledon, and having decided on the type for which you intend to breed, keep true to it.

Having succeeded, either by buying or breeding, in getting a pack, you will then have to keep your hounds up to a certain number. From about six to twelve couple will be all that you will want to take out, but this of course will mean that you want at least two couple more in reserve. You should breed a certain number of puppies every year, and in this you must be regu-

lated to a great extent by the walks at your command. You might keep one couple at home, giving them a free run of the stables, yards and paddocks, and though you will find them troublesome and as mischievous as monkeys, their small size will prevent them being the unmitigated trouble that foxhound puppies undoubtedly are. Still, the infant beagle has a marvellous appetite for sponges, brushes, and all sorts of indigestible household requisites, and he will besides be credited by the servants with even more mischief than he really works. You will find some, or perhaps most of your field, ready to undertake the charge of a few couple—and those who come out regularly ought to look upon this as a duty—and for a small payment you can secure homes in cottages, with those who will look after the puppies carefully and intelligently, and who will, indeed, treat them so well that you will not improbably have a very sulky lot of little dogs to deal with, when they first come under kennel discipline.

Perhaps it may be thought that I have touched too lightly on the very difficult question of breeding beagles true to a type, for except it be the Clumber Spaniel there is no dog more likely to

give you trouble than the beagle. Still it can be done successfully, and if you choose your bitches in the first instance and are careful in you selection of the sires, constant care, scrupulous cleanliness, careful feeding and regular exercise will do the rest.

The most charming and graceful type of hound, as well as the most likely to be useful in hunting, is one that corresponds in miniature to that of the foxhound. There should be the same alertness and good carriage, the good shoulders and straight legs of the larger hound, and any puppies that fall below the standard in any particular should be immediately drafted. To a certain extent you must be guided by the sort of country over which you are to hunt, for if this be fairly open, without thick coverts, stout fences or wide drains, then you will find a small lightly-built hound, of some fourteen or fifteen inches, the best, but if on the other hand, you have much plough and strong fences, you will require a beagle of the heavier and larger type, standing about sixteen or seventeen inches. With beagles as with other hounds, muteness is a fault which should immediately be met by drafting, and I would strongly advise the same even for great

economy of tongue. Skirting or any suspicion of falsehood will meet with the same fate, as well as the very slightest symptom of jealousy, for the little hounds should score to cry at once.

There was in a pack I used to know well, a certain very handsome little bitch, aptly enough named "Fallible," which, when she found the hare, or touched the line first after a check, would hunt with the best, but if another hound was before her, she would scour away at right angles to the line, throwing her tongue vigorously when she had nothing whatever before her. So good was this hound *when she pleased*, and "such a pictur'" to look at, that it was a great wrench for the Master to part with her. It was found, however, that it was a choice between letting her go and having the whole pack demoralised, so "Fallible" carried her gifts and her failings elsewhere. This instance will also serve to remind you, that good hounds are not easily parted with from any kennel, and, therefore, it behoves you to be very careful in the choice of those you take into your own.

The kennelling and feeding of beagles is a comparatively simple matter, cleanliness, warmth and wholesome food being the great requisites.

On the building of kennels you need not expend any great amount of money, as almost any out-buildings you may have can be adapted for the purpose. The cardinal points to be considered are:

(*a*) Freedom from damp.
(*b*) Freedom from draughts.
(*c*) Good ventilation overhead.

Then the hounds must on no account sleep on the floor, but have the usual benches provided, and there should be a palisaded or walled-in run, into which they can go from their sleeping room. If these points are attended to, the workmanship of the buildings may be almost as rough as you please, but above all things you must not let the use of the limewash brush be spared.

The scraps from the house boiled up with vegetables—with care that everything is perfectly sweet and fresh—and any good dog biscuit, will be found to answer for their food. No hounds will do well on biscuit only, and it should be remembered that rice is not nourishing food. Meat and vegetables are needed, and of the latter I should advise a certain amount of cabbage to be given. The amount of food, and this specially applies to meat, should be carefully proportioned

to the number of days you hunt in the week, and the length of days you make.

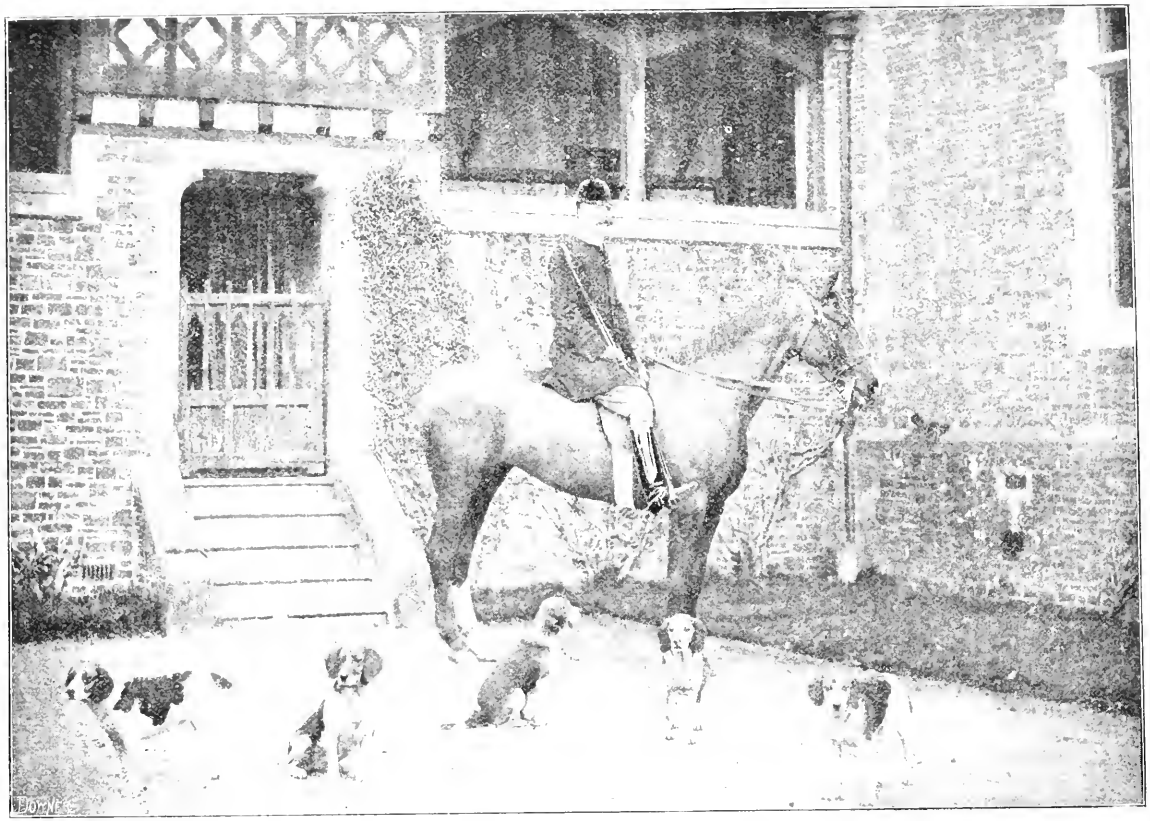
It is a great mistake to feed hounds either too high, or too low. If you have not an experienced and trustworthy kennelman, you should see the hounds fed yourself, and then observe the appetite and needs of each hound in the pack.

Hounds should have plenty of exercise before hunting, and as much on the road as you can give them when they are not hunting. They should be trotted out with horses if possible, and out of the season eight miles a day or even ten, will be found necessary to keep them in condition.

Since the establishment of the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles—which body I would strongly advise any woman interested in hound-breeding to join—and the foundation of Stud Books for both classes of hounds, immense strides have been made towards the perfection of the respective types. The competition for the prizes at Peterborough consequently becomes keener every year, and the glory of success is proportionately greater.

No one has done more for the improvement of the Beagle than Sir Marteine Lloyd, whose pack known as the Bronwydd Beagles, is the best, as

it is one of the oldest packs in the land. A feature of this hunt, specially interesting to women, is that Miss Lloyd, Sir Marteine's daughter, takes an active part in the management of the hounds, and in the field acts as whipper in to her father. Miss Lloyd has been kind enough to write the following short account of her father's hounds, in which all beagle lovers will be interested.



Elliott and Fry. 55, *Baker Street.*

SIR MARTEINE LLOYD

AND SOME OF THE BRONWYDD BEAGLES.

THE BRONWYDD BEAGLES.

THIS pack was started in 1864 by my grandfather, the late Sir Thomas Lloyd. Next to the Royal Rock (started by Colonel Anstruther Thomson in 1845) they are the oldest pack of beagles in the kingdom. They measure 15½ inches, and we generally have fifteen couples. They are pure bred; dwarf harriers never being admitted. In 1892, the Bronwydd "Nigel" won the Champion Cup at Peterborough, for the best dog-hound, and in 1894, the Cup was won by our "Merryboy." The Harrier and Beagle Show was started at Peterborough in 1889, as though before this there were rules laid down for foxhounds on the show bench, beagles had not been given similar attention, and it was suggested by my father and a few kindred spirits, that it was time to stop the continual drafting of dwarf harriers into beagle packs, regardless of rule or

standard. My father consequently appealed to the Peterborough Committee, asking them to form a show for Harriers and Beagles upon the same principle as that on which the Fox-hound Show was based. In 1896, the Bronwydd Beagles celebrated their Jubilee. They have not been hunting this season.

SO BORED!

"Sir Marteine succeeded to the Mastership in 1877, but he had begun to hunt the hounds himself in 1867 at the age of sixteen, when the old huntsman, John Walters, retired. George Davies commenced his career as whip at the same time and I was added to the staff as whip a year ago."

I have only to add to this that the photograph of Sir Marteine Lloyd is taken on his mare "Grand Duchess," and that four of the hounds with him, named "Liberal," "Favourite," "Comical," and "Comely," are special favourites and excellent workers in the field.

Frances E. Slaughter.

London Stereoscopic Co. *13, Pall Mall East.*

THE HON. MRS. LANCELOT LOWTHER.

SHOOTING.

IN these few words on Shooting for Women, I must begin by saying that as this is my first attempt at writing, I hope any faults I may make will be lightly treated. It is only within the last few years that the idea of a woman being able to see a gun without screaming, much less fire one off, has even been thought of, but now I venture to say that there are many women who are just as good shots with both gun and rifle as men, and perhaps some better. I do not mean to infer that we can count amongst our number anyone who can take the place which Lord de Grey, Lord Walsingham, and a few others take amongst men, but as shooting becomes more popular, and is more practised among women, I daresay we shall in years to come see some of the latter just as good even as those I have named.

I am afraid it will take some time for men to

get over the terror which the sight of a woman with a loaded gun in her hand always gives them. The reason of this is that they think we are much too careless to be trusted with such a dangerous weapon, and that we think no more of carrying a loaded gun than if we had a walking-stick in our hands. The first thing, therefore, that a women who takes up shooting has to remember is, that as an Irishman once said about a gun, "loaded or unloaded, she's dangerous." One cannot be too careful in handling either a gun or rifle, always to have it at half cock when not actually shooting, and always to take out the cartridges when getting over or through a fence. Accidents happen quite easily enough without Providence being tempted by the neglect of these simple precautions.

A woman requires a light gun if she is to carry it all day. There are, of course, as every one knows, a variety of different bores. I will mention the ones mostly used, which are the 20, 16, 14, and 12-bores. The 20 and 16-bores are mostly made for women, but personally I prefer a 12-bore double-barrel hammerless gun. Of course it must be made rather lighter than for a man. I have always myself used one of these

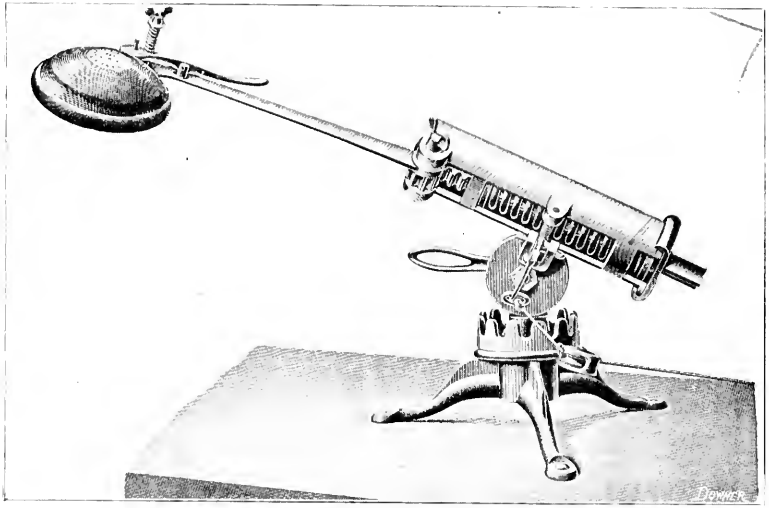
that was specially made for me, weighing exactly 6lbs., both barrels medium choke, and a thick indiarubber pad at the end of the stock to prevent all recoil. The cartridges I use are made with Schultze powder 35 grains, and seven-eighths of No. 6 shot. I have found this a perfect gun, and one I should always recommend. It is not too heavy, and is first-rate for shooting pheasants, partridges, pigeons, etc.

The great thing in ordering a gun is to have it very well balanced, a thing which is hard to describe but which is easily told apart, as no one who has tried the two can fail to appreciate the well-balanced gun as against the badly-balanced one. It chiefly consists in having the muzzle and stock of the gun to divide their weight, neither one nor the other being a half ounce too heavy. When choosing a gun, it is necessary to put it several times quickly to the shoulder at an object level with the eye, and if the sight taken comes fair on the mark aimed at, the gun will probably suit. Another thing to remember and guard against, is having cartridges loaded too heavily for the gun, as it makes the gun "kick," and nothing puts you off shooting so much as expecting every time you fire to have your

shoulder bruised. This is beside very dangerous for a woman. If, however, a gun fits you properly, and the charge of the cartridges is proportionate to the size of the gun, a "kick" should never happen.

You must also be particular to have the stock exactly the right length, so that it can be brought up quickly and easily to the shoulder. It must be held firmly against the shoulder, with the left arm extended as straight as possible from the shoulder and the right hand behind the trigger guard.

More accidents happen by *following* game with the gun than by any other means. There are very strict rules of etiquette to be observed in shooting, as in hunting or any other sport, and nobody is more hated and feared than a jealous shot. These are indeed a source of danger to everyone, as they are always so anxious to add another bird to their score that they never give any thought to their neighbours, or think of other people. For a person, whether a man or woman, who is beginning to shoot, the best thing is to go out with some experienced shot or keeper who will thoroughly explain the art of shooting, and show how to load and unload a gun and how to



CLAY PIGEON TRAP.

(Used at Charles Lancaster's Shooting Grounds.)

hold it. To quote from the excellent article on Shooting in the *Badminton Library*: "A beginner should at first start with a small charge of powder and be taught to fire this off at small birds, every attention being paid to his handling his gun with safety as if it were loaded. He may next shoot at small birds with a half ounce of shot. If he succeed pretty well, and is above all things careful in the way he manages his gun, he can next be permitted to fire at pigeons—with their wings slightly clipped, so as not to fly too fast—from under a flower-pot or out of a trap, at a distance of fifteen yards."

You must remember that accuracy of aim will only come by practice. When you are fairly sure of yourself the next step is to go out to walk birds up, but you must get it carefully explained by an authority what birds you ought to fire at, and what are to be left alone, and on no account should you, if walking in line, fire across a neighbour's gun, or at birds that strictly belong to others from their having got up nearer to them than to you. It is always better to fire a yard too far ahead of flying birds or running game than too far in the rear. In the former case, the shot is more likely to meet the mark, in the

latter it never can. In the former if it does count a hit it means one in a vital part, the head, in the latter at most it means a wound in the extremities. It is utterly impossible to measure distances in the air in front of a flying bird or running game; instinct, aided by practical experience, will alone teach the hand and eye to obey the brain in this respect, and to give the correct distance at which to aim in front.

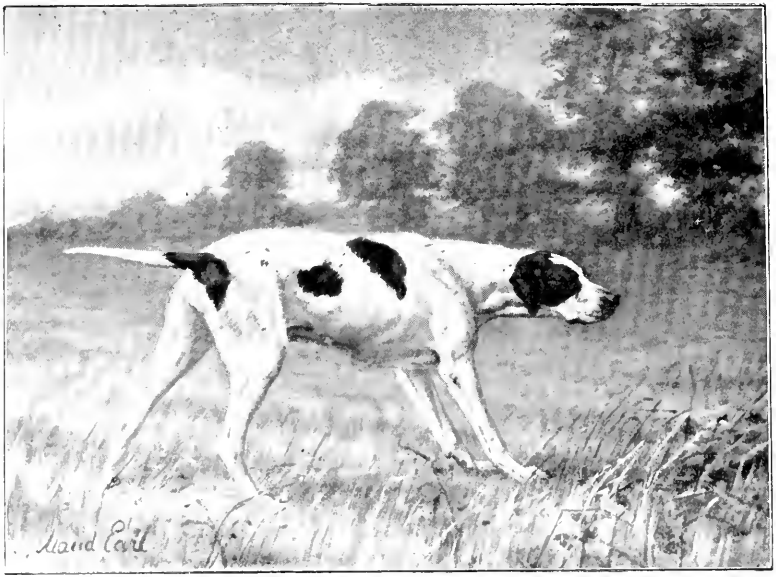
If a rifle is required for small game such as rabbits and young rooks, a 300-bore Holland rook rifle would be useful. Rifle shooting is a far more difficult thing, and requires more practice than shooting with a gun. You must have a very steady hand and straight eye to be a good rifle shot. It has often been remarked that a woman as a rule shoots better with a rifle than a gun. I do not quite know why this should be the case, but so it is. When shooting with a rifle one must never forget that a bullet from even one of the smallest rifles goes a very considerable distance.

I used, as a girl, to have many an enjoyable evening's sport with my rifle in the park at home, stalking "Brer" rabbit, of which there were any number, but the difficulty was to get up to them,

as they were very shy from being constantly shot at, and at the slightest noise used to scurry off and disappear like lightning down their burrows. Some evenings I used to bring home two or three rabbits, though oftener than not, none at all, but whatever the result, it was all the same a very pleasant way of spending a summer's evening, and there was a good deal of excitement about it. Then another great amusement of both my brother's and mine was rook shooting. Most people, unless they have tried it themselves, would think there couldn't be much sport in shooting at a young rook sitting quietly on a branch of a tree unable to fly away, but let them once try rook shooting with a 300-bore rifle, when there is enough wind to blow the trees about, and they will find it requires no small amount of skill to fetch down a young rook from the top of a high tree which is gently swaying to and fro. There are two difficulties in this particular form of shooting which affect a woman perhaps more than a man. The strained attitude in aiming, necessitated by the height at which the rooks build their nests, causes serious stiffness at the back of the neck, which soon communicates with the muscles of the shoulders and

obliges one to rest awhile. Again, and this more especially occurs when the tree-tops are moving, the tiny target a young rook makes when peeping out of its nest, will soon become indistinguishable among the twigs and branches around it, unless the sight taken is both instantaneous and accurate. Many a time has it happened to me to gaze and gaze down the barrel of my rifle vainly attempting to draw a bead upon the swinging rooklet, until everything becomes blurred and blotted, and I was perforce obliged to bring the rifle down in despair.

I may say at once that I have a decided preference for the rifle as opposed to the gun, though I should be the last to minimise the pleasures of pheasant and partridge shooting. I am not one of those women who prefer the excitement of a regular "battue" to the more sober joys of a quiet pot-hunt. To begin with, there is no doubt that a woman is a great bore at anything like an organised shooting party. It would do the intending lady-shot good to see the faces of the men on hearing that they are to have the honour of her company during the day. The smothered grumbles of the younger sportsmen are drowned in the more forcible ejaculations of the



From a Painting by Miss Maud Earl.

POINTER ON PARTRIDGE.

older generation. But apart from this, and I am not for one moment assuming that it is the duty of women to consider exclusively the whims of the sterner sex, there always seems to me to be some special enjoyment in sallying forth with the object of replenishing an exhausted larder, and with the certainty of having to work one's hardest to accomplish the task. Every shot then becomes of importance, and the comparative scarcity of the prey redoubles one's vigilance and activity. Should the wily partridge elude your aim on these occasions, you feel as if some tremendous disaster had occurred, and your spirits do not recover their normal condition until some special success has rewarded your efforts, and a long and difficult shot has added another victim to the bag. In shooting, as in so many other pursuits, it is quality not quantity that should be sought.

One of the most amusing day's shooting I ever remember was a hare drive in Austria. We left the house at one o'clock and drove about eight miles through a very flat country to the "rendezvous," where we found a perfect army of beaters who were chatting volubly in an unknown tongue. I discovered later that they were

talking Polish, which is the common language of the peasants in that part of Silesia adjoining the Austrian-Russian frontier. The men were mostly barefooted, but in other respects resembled the average English beater. The keepers were distinguished by their green livery and Austrian conical hats. They carried horns slung from their shoulders, and when a line had been formed some quarter of a mile in length, the signal was given by the head-keeper on his horn and was taken up by his subordinates. An excellent method was observed in allotting a certain number of beaters to the care of each keeper, who was then responsible for their maintaining a good line and preventing stragglers.

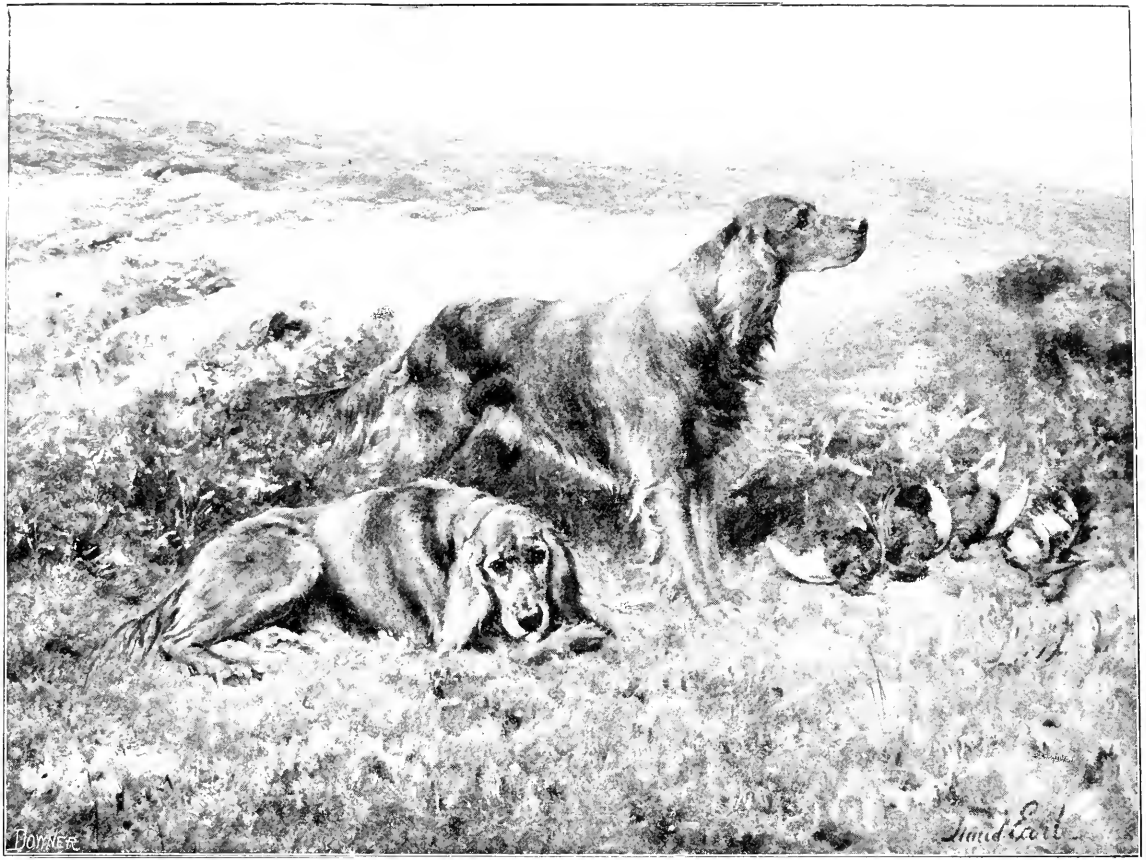
The ten guns were of course distributed at intervals along the line, and we started across level fields of potato and beet-root sugar roots which took the place of our turnips, and were much easier to walk through. There were no fences, and the fields were divided by ditches and low banks. Game was plentiful, and although we only shot for about two-and-a-half hours, we succeeded in killing about two hundred hares and several partridges. The beater who carried my cartridges was greatly excited whenever I was

fortunate enough to kill a hare, and jabbered away in his native tongue. I have never heard anything approaching that language. It is a fearful and wonderful thing, and I wished I could have brought some of it away with me to use on special occasions in England. The only drawback was the weather. It rained cats and dogs, and while I was glad to note that England has not the monopoly of inclement weather, I must confess that the Austrians think no more of a wet jacket than we do. At five o'clock we gave up, and returned home wet to the skin, but none the less my husband and I have the pleasantest recollection of our first day's shooting in Austria.

Before closing this article I must refer shortly to the subject of dress. The first thing to remember, is always to have a dress of some dark or neutral tinted material that will not be conspicuous on a moor or when birds are being driven, and which will also keep out the rain. A short skirt, breeches, thick boots, and either woollen stockings or gaiters, and a double-breasted loose coat are the most convenient as well as the most sportsman-like. But the coat must be loosely made, so as to allow one to bring the gun

up to the shoulder quickly and easily, otherwise it will seriously interfere with the shooting.

Gwendoline Lowther.



IRISH SETTERS.

CHAMPIONS SHANDON II. AND GERALDINE.

From a Painting by Miss Maud Earl.

A friend, whose name I may not divulge, has kindly given me the following notes, and I venture to think that their excellence will make them acceptable, even though the writer prefers to remain unknown.—Editor.

Shooting is a sport which requires neatness, accuracy, and the most persevering practice. Its real pleasure lies in successful shots rather than in the number of slain. Of course this does not mean that you should chance doubtful shots, but rather that you should gain the skill enabling you to kill a driven grouse, or partridge, or rabbit crossing a ride, or a high-flying pheasant, neatly, instantaneously, and with scarcely the loss of a feather or fluff of fur. To do this, constant, steady and unremitting practice will be necessary.

With regard to the choice of a gun I have little to add to Mrs. Lowther's remarks. Many people would say that you might begin practising with a common gun, but my strong advice is to get a good weapon to learn with, for you will overcome difficulties much more easily if you have a really good gun, and one that fits. The

good shot, indeed, may do fairly well with a less perfect gun, but in my opinion a beginner should have the best possible weapons to her hand. Bad shooting will not spoil a good gun, but an uncomfortable ill-fitting, too heavy gun, may spoil the novice as a shot for ever.

Having chosen a suitable gun, the next thing to do is to learn to shoot. If the gun fits you well, this is no difficult matter, at all events up to a certain point. Aim should be constantly taken at a small paper target set up in a room, and regular practice should be had every day at bringing the gun quickly up to the shoulder, with the sight on the mark at which you aim. Thus, fixing the eye on the imaginary point at which you are shooting, and holding the gun lightly and firmly, bring it up to the shoulder so that as soon as it is in position you could fire at the object without delay. As soon as you find you can do this, the gun still unloaded, should be the companion of your walks, and should be brought up to the shoulder in the same way at birds, rabbits, or any mark animate or inanimate that you please. This practice will have the double advantage of training your eye and hand, and accustoming you to the weight of the gun,

which though not great, will yet be felt after you have tramped a good many miles.

Then you need to learn to judge distance. A good plan is to fix on an object in front of you when out for a walk, and after saying to yourself how far it is off, to pace the distance. Another good plan is to cut out of cardboard a rough figure of a bird, pheasant, or partridge, and fasten it to a tree. Then measure forty yards, thirty-five yards, and twenty yards, for you should never shoot at birds much nearer than that. After this begin at twenty yards and move slowly back, aiming every yard or so and making mental notes of the size of the cardboard bird as it appears to you. Half the missing, and more than half the wounded birds, come from a want of power to judge distance. Fortunately continued practice is very easy, and you should be always measuring distance when you are out walking.

Boys when they learn to shoot either go out with the keeper or get shots at jays, hawks, or other vermin in the woods, or they surreptitiously prowl about the hedges and shoot at anything that moves. But there are objections to both these plans for women, who may not have woods in which to range, and it is hardly necessary to

say that the shooting of small birds is not to be encouraged. So for the next step I would suggest the clay pigeon. I have found that practice at these is very useful, and the flights are so ingeniously arranged that plenty of variety is given to the shooting. If there are several shooting people in the house, it will be possible to organise little competitions and sweeps which will improve your shooting by the spirit of emulation. I may add, by the way, that in country houses a clay bird shooting competition is a capital thing to fill up the day in the cub-hunting season, when after an early morning's sport, the rest of the day sometimes hangs heavily on our visitors' hands.

The next step is to the rabbit, though bunny is a most difficult and deceptive animal to shoot, having been made by nature at least six inches too short. The best way for a beginner to shoot rabbits is to go out with the ferrets, and get shots at them as they are bolted. I prefer shooting rabbits in this way for quite a beginner, to stalking them in the open when feeding near their holes, as until one is pretty sure of killing them, there is always a danger of wounding them, and then they creep away into their burrows to die

miserably. Never shoot at a rabbit going dead away from you, and learn from the first to aim well forward. Of course the easiest of all shots for a beginner is at a hare crossing in covert, but hares are hardly numerous enough in most places and often are more or less preserved for harriers or coursing. By the time you can hit a wood pigeon and bowl over a rabbit neatly, you will have made some progress, and will be able to take up the various kinds of shooting in turn.

I will speak of grouse first, because these birds afford the very best shooting possible. For women who have the opportunity, there is no doubt that driven grouse are in some respects more suitable to their powers than the birds to be obtained after a long fagging tramp over the moors. With the universal popularity of driving, both with shooters and the owners of moors, such opportunities are likely to come frequently in the way of women, whose means enable them to shoot in Scotland. Driving is popular with owners because it is better for the moors, a larger proportion of old and therefore useless and injurious birds being thinned out by this method, than when a moor is shot over dogs in the ordinary way. With shooters it is popular,

because driven grouse afford perhaps the finest shots of any known game, with the possible exception of the Himalayan pheasants, as they sweep with their grand rush down the sides of the mountains.

There are certain points which all shooters of driven grouse should bear in mind, one being that the eyes should be, so to speak, working in front of the gun, which should come to the shoulder with one movement, and the trigger be pulled at once. It is this instinctive action in shooting which makes the constant practice, on which so much stress has been laid, so necessary, It cannot, so far as I know, be acquired in any other way, but if a woman has the perseverance and keenness necessary, she is likely to acquire it more quickly than a man.

Birds, it must be remembered, coming at the pace of driven grouse, fly into the shot, and therefore the shooter must aim further in front than would be the case with birds going at a slower pace. But the angle at which the birds are coming, their height, and the inclination of their flight, all make a difference. Infinite variety is the characteristic of shots at driven birds, and it will need all the coolness and steadi-

ness of nerve of the shooter to meet each occasion as it arises with promptness and success. When the birds are coming within shot, the gunner should fix on the bird she means to shoot at first, this being the one which is easiest for her, that is to say, the one which offers the sort of shot at which she is best, and at which, therefore, she can fire with the most confidence. Then keeping her gun at the shoulder, she will take the second available one. There is no necessity to look to see if the first one has fallen, for if you have missed you can do no more, and if it is dead you should waste no more time on it. This is undoubtedly the method of shooting grouse most suitable to women. It gives the minimum of fatigue with the maximum of skill, and it is to skill rather than bodily force to which a woman must look if she would excel in sport. For however young, strong, and active she may be, it must never be forgotten by the prudent sportswoman, that we *are* the weaker sex.

If, however, the moor on which the woman has the chance of shooting is not suitable for driving, and some far northern moors yield better results to dogs, then she may try her luck over the pointers and setters. Very delightful

you will find this, but it is well not to overtax your strength, not only on your own account, but also to avoid being regarded as an encumbrance by the male members of the party. Beats near the lodge, if possible, should be chosen, and luncheon should, in my opinion, be the signal for the prudent sportswoman to retire.

When I turn from the grouse to the partridge I shall probably have a much larger public, for partridge shooting is, next to the rabbit, the most easily attainable form of sport. It varies in quality of course, but is always enjoyable, though it requires very much smaller expenditure than the grouse. Almost every girl that can use her gun, may hope to get a shot at partridges. The partridge is little inferior to the grouse, or perhaps I may say, it is only inferior in its surroundings. In its pursuit the wild romantic scenery of the moor, will be exchanged for the tamer but not less beautiful landscape of the manor. There are three ways of shooting partridges, the drive, walking up, and shooting over dogs. The first of these is only suitable for large estates, and is not therefore within the reach of many women. I well remember the first time I saw one. The friend to whom I owe most of my shooting,

whom I will call Mrs. Robinson, had herself learned to use her gun in order to accompany her husband who was very fond of the sport, and when the management of the estates fell into her hands, she threw herself enthusiastically into the improvement of the shootings. Mrs. Robinson does not drive her estate, as she holds that walking up and shooting over dogs is more suitable for her ground. But she has a neighbour, Lord B., who does, and it was when I was staying with my old friend, that the latter asked us both over for a "drive."

I was all excitement at the prospect, novelty having ever a charm for me, though I was a little nervous too as to how I should acquit myself. My friend offered some earnest advice. "I have told Lord B. you are a capital shot, so do keep cool, and remember that the birds fly much faster than when you are shooting over dogs or walking, and, therefore, the allowance must be greater. In the first drive you will probably find yourself placed about twenty yards from a high hedge. Stay where you are placed, and watch the top of the hedge, and try to shoot the birds as they appear in sight over it. There are a good many red-legs on the estate, so you may expect plenty

of single shots. If you should be near Colonel A. watch him, for he is one of the finest shots in England, both for style and results." It was with a decided feeling of nervousness that I found myself, as my friend had said, stationed about twenty yards or more behind a high and rather thick hedge. "You will get some really sporting shots here," said Colonel A. as he went on to his own station, which I saw was near to mine. As it happened he got the first birds. I saw his gun go up—quickly but without flurry—and he fired as it were all in one motion. Two birds were topping the hedge, and a brace of dead partridges dropped, killed neatly and instantaneously. Almost immediately afterwards I got my chance at a single bird. My performance was not so neat, for the bird went on, towered, and fell behind us. I need not go into a long history of the day's performance, suffice it to say I came away thoroughly delighted with partridge driving. The number, variety and sporting character of the shots, made it a most exciting day, and when at the close the slain totalled up to 123 brace, I felt that we had had a really fine shoot. It was not that I took actual pleasure in the numbers killed, but I had never before seen

so many birds which afforded such sporting shots. I have been almost inclined since that experience to put partridge driving, for actual skill displayed, at the head of shooting.

As an illustration of shooting partridges by walking up, I may give an account of a day's shooting over some of Mrs. Robinson's best ground. Our party consisted of our hostess, Lord B. and his son, the rector of the parish and myself. To each of us was assigned a man and a dog, and in the dogs I took the greatest interest, as they had been bred and broken by my father and myself. But of these more anon. They were three good dogs, and one super-excellent one, named Dinah, a black retriever. There was also a brace of pointers, to save time on the turnips. Mrs. Robinson adopted the formation of beaters and guns recommended by Mr. Stuart Wortley in his delightful volume on the Partridge—which every shooter should read and reread—that is, of a semicircle, with a gun in the centre and one on each flank. This is undoubtedly the best plan, for more, and I think better, shots are obtained than by walking in a straight line. In root crops we left the beaters, and let loose the pointers, which is a saving of time, and

is far the most effectual. Two guns went with each dog and took the points in turn. The root crops finished, the pointers were called up and the beat resumed. Then we used to walk up the partridges on the various beats. The estate was well preserved, the keeper being both popular and efficient.

But I think perhaps the days I liked best were those on which my friend and I went out alone, with two steady pointers and my dear old Dinah, and picked up what birds we could. Of course it is difficult now to make large bags over dogs, even where birds are plentiful, as they do not lie to dogs in the shaven fields of modern times as they used to do in the days of stubble fields, nevertheless, we were generally able to pick up four or five brace in a morning, and a few rabbits. Hares were preserved for a pack of harriers, much affected by the farmers on the estate. Sometimes too, we would beat the hedgerows with a brace of good clumbers for rabbits, or stray pheasants, and once, in a little copse or spinney, we found, and I shot, a woodcock.

In turning to the subject of pheasants I have not a great deal to say, the opportunity of shooting them in these days coming but rarely to

women. There are many reasons why a woman is out of place in big shoots, and as pheasants now are not often shot in any other way, it is not easy to get much practice at them. Nevertheless, there are one or two places on my father's property where, with a steady old setter, I can generally find a brace of pheasants or more. A pheasant flushed in a hedgerow, is no doubt sometimes an easy shot when you are in practice, but it is good for beginners, as is everything that gives you confidence in yourself. When you shoot your first pheasant and he comes down stone-dead, you feel you really are a sportswoman, and a new confidence which brings success in its train, springs up in your heart. In woods, of course, the birds give a greater trial of skill, as you must as a rule make longer shots, for they will be travelling much faster.

I seem to have said but little about pheasants which are after all the most important game, but the principles of shooting are the same in all cases, and with such pheasants as come in your way, you will be able to deal, if you read and put in practice the general precepts I have given, not forgetting to attend to the list of "Don'ts" to be found at the end.

We now come to rabbits, which are very important from one point of view, for the woman who can get nothing else can often get shots at "Bunny." There are so many ways you can get him. You may bolt him with ferrets, you may stalk him with a rabbit rifle or a gun, you may drive him out of covert with fox terriers or beagles, or you may make him the occasion of a big shoot of his own. There is one thing about the rabbit which is invaluable, he hardly ever offers you an easy shot, and very often he is one of the hardest animals in the world to hit. Rabbit shooting in company, unless that company be one of the most select, is decidedly dangerous, for more stray, careless and excited shots are made at rabbits than at any other form of sport. I am somewhat solitary in my sporting tastes, and much as I love the *chasse aux lapins*, I like it in solitude, or at all events with one trusted companion.

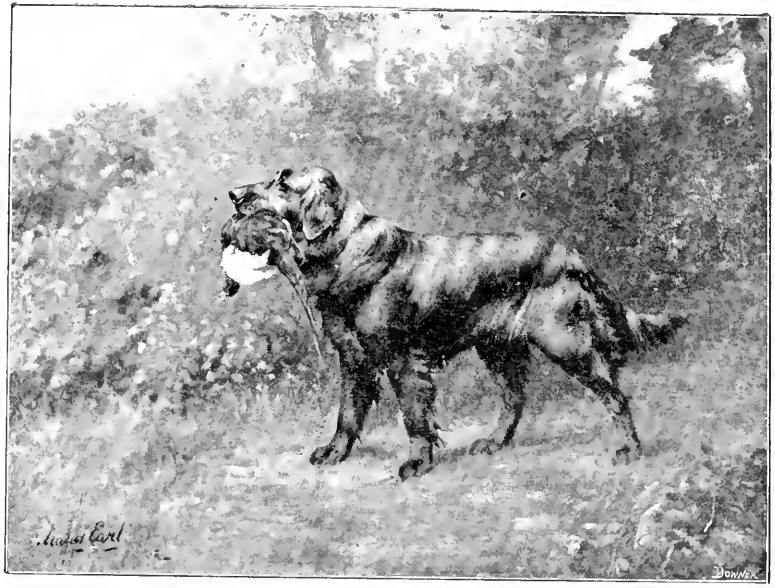
The form that I really prefer is that which in my younger days prevailed in Sussex, of bringing the rabbits out of their haunts with a small pack of rough beagles, the charming cry of these little hounds adding greatly to the pleasure of the day. About four couples are quite enough, and they

should be well under control or you may find yourself toiling after your vanishing pack as they run the line of a hare, or even a fox. Beagles which are wanted for this kind of work should be kept strictly to rabbits and well exercised, so that they may be steady. Some preparation is desirable for a day of this kind, and in order to keep the rabbits above ground it is wise to run muzzled ferrets through the burrows a day or two before. The rabbits will then lie above ground. There is near my home a hill covered with patches of gorse, which we keep for this kind of shooting. We are very careful about our invited guns, as a careless shot easily mistakes a beagle for a rabbit. Indeed this sport requires great care and steadiness. But to my mind it is one of the most exciting and enjoyable of sports, the cry of the little hounds, the ringing shots, the dart of the little brown forms with their snowy patches of white down, the pleasure of success as the neatly-killed "bunny" turns over dead in his tracks, make up a most delightful whole for the enthusiastic gunner. The same kind of sport can be followed by spaniels, free-tongued dogs of any race being the best. Spaniels are better than any other dogs for working thick

hedgerows, into which rabbits have been previously bolted by ferrets. Some people use terriers, but I only advise these when you have no other dogs handy. It is most difficult to keep terriers above ground. They should at any rate never be taken out in the spring, if you know of an earth in which a vixen fox may have lain up, or into coverts where foxes are.

If you wish to enjoy the pleasures of deer stalking on a small scale, take out a small rifle and stalk rabbits. You will find it a most entrancing sport, calling out all your knowledge of woodcraft, and teaching you much you did not know before. You will not shoot many rabbits, but those you do get will be well earned. Remember, however, that bullets from these rifles travel a long way, and that you should always know what is behind the rabbit when you shoot. By the time you can kill a rabbit fairly often, at from fifty to sixty yards with a bullet, you will be a good shot.

Of other kinds of shooting it is not necessary that I should write much, for if you can shoot easily and well under the circumstances I have spoken of, you will be able to fire at anything with a fair and reasonable chance of hitting it.



From a Painting by Miss Maud Earl.

FLAT-COATED RETRIEVER.

CHAMPION DARENTH.

One form of shooting is both difficult and interesting, and that is catching wood pigeons on the return flight in the evening. Many a time have I waited an hour or more for a few shots, though often returning home empty-handed after all. But when successful, I have had the greatest possible pleasure in getting only one or two pigeons, which have been due to really creditable shooting.

Dogs and dog-breaking. This is a subject on which I can speak with enthusiasm, and with a certain amount of practical knowledge. Everyone knows that in these days landowners have to consider all ways possible of utilising their land, and of making money. Some years ago our home farm came back on our hands in a very poor state. Never very good land, the last tenant who had been insolvent for years, had not been able to afford to keep the stock required, much less to use artificial manures. My father and I decided to take it in hand ourselves, and to use it partly as a game farm and partly as ground on which to break our dogs. The cultivation of the farm was carried on in such a way as to form covert for all sorts of game, and I may say that by care and personal management, the farm is

now one of the most profitable on the estate. We always had some good retrievers, and we decided to increase the size of our kennels, and to raise and break a certain number of retrievers and setters for the market. My father and I reckoned that there was now a real market for good thoroughly broken retrievers. I had seen enough of keepers and their ways with dogs, to feel sure that very few of them understood and cared for dogs, and I determined to see to the breaking process myself.

We have never shown, because we think the show bench and judging ring are not good for dogs which are really meant for business, but we use many of the leading prize strains. "Dinah," the best retriever I ever had, and a bitch which seems to have the power of transmitting her virtues to her descendants, is a black retriever of a well-known strain. She is a model of intelligence and a beautiful worker. She watches the birds fall, and is wonderfully good in marking the spot where they come to the ground. No bird ever escapes her, unless it goes to ground, as pheasants will sometimes, and you can call her up at any moment. I attribute her obedience and docility to the fact that she has been my constant com-

panion, for retrievers cannot be too much with their owners, and the first thing in training is to make friends with the puppy, and get him thoroughly in hand before his field education begins. Nothing is more fatal than a headstrong disposition, which I am convinced is often the result of bad treatment. "In for a penny, in for a pound," seems to be the reflection of a retriever, when looking back at his raging master and evidently understanding that he will be beaten in any case, he goes off for an entrancing chase after a hare, thus perhaps spoiling half a day's sport for you. And vice once contracted is most difficult to eradicate, indeed it was my bitter experience on this point which led me to undertake the education of my retrievers myself.

As soon as I had attained to some skill in shooting, it was my custom to take my gun with me whenever I went out for a walk. Now, there is a small river which runs through our grounds, and at a part of its course feeds a number of ponds in which probably were fish stews in the time of the monks, who were our predecessors. There are one or two small islands on these ponds. One day I had out with me a new purchase, a good-looking black dog. He came

to heel, and retrieved a rabbit I shot, fairly well. It so happened, however, that not far from the river an old cock pheasant got out of the hedge-row, and as it was late in the season and we had done covert shooting, this was a chance for me, so I fired and hit him. The bird, however, went on, towered and fell into one of the ponds. Directly I gave the word off went my dog, and I began to think I had got a treasure. He went straight for the water, plunged boldly in, and swam direct to the bird, but then to my horror, he went off to the island, and taking the pheasant ashore proceeded to eat it.

It was then and there that I determined to break my own dogs, and such success attended my first efforts that we have since done it on a large scale. "Dinah" was my first attempt. It so happened that a friend of ours who used to breed retrievers for show purposes, took me to see a wonderful litter of champion-bred puppies. There were eight, all black except one which had a white star on her chest. This last, the owner said, he was going to drown. "Oh! give it to me," I said, moved to pity for the little round sleek victim. "Well, if you will take it away now, you can have it." So I car-

ried off "Dinah," and brought her up by hand. From very early years I was able to teach her obedience, and to fetch and carry, being greatly helped in her training, by her affection for me. She has always lived in the house, and consequently understands a great deal, and I had but little trouble with her. Her lessons in seeking for hidden bits of meat were a delight to her, but I was very careful never to allow her to chase. I believe if a dog once does this, it is most difficult to cure, and that the vice is always liable to break out again.

I break all the dogs to my own voice and whistle, being attended by a kennel boy who manipulates the check cords. As to punishment, I carry a small dog whip, the crack of which is generally sufficient. If a young persistent offender requires a blow, three stripes will be found enough, but my experience is that if I cannot break a dog without beating, he is beyond my powers. The great secret of breaking, however, is companionship, my retriever for the time being never leaves me, and I have the kennel dogs in my company as much as possible. Above all, I always take them out for a run, at least once every day.

The cardinal rules for retriever breaking are:

(*a*) To get the dog thoroughly obedient and under control.

(*b*) To make them perfect at the down charge before you attempt to shoot over them.

(*c*) To make friends of them.

(*d*) To check faults at once, and never pass them over.

(*e*) If a dog shows real vice to get rid of him.

(*f*) To be patient, and not confound a headstrong disposition with vice, for some dogs that are troublesome to break, turn out the best.

I believe in high feeding for sporting dogs, and hard work. The fewer dogs you have and the harder you work them in reason, the better. The kennel food of our dogs is really the same as that of a pack of hounds, viz.: good Scotch oatmeal, after it has been kept for a year, horseflesh or mutton—I dislike beef—with a certain proportion of cabbage boiled up with it. Once a week I give a *raw* bone to each dog. No biscuits, except as rewards.

As to the best kind of retriever, we have had of all kinds, and perhaps the best after "Dinah" herself, is a cross-bred between her and an Irish water spaniel. But we do not now keep cross-

bred dogs, as they are no use after the first generation, though you may often get very good ones then. We now use curly and flat-coated blacks, bred from prize strains.

The grooming of sporting dogs, especially of setters and retrievers is most important, and cleanliness, assisted by a good disinfectant, will be found after all the chief element in kennel management.

I have not said anything about the breaking of pointers and setters, because there is nothing to add to General Hutchinson's system. Patience, kindness and perseverance will lead you to success, but the patience required is often great, for it is sometimes not till the third season that a dog is really at its best. On the other hand there is much pleasure in it and some profit, and as time goes on, it becomes much easier, for the young dogs not only inherit the capacities of their parents, but learn a great deal from them in the field, especially from their mothers.

Books. The general topics concerning shooting have been so ably dealt with in several recent books, that it may be well to give a short list of those likely to be of service to the beginner. I would especially recommend

The Art of Shooting, by C. Lancaster. The diagrams in this book are most valuable and practical, and there are many useful hints.

The Badminton Library, *Shooting*, 2 vols. The chapters dealing with Pheasant shooting are particularly good.

The Fur and Feather Series, *The Partridge*, a book as delightful to read as it is useful to study.

Hutchinson on *Dog Breaking*, a book which has never been approached, much less surpassed.

Daniel's *Rural Sports*, to be found in most country house libraries, a thoroughly useful and practical book from which many subsequent writers have borrowed. It deals of course with sport from an old-fashioned point of view, but is none the worse for that.

Tegetmeier's *Pheasants*, a first-rate standard work, by an expert.

Now let me give a few useful cautions to young shooters:

Don't point your gun at anything but the game you wish to shoot.

Don't risk a shot if you have doubts as to its safety.

Don't fire at birds when too near.

Don't try long gallery shots. It is cruel.

Don't fire at your birds, but in front of them. The exceptions to this, are birds coming direct to you or going away.

Don't potter in your aim, but aim and fire quickly.

Don't, if you can help it, shut either eye.

Don't wound. If you can't kill neatly, don't fire.

Don't fire at a pheasant's tail feathers, but try to intercept his head.

Don't climb over stiles with a loaded gun.

Don't keep your cartridges in the gun, except when actually waiting for game.

Don't talk when shooting, or if you must do so, let it be in a low voice.

Don't fire at fur going directly from or to you.

Don't talk about shooting except to sportsmen and sportswomen.

Don't stay out too long and get over-tired, or some of the foregoing warnings may be forgotten.

MRS. MURPHY-GRIMSHAW.

With a Tarpon caught at Fort Myers. Weight, 147-lbs. Length, 6-ft. 7-in. Time, 1 hour 25 minutes.)

FISHING FOR TARPON.

WHETHER there be any truth in the saying "that opportunity makes the thief," it is decidedly the case that it makes the sportswoman, for although I now find myself in such goodly company, low be it spoken that until I went to Florida I had never fished in my life. Such being the case, it will easily be understood that when I found myself one blazing day in a very small boat, with a sturdy rod in my hand, listening to a very black guide retailing many wonderful stories of what tarpon did when they were hooked, my feelings were chiefly those of trepidation. However I was destined to have a large and varied experience with sharks, jew fish, bass and many other monsters of the deep, before the eventful day arrived on which I killed my first tarpon, and here let me advise anyone who may be meditating an expedition to Florida for tarpon fishing, to beware of going to Punta Gorda.

This most charming and picturesque place was once a very favourite haunt of the tarpon, but owing to works which have been recently started, which entail a constant passing of steamers up and down the river, the fish have quite deserted it. We fished there for six whole weeks, starting often at 5 a.m. and generally staying out till 7.30 or so, and we never saw one fish the whole time. We proved a fruitful sourse of revenue to the guides and boatmen who had ever some fresh reason for our non-success, and we had on the whole a charming time, for the hotel is comfort itself and is a perfect paradise of flowers. We had lovely expeditions up the river, and any amount of bass, sea trout and other fishing, but neither we nor anyone else ever saw a tarpon. We got tired of this at last and decided to move further down, to a place called Fort Myers on the Caloosahatchie River. This we found to be an extremely pretty little town, with low white-painted houses, nestling in roses and magnolias, surrounded by gardens full of brilliant-coloured flowers and luxuriant orange plantations, with however most primitive arrangements in the shape of an hotel. We were fortunate in securing the two best guides on the river

and a good sailing boat, and at last our luck changed.

We always followed the same routine. Breakfast about 6 a.m., sometimes earlier, then we sailed down the river towing our tarpon-boats (for each person has his own guide and boat), till we found some place where the fish was feeding, when we anchored the sailing-boat and went off each on our own account. I wish I could convey the charm of those early morning sails, the crisp, exhilarating feeling in the air, before the heat of the day began, the brilliant sunshine, the pale blue vault above, reflected in the shining depths beneath, where we and our snow-white boat seemed to be floating in some delicious ether in a crystalline bowl. Or again it might be a cloudy grey morning, when the heavens above and the wide expanse of river below, were all one lovely pearly opalescent haze of pinks and greys and soft indefinite blues, suffused with a warm light, telling of the golden glory of the sun which would presently melt the clouds away ; and all the teeming population of the river seemed to be rejoicing with us in having awakened to another long, happy, busy day. The solemn pelicans decorating every post and sand-bank, too intent

on their breakfasts to notice us, excitable flocks of little black duck which would rise scolding and chattering like a crowd of school-children to settle, still volubly objecting to us, a few hundred yards or so further on, gaunt fishing-eagles and turkey buzzards, leviathan-like porpoises gambolling round our boat, and everywhere the flash of the silver mullet as they leapt and played; both the bird and animal life being an incessant source of amusement and interest to watch.

When we arrived in Florida on the 6th of March, we found the weather just like that of a perfect English summer, cool mornings and evenings, in which a thick cloak was always acceptable, for the air on the water was invariably fresh, then blazing hot in the middle of the day. One's poor face suffers terribly from the glare off the water, and till you get hardened it is quite painful from the intense burning, though at last you settle down to a uniform tomato-red or brick-dust tint. So far as clothes are concerned, you require the very loosest form possible. Thin silk shirts, and light serge or holland skirts for fishing, and thin, very high boots, for when you land on sand banks or on one of the fascinating little islands which dot the river, your ankles

will be devoured by what is euphoniously named "the red bug," and then you will be driven nearly mad with the irritation. Indeed one English woman I met in Florida had been quite lamed and laid up for weeks from these bites, after having walked in low shoes along the beach. Then you must have a large and shady hat, or do as most of the American women do, and wear sun-bonnets. I adopted the latter plan, as the sun-bonnet shelters the back and sides of the neck, which otherwise suffer from the heat. Then for days when you are not fishing, you will want the thinnest of white frocks, and for the evening or sitting on the piazza, where it is always deliciously cool and shady, being surrounded by orange trees and a tangle of roses, I found some muslin tea-gowns which I happened to have with me, the greatest comfort.

Last, but most important of all, you must be well provided with the thickest leather driving gloves, at least one size too large, indeed men's gloves will be found the best, as otherwise your hands may get cut to ribbons by the line swishing out. I have had all the fingers of one hand cut to the bone through this, and it is of course most painful. A leather tarpon belt such as is

sold at the Army and Navy Stores, is also quite necessary. The rod I killed most of my fish on was a bamboo, about 7 feet long. In choosing a rod, remember it must not have too much spring, and you will require from 150 to 200 yards of linen line. But all requisites of this sort are to be found at the Army and Navy Stores. The great difficulty is to find a really satisfactory hook. We tried all kinds and varieties, but I think the chief thing is to be sure that they are made of the best steel, with good large eyes. The hooks are attached to the line by a raw hide snooding, which is far better than wire or any other kind, though it is true that sharks, which very frequently take the bait, can bite through that much easier than piano wire.

The bait used, is the soft part of the silver mullet, and the providing of this bait was one of the greatest troubles we had. Each person requires at least one dozen mullet a day, and the natives are very lazy about catching them. We used to be down on the pier sometimes, with the tide just right for starting, only to be told that the bait had not come, and then we had to wait, fuming and fussing, for nearly an hour perhaps, with all our chances of getting off on the flood

tide disappearing. At last a coloured man would come sauntering along with the long-looked-for bait, and would meet all our remonstrances with the most hopeless and exasperating good humour, and probably the same thing would be repeated the next day. At Fort Myers however, we had less trouble about it, our guides being white men, who very often caught the mullet themselves. Such nice, cheery fellows these guides were, most amusing and interesting companions, and real sportsmen.

After we had been at Fort Myers a few days, I caught my first tarpon. He was a fine fellow, 6 ft. 7 in. long, and weighing 147 lbs. He gave me a very hard fight indeed, lasting for an hour and twenty-five minutes. I never felt so sorry for anything in my life as I did for that tarpon as I played him. He made such a plucky struggle for life, and was worthy of a better antagonist, for he could not know that it was no skill on my part that finally conquered him, but a sheer determination to get the better of him. I was thankful indeed when at last I succeeded in working him near enough for Santi to gaff, for my arms and thumbs were absolutely numb with the enormous weight and strain. One very

quickly learns the knack of playing the fish and tiring them out, and I rarely took longer than twelve or fifteen minutes, and sometimes less, in killing my fish after a little practice.

The tarpon were late in coming up the river the year we were there, owing to the water being very cold after the dreadful "freeze" which devastated so many flourishing orange plantations, so that the fishing was not really good till about the middle of April. From then till we left, however, about the 15th of May, we had splendid sport, killing forty-eight tarpon between us, of which seventeen fell to my share. My husband's biggest kill in one day was five, mine was three, and I found that quite enough, for though it does not take long in point of time, to kill your tarpon when once he is hooked, the strain on all your muscles is enormous. It calls all your faculties into play, as may be imagined, to kill a 150 lbs. fish on a small rod, and a line no thicker, if as thick, as a salmon line. The one thing to avoid is letting your reel over-run. If that happens, and it easily does, for the reels are on ball bearings and run at a touch, your fish is practically lost, you can rarely clear the line again.

I was miraculously lucky in never losing a fish through breaking the line, but the danger of letting your reel over-run has been very strongly impressed on me, and you quickly find out how much strain you dare put on the rod. The great point to be remembered is always to keep the rod as upright as possible, and your thumb on the brake.

I think very few things can equal the keen excitement of playing a tarpon. You may have been sitting in the boat perhaps for hours, on the look-out for the bubbles on the water, and the sound of the "puff," which show a tarpon is feeding near. Your line, of which twenty yards or so have been coiled loosely in the bottom of the boat, suddenly begins to creep out, gently, almost invisibly. You think, as you see it, "it is those wretched cat-fish again," but no, it is too determined and continuous for that. You watch the line, breathless with excitement, till nearly all is gone, and the pace gets quicker and quicker, then you take the rod up carefully, so as not to interfere with the line, for at this stage the very slightest jerk or stoppage of the line will cause the tarpon instantly to spit the bait out. Now the line is whizzing out. You strike with all

your might and main, and have a confused feeling of having hooked an avalanche, an earthquake and a thunderbolt all in one, for instantly a huge mass of shining silver leaps yards high into the air, falling with a mighty splash, to leap again, and again, and again. Your reel is screaming as the line whistles out, but long before the tarpon has finished his first leaps the guide has hauled up his anchor and is away, rowing with all his strength down on the fish, which soon settles down to a long, steady, dash downstream. You do your utmost to make him leap again and so exhaust himself, by reeling up a yard or so of slack at a time, then pausing with both thumbs hard on break and line as he throws himself wildly out of the water. But away he goes again, taking out perhaps every foot of line on the reel, and again you reel up, working him hard. Slowly and by degrees his leaps become shorter and fainter, you work him nearer and nearer the boat till he lies exhausted on his side, but with one wary eye on the gaff, ready to slew round and make another dash for life and liberty. But you hold him tight. One skilful blow with the gaff, and another gallant fish has met his fate.

A rope is passed through his gills, and in

MRS. MURPHY-GRIMSHAW

ON BOARD THE TARPON BOAT.

triumph you return to the sailing-boat, there to tie him up. This all sounds very simple and straight forward, but there is no end to the tricks of which a tarpon is capable. He will dash backwards and forwards beneath the boat, till you think no power on earth can ever prevent your line becoming hopelessly entangled with yourself or the oars, he will double up and down, and round and round, he will even leap clean over the boat, often threatening to land himself inside it, and so swamp you. On one occasion a fish I had hooked started away up stream, then suddenly turned in his tracks, met the buoy of our anchor, took three clean turns round it, and continued his mad career towards the Gulf. I thought all was over, but Santi by some marvellous *tour-de-force* somehow unwound it, shouting as he did so "Let your line out as hard as you can," and away we went. All this with a tide running about seven knots an hour, and the boat swinging wildly in mid-stream. We killed that fish, which greatly surprised us both.

One hears wonderful stories of fishermen being towed many miles by tarpon, and one Englishman we met had been over four hours one day having a desperate fight with a very large fish,

which I believe he lost in the end. After we had been at Fort Myers some time, we heard great accounts of the sport to be had at a place called Captiva, an island in the Gulf of Mexico. We were also told it was a very dangerous form of tarpon fishing there, as the place where you fish is a very narrow pass between two islands, where there is always a tremendous sea running, so that you are liable to be swamped. They also told us it would be quite impossible for a woman to attempt to land a tarpon there, as owing to the rapid tide you must land in order to play your fish, and this entails running up and down the beach after him, which is very hard work with a heavy fish. All this naturally made us much keener to go, so we made our preparations, which had to be considerable, as the only accommodation on the Island consisted of two or three fishermen's huts. We laid in a couple of small camp bedsteads, while sheets, pillows, blankets, and the ever necessary mosquito curtains were lent us by our host at the hotel. We also invested in a tin plate, mug, knife and fork each, a few cooking utensils, the largest tin bowls we could find to tub in, a large supply of tinned provisions, chickens, ice, in fact, all we could

think of. Then we found a coloured cook, a vast and very cheery young man, who turned out an excellent *chef*. Finally we started, with our guides and tarpon boats—and towing our sailing-boat—on the steamer which plies every other day between Punta Gorda and Fort Myers, and which passes within a mile of Captiva Island.

Captiva is a dream of loveliness, lying like a pearl on the sapphire-blue, ever changing waters of the Gulf of Mexico—an enchanted garden where all the ordinary troubles and cares of life seem to have no place. As we landed for the first time on its snowy beach, where the brilliantly green trees and vegetation come down almost to the water's edge, and cast intense violet shadows on the low-growing cactus, with its yellow, starlike blossoms and redly purple fruits, and gazed out on the wondrous waters of the Gulf, where every exquisite shade of palest and brightest emerald green gradually deepened into softest yet most vivid blue, we felt we had indeed chanced on the Land of the Lotus Eaters, and that here we could spend our days in dreaming blissful dreams, far away from the multitudinous cares of civilisation. Life was so simple there, one's requirements narrowed down in a remark-

able way. The climate is so exquisite, with the blazing sun tempered by breezes from the Gulf, and the hut we had was a simple structure of two or three poles thatched with palm leaves, into which you entered by a square hole in the wall. Guiltless of furniture was the hut, beyond two trestle-like tables, on one of which I erected my bed, to escape the numberless cockroaches which infested the thatch.

Our meals we had in the other hut, where cooking went on, and what delicious repasts they seemed to us. They generally consisted of fish, soup or chowder, a sort of "olla podrida" of bits of chicken, vegetables, green corn, anything our *chef* could lay his hands on, or fried fish fresh caught, and such delicious varieties of these there were too, and bananas fresh or cooked. We always marvelled at the inventive genius of our coloured Soyer. But in reality you never think of being hungry, or thirsty, or tired, or anything else at Captiva, you feel quite superior to all bodily wants.

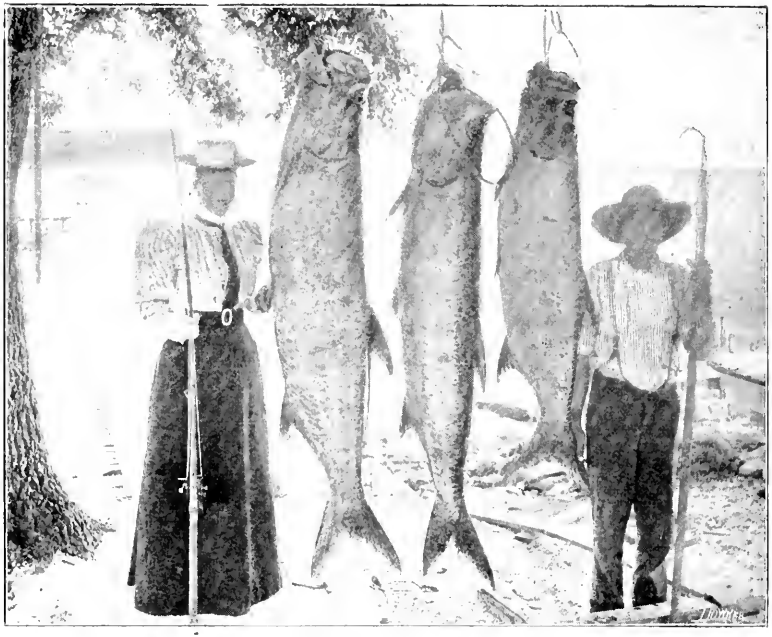
We used to bathe at night in the mystical moonlight, when the air was heavy with scents, a belated mocking bird's song perhaps mingling with the soft rush of the tide on the shelly beach.

Then we would sleep sounder than we had ever done before, till 4-30 or so, and awake keen and eager for another delightful, long, busily lazy day. It used to be my greatest delight to get out on the beach, before any of the old sailors even were about, and watch the daily miracle of the sunrise over the shining waters of the gulf, when the air seemed stilly waiting for the wonderful moment when the golden glory of the sun should flood land and sea, and chase away the dreamy evanescent hues of greys and rose and blues, which had clothed the world but a moment before.

The island is about three miles long and one mile wide, curved rather in the shape of a letter S, which made the most fascinating little bays and inlets. We used to spend all our spare time rambling about and exploring it. It is quite uninhabited except for four or five old Spanish fishermen, who have their little settlement of two or three huts and a drying shed for the fish, on the beech where we landed. The whole island is covered with trees and a thick undergrowth, with here and there open spaces covered with flowers of all varieties. The butterflies are another great feature, of every size and colour

imaginable, and the mocking birds make the air ring again with their lovely plaintive note, so like our nightingale. On the beach the shells were a never ending interest to collect, so wonderful and varied they are. With all these different amusements we never found time too long, for when we were tired of investigating the hidden nooks and corners of our Garden of Eden, we could always sketch, and occupy ourselves in vainly endeavouring to reproduce the ceaselessly changing and indescribably beautiful tints of the Gulf, with its waters rippling gently on the golden shore at our feet, or the picturesque old fishermen in their faded blue garments, as seen against the dim background of the drying shed, where the fish were a mass of irridescent mother-of-pearl and jewel-like hues, and where huge, green glass demijohns for water made yet another note of brilliant light.

At Captiva you fish on the flood tide, which when we first arrived there, chanced to be about 6 p.m. so we had all the day at our disposal. About 4-30 p.m. would see us setting forth in the tarpon boats, bigger and deeper ones than those used on the river, so as to minimise the danger of capsizing. Gently pulling down to



7-ft. 11½-in. 156 lb. 6-ft. 7-in. 136 l. 5-ft. 4-in. 80 l.

A GOOD BAG OF TARPON.

the fishing ground, half a mile or so away, we would take up our places as near a tide-rip as possible, for that is where the fish love to feed. The pass is very narrow, about a quarter of a mile across, so we and any other boats that might be there would be at very close quarters, indeed the swinging of the tide frequently brought about collisions between neighbouring boats. There we anchored, a somewhat difficult business, as the bottom is so rocky it is very hard to get an anchor to hold.

While waiting for the tarpon to begin to bite, we would pass the time catching smaller fish for the next morning's breakfast, red grouper, with their cavernous rosy-red mouth, very excellent eating; black ones of that ilk; king fish, an extremely difficult gentleman to catch, as he is very active and game for his size, and in colour and shape rather a cross between an eel and a mackerel; sea trout always welcome for the pot, or some unhappy fisherman perhaps would discover he had hooked a jew-fish, which would mean either hours of hauling and much expenditure of bad language and energy, or cutting the line and sacrificing hook and snood. The jew-fish is a horrible looking thing like a large pig, a dirty

yellow in colour, covered with scales so minute that they look like a skin, and with a huge head. These fish generally weigh over 200 lbs., and fishermen naturally dread them, for they are absolutely unsporting and just bore down and down on the line, never jumping or showing any fight, but steadily resisting all efforts to raise them, till it is like trying to lift an elephant. But whenever or wherever you throw a line, a catch of some sort is a certainty, for the water simply teems with fish, and you probably get a different one every time, which adds greatly to the interest and excitement.

In bottom-fishing, as it is up the river, the more rods you have out the more chances of bites, but at Captiva the fish bite so voraciously and so incessantly that two rods are as much as you can do with, one for yourself and one for the guide. Even then if you hook one fish out of every ten strikes, you do well. In bottom-fishing you wait for the fish to gorge the bait before striking. At Captiva you must strike the very instant you feel a bite, or otherwise the tarpon spits the bait out on feeling the line, and you must strike with all your strength too, for the tarpon's vast mouth is lined with a perfect coat

of mail, in which there is but one soft spot, an inch or two in length, where the bones divide. The hook is put into the bait about two inches from the end, and the shank, seized to the end of the bait, is connected with the line by three feet of piano wire, which replaces the raw hide snooding in this Pass fishing, where there is so much strain on everything owing to the difference in the way the fish take the bait, and the tremendous tide running. You need a rather more limber rod too, to help you keep a tight line on your fish, no easy matter in very rough water. The fish are in innumerable thousands in the Pass, which they must all enter on their way up the river, and it is a fine sight to see the water literally alive with these splendid fish, all leaping and playing like minnows in a pond.

I must say I felt very nervous at first as to my chances of landing a tarpon at Captiva, having been told it was so impossible a feat for a woman to achieve. Great therefore was my delight and pride, when, the second day after our arrival, I landed a fine one, weighing 126 lbs., and measuring 6ft. 5in. It was a thrilling moment, when, after many futile strikes, I at last got one on safe, and saw his huge silvery bulk leaping wildly into

the air, while Santi threw out his buoy and we started down towards the Gulf. I strained every nerve to keep a tight line on the fish, working in the slack by a foot at a time, while keeping the tip of my rod high in the air. By very slow degrees we edged towards the shore, and at last felt the welcome grating of the keel on the beach. I scrambled out, knee deep in water, and then the real tug of war began ; for it is a very difficult matter to run up and down a shelving, shingly beach with nearly 130lbs. fighting for dear life at the other end of your line, threatening every instant to snap it, or to make a wild dash out to sea. After about twenty minutes of this, when I was very nearly exhausted, I felt to my great relief that the tarpon's struggles were becoming less effectual. We could see him occasionally, and at last I hauled him close up, Santi made his usual clever stroke with the gaff, not however till after many attempts, and much splashing and objecting on the part of the tarpon. I was decidedly thankful when I saw him lying high and dry on the shore.

My husband had two great battles in one night. He hooked an enormous tarpon which ran straight out to the gulf. He and his boat disap-

peared entirely from sight, and when after about two hours we went in search, we discovered him breathless and exhausted but triumphant, having just gaffed his fish, which measured 6ft. 10in., and weighed 180lbs. ! The second one measured 6ft. 8in., and weighed 175 lbs., a fine kill for one day at Captiva. These two, with mine, looked splendid specimens lying side by side in the moonlight.

It is if possible even more exciting to fish in the dark than during the day. When you have it all to do by "feel," it is a weird sensation, to struggle with an invisible foe, the only outward signs of which are the showers of phosphorescent spray, as the tarpon leaps and falls again. Of course on a moonlight night you can see all that is going on, and the tarpon looks like a dream fish as the silvery light glitters on his gleaming sides.

After ten days or so of fishing in the Pass we heard they were getting a good many fish at Port Myers, so we returned there, quitting our idyllic life at Captiva with much regret. It is a lovely trip by steamer between these two places. The river is thickly studded with islands of all shapes and sizes, some flat and low, covered with an impenetrable thicket of mangroves, others larger

with a few houses and probably an hotel. We called at two or three of the more important ones, always finding the same scene, a dilapidated wooden pier, constructed on slender piles standing far out into the river, where most of the people gathered for the event of the day, the arrival of our boat. A queer-looking motley crowd they were, coloured people of all shades of blacks and browns and dirty yellows, languid, lazy-looking "crackers," as the native Floridians are called, with here and there a pretty girl in a sun bonnet, flirting with the lanky and very leggy young men in shirt sleeves and sombrero-like hats. All were lounging in the sun, most of them with a line, pulling up cat-fish, sea-trout, jack-fish, or sheepsheads, as fast as they put the bait in.

The sea is a wondrous emerald green, and we lean over the side of the boat watching the rolling porpoises, some of which follow us for miles, and catching an occasional glimpse of an evil-looking shark, or again passing through huge shoals of stingarees, like enormous submarine birds with their flapping wing-like sides. The day wears on in warm drowsiness till at last we approach Fort Myers, and are met at the dock with eager

enquiries and congratulations on our successful expedition to the Pass. By the 15th of May the weather had become very hot, and the mosquitos very bad, and all the other fishermen having already taken their departure, we felt our time had also come. It was only a few days before we left, that I caught what was supposed to be a record fish in point of length, 7-ft. ½-in., weight, 156-lbs.

On a blazing morning we lingeringly and regretfully bade farewell to Fort Myers, where we made so many pleasant friends, and had such glorious sport, and we had a blazing ten hours passage on the *Laurence* up to Punta Gorda, so that we hailed the evening cool with thankfulness. At Punta Gorda the big hotel was closed, and the visitors and fishermen had all fled long since, but we found a room in which to pass the short time that elapsed till the train was ready to start for Jacksonville. There we arrived after twelve hot weary hours in the cars. We waited there two nights for the boat to New York. Jacksonville is the chief town in Florida, and a most bustling and amusing place to see.

We had an exquisite passage to New York, five days of absolutely calm and glorious weather,

with scarcely a ripple on the sea, or a cloud in the intensely blue sky. We arrived to find New York shivering in cold winds and a prey to spring weather of the worst description, heavy showers and dreary intermittent gleams of sunshine, a strange constrast, indeed, to the perfect climate we had so recently left. Among our luggage was a gigantic coffin-like case, in which reposed the body of my first tarpon. I had insisted on having him stuffed and set up, as I was quite convinced at the time I could never catch another one so fine, though afterwards I rather regretted my haste, when I found I was destined to even greater success.

Hermione Murphy-Grimshaw.

Lombardi and Co. 13, *Pall Mall East*

MISS WALROND.

ARCHERY.

THERE is probably no weapon in modern use which can boast a more ancient and distinguished lineage than the bow, and so slight is the change it has undergone during its lengthened career, that the bow of the present day is in no-wise—save in strength and finish—dissimilar to the more deadly instrument of far-off times. In dealing with the history of Archery as relating only to women, a volume might be filled with the stories of the marvellous military exploits of the warlike ladies who lived in the East.

But leaving these and coming to medieval times we are told of a stirring incident, during the plundering of a village in Usbec Tartary, by some soldiers belonging to the Emperor Aurunzebe's army. An old woman warned the plunderers to desist, threatening them with the vengeance of her daughter should they continue.

Her words having no effect the marauders collected their prisoners and booty and were retiring when a damsel rode up carrying bow and arrows and mounted on a warlike steed. She boldly summoned the soldiers to release their prisoners and return their plunder, and promised that if they did so their lives should be spared. Finding that no attention was paid to her, she then raised her bow and shooting three or four arrows, emptied a corresponding number of saddles among the enemy. In return the soldiers attempted to shoot her, but finding that their weak Indian weapons were not equal to her Tartar one, and that their numbers were being lessened by her incessant shower of arrows, the veracious historian tells us they released their captives, too late, however, for their own safety, as those who did not fall to her arrows were put to death by the sword. Truly a remarkable episode.

In Dr. Southey's *History of the Cid*, it is stated that Clorinda, a Moorish Queen, "was so skilful in drawing the Turkish bow, that it was held as a marvel," and it is said that they called her in Arabic, Nugneymat Turga, which is to say, "Star of the Archers."

Hansard, in the *Book of Archery*, writes of the

Persian beauties of the Harem, who were permitted to amuse themselves with Archery. These oriental bow meetings he says, "take place within the recesses of the Royal Gardens where, their black-bearded tyrant and a bevy of female attendants excepted, no spectators are allowed to be present, The butts consist of moistened sand enclosed in a wooden frame, and beaten into a hard compact mass. These are set up in a slanting direction at the boundary of some verdant alley, where the over-hanging branches of vine and orange tree exclude the fierceness of an Eastern Sun. Consistent with that gorgeous taste so prevalent throughout the East, the whole exterior of this butt is covered with elegant scroll work and patterns of flowers. Gold and silver intermingled with various pigments of the most brilliant hues, are lavishly employed to produce this effect. A female Abyssinian slave stands beside the mark, provided with a large round pebble, to form and preserve an unbroken hollow in the centre, and at this cavity every arrow is directed. She repeats the operation several times whilst her mistresses are shooting: for the triumph of Persian archery consists not merely in a central shot, but also in making the

arrow penetrate deeply into the sand at every discharge."

Still more striking are the words of a French traveller named Gentil, who speaks of a race of Amazons, seen by him in the retinue of an Indian Prince They were about a hundred in number, were well paid, lived in the Palace, and accompanied the Prince when he hunted, or formed his body guard in time of war.

There are Prints and Records dating from the fourteenth century, which show the fondness of the English women for sports. We find them in the field with the men, sometimes taking part in shooting at the animals as they were driven past them, and proving themselves no mean markswomen. They are said often to have conducted a hunt entirely by themselves, "winding the horn, rousing the game," and following it without any help from the opposite sex. Strutt tells us that on these occasions, some of them went so far as to wear divided skirts and sit their horses like men, but we do not hear that the fashion became general.

John Yonge, Somerset Herald, who attended Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII., on her journey to Scotland for her marriage to

From a Harleian Ms. in the British Museum.

James IV., states under the date Alnwick, 27th July, 1503: "Two mylle from the sayd place, the sayd Erle (Northumberland) cam and mett hyr well accompayned, and brought hyr thorough hys park, when she kylde a Buk with hyr bow."

In Sir H. Nicolas' *Household Expenses of Henry VIII.* we find these entries:

May, 1530. Itm the same day paid to Scawsely for bowys, arrowys, shafts, brode hedds, bracer, and shooting glove for my Lady Anne xxxiijs iijd.

June. Itm the same daye paied to the King's Bowyer for iiij bowes for my ladye Anne at iiijs iiijd, a pece xxiiijs iiijd.

June, 1537. Itm payed to Charles Morley for Bowes, Arowes, a qwyver, wt other thinge for my lade g'ce xijs xd.

These show us that archery was among the Royal amusements of this time. Elizabeth is said to have been extremely fond of hunting, and to have been expert with her bow. Roger Ascham, a great lover of archery who wrote the first treatise on the pastime, and after whom the long cupboards so well known to every archer are named, was Elizabeth's tutor, though whether he initiated her in the mysteries of the art is not

known, but certain it is that during this Queen's reign archery was a popular pastime among the ladies of the Court.

When Elizabeth was being entertained by Lord Montecute at Cowdray, in Sussex, it is stated in *Nicol's Progresses* that "On Munday at eight of the clock in the morning her Highnes tooke horse and rode into the parke, where was a delicate bowre prepared under the which were her Highnesse musicians placed, and a crossebowe by a Nymph with a sweet song, delivered to her hands, to shoot at the deere, about some thirtie in number, put into a paddock, of which number she killed three or four, and the Countesse of Kildare one. Aug. 18th, 1591.

It is stated on this occasion, that the Queen was surpassed in skill with the bow by her favourite Lady Desmond, the latter, however, courtierlike, avoided giving her mistress any cause for jealousy, by judiciously missing her quarry occasionally. Again Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, speaking of events which happened in 1596 says "the Queen came to dinner to Enfield House, and had butts set upon the park to shoot at marks after dinner."*

* Memories of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth.

Lady Berkeley is said to have "used the long-bow, and was in those days, among her servants, so good an archer at the butts, that her side by her was not the weaker, whoes bowes, arrowes, gloves, braces, scarfe, and other ladylike accomodation, I have seen and heard herself speak of them in her elder year."*

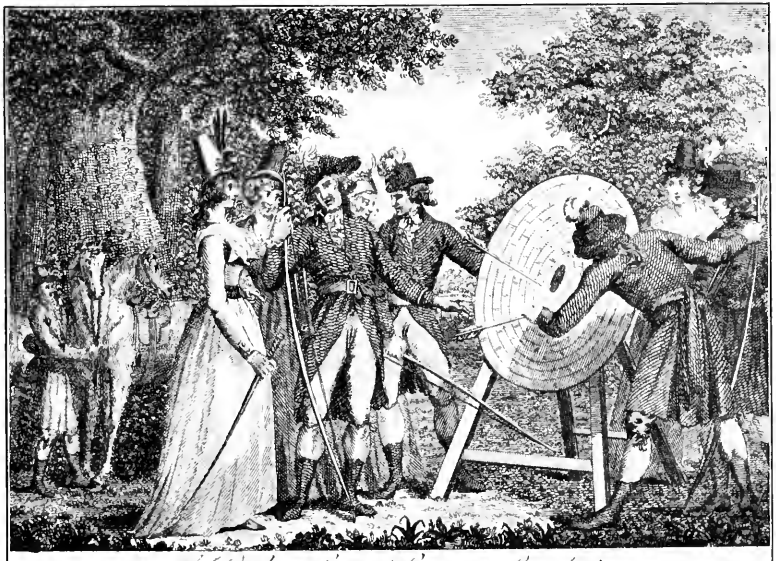
Lady Shrewsbury also was an adept in the use of the bow, as we find Sir F. Leake writes to her husband: "My right honourable goode Lorde,—Your Lordeshyppe hath sent me a verie greatte and fatte stagge, the welcomer beynge stryken by your ryght honorable Ladie's hande; I trust by the grace of God, he shall be meanlie eaten at thes assizes, when your Lordeshyppe and my ladie shall be often remembered. My bold bucke lyves styll to wayte upon your Lordeshyppe and my Ladie's comyng hyther; howbeit I knoe her Ladishipp takes pitie of my bucke sense the last tyme yt pleases her to take the travell to shote att them. I am afræyde that my honourable Ladies Alathea and my Ladie Cavendish will commande their aroe heades to be verie sharpe: yett I charitablé trust that such good Ladies wyt be pittifull." (1605).

* MS. Memoirs of the Berkeley Family.

From this time until the revival of archery at the end of the last century, its practice among women appears to have been gradually abandoned.

The first Archery Society to be established in 1781 was the Royal Toxophilite, but this consisted only of men. Shortly afterwards many other societies were started, among them in 1787 the Royal British Bowmen, and to them belongs the honour of being the first to admit ladies as members, and very sociable, pleasant gatherings they seem to have had. Other societies soon followed this good example, some admitted ladies as members, and some like the Woodmen of Arden only as guests. The assemblies at Meriden are still held every year, the old customs being strictly kept up.

Women were not slow to appreciate the gracefulness of archery, and it soon became a fashionable amusement, the Lady Salisbury of the time being one of its most ardent supporters. Most of the societies adopted a distinctive dress, in which white and green predominated. The Royal British Bowmen adorned their Lady Patroness with a white feather in her hat, the other lady members being compelled to wear black ones, while their dresses were green with pink



Hertfordshire Society of Archers.

Dutchess of Leeds. Marchioness of Salisbury. Hon.ble Miss Grimstone. Miss Scatbright.

vandykes round the edge of skirt. The Harley Bush Bowmen were so fond of the distinctive colour, that they even had green boots, and it is pleasant to know that it was provided by the rules these should be "easy fitting!"

Archery was taken up very strongly in the closing years of the last century, and of the doings of this period many interesting particulars are to be found in the collections of Miss Bank Banks, daughter of Sir Joseph Banks, which are in the British Museum. They give descriptions of the various meetings, the balls given by the different societies at which both ladies and gentlemen appeared in uniform, and one of the anecdotes given may be worth quoting, as, if authentic, it shows greater success with the bow than has been achieved by any woman in modern times. "A match was shot at one hundred yards between Mr. Gilpin, Mr. Wyburgh, and Miss Littledale, in which the last was victorious: during the shooting, which lasted three hours, Miss Littledale hit the gold four times, and, what evinces superior skill, the three last hits made by Miss Littledale were in the gold."

Though archery was taken up so warmly, it died out a few years later, in consequence of the

war, and it was not again taken up until the final conclusion of peace, in 1815, when it was revived. Many new societies were started and old ones restored, and from this time it has continued to flourish, not only in England but in many other parts of the world, notably in the United States of America, the Mauritius, and at Melbourne. Space prevents my mentioning these at length.

Besides these societies, which hold prize meetings at intervals, there are five public meetings in the year, beginning with the Leamington and Midland Counties' Meeting at Leamington, in June, where the Championships of the Midland Counties are competed for. The Crystal Palace Meeting follows, at which the Southern Counties' Championships are shot for in July. The Grand National Meeting, where the Championships of All England are shot for, and the Grand Western Archery Meeting, at which the Championships of the West are awarded, come next, either meeting being occasionally held before the other. The Grand Northern Meeting for the Northern Counties' Championships is usually the last held. These three meetings are held in a different place each year, to encourage archery

Archery Dresses

(*About* 1832).

in local clubs. At the Grand National, in addition to the prizes, badges and medals are given, and it is a great joy to the young archeress to get her first "spider," which is a little brooch in form of a target with three arrows placed through it.

If you wish to compete at a public meeting you pay a subscription—unless you are an annual subscriber to that particular society—and a target entrance fee, besides which each archer subscribes sixpence a day, for the payment of the target boys. There are usually five or six competitors at each target, No. 3 is the captain or scorer, who has to keep order, instruct the boys how to pull the arrows out of the ground, and see that the judge comes to measure golds, etc. She is assisted in adding up and checking the scores at the target by No. 4, the lieutenant.

The first Grand National Meeting was held in 1844 but no ladies shot, and it was not until 1849 that the Double National Round was first shot by ladies, so that it is only possible to compare the shooting subsequent to this date. On this occasion the highest score (189) was made by Miss Temple, two years later Miss Villiers making 504 with 108 hits, the second score being

only 293. The number of 600 was first reached by a lady in 1857, when Miss H. Chetwynd made 634, and this score remained unbeaten till Mrs. Horniblow scored 660, which in its turn was surpassed two years later by Miss Betham with 693.

It was not until 1870, at Bath, that 700 was attained, that score being made by Mrs. Horniblow. Mrs. W. Butt added 52 to this record in 1876, and this remained the top score until 1881, when Miss Legh made 763. The highest score made by any lady at any Grand National was Mrs. Bowly's 823 in 1894. Miss Legh's 866 at Leamington, in 1895, being the highest ever made by a lady at a public meeting, though perhaps the same shooter's score at Bath, in 1881, of 840, was an even better performance, as no arrow was dropped on either of the first two days, and only one on the third.

It will thus be seen what a great improvement has taken place in shooting during the last fifty years.

Beatrice P. M. Walrond.

Lombardi and Co. *13, Pall Mall East.*

MRS. BERENS.

ARCHERY.—II.

I HAVE have been asked to write the practical part of this article, though why I cannot imagine, for although I can sometimes pull off a good score with bow and arrow—when the wind does not blow and when my loose is good—I am of no use whatever with a pen, and never wrote an "article" on anything in my life. The Badminton book on Archery, with its valuable teaching, often stands me in good stead when I get into any of the innumerable tricks which beset the path of the archer, and which well nigh bring the beginner to *despair* of ever becoming a steady shot. How many beginners have I met who have had to learn by bitter experience that to shoot a good arrow is not so easy as appears at first sight, and that to make perhaps a very fine score of three hundred and odd, does not by any means prove that one has conquered all difficulties. There are so many things to think of at once, and

though you may try to do this conscientiously you will find your performance often terribly inadequate. But after all the great fascination of archery consists in the continual battling against faults which creep upon the archer unawares. This we find to our cost on a windy day, for there is nothing like wind to prove that we do not get the real power out of bow and loose.

I always recommend to a beginner an inexpensive lancewood bow weighing about twenty-four to twenty-six pounds, the cost of which amounts to about twelve shillings, but when the archeress has practised sufficiently to understand what she requires and *why*, then I should advise a yew-backed yew of good quality as giving more cast and retaining it longer than other kinds. I should perhaps say that by cast is meant the rapidity and ease with which the arrow is delivered from the bow. Many shooters prefer to use a self yew bow, but it must be remembered that this is more delicate and requires to be drawn with great care. A three piece bow of yew, fustic and hickory, price about thirty shillings, will do good service, though the cast does not last so long if one practises constantly, as that of the yew-backed yew. There are many archers who have ruined their

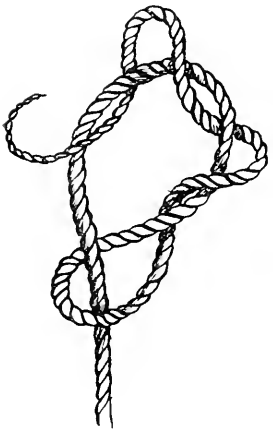
style and shooting with too heavy a bow, one weighing twenty-seven or twenty-eight pounds can do all that is necessary for the National Round of sixty and fifty yards if it is properly handled, and for the six dozen arrows at seventy yards, called the Hereford Round, I can use one of the same weight. For eighty yards, however, I prefer a bow of twenty-nine or thirty pounds, still my advice to all beginners is, "Do not shoot with a bow which is beyond your control."

Now to choose the bow. The first thing to see to is that the grain of the wood is straight, even, close, and free from knots or pins, more especially on the rounded part and within about six inches of each end. This applies to any sort of bow, but more especially to yew, as crysals are apt to develop wherever there is a pin. A crysal is a small crack in the wood, which at first is often difficult to detect, but which is a serious source of weakness and often ends in the breaking of the bow. The length of a lady's bow should be from 5ft. 3in. to 5ft. 6in.

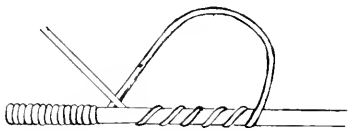
To string the bow, place the lower horn against your right foot, the "back" or flat part of the bow towards the body, and taking the handle of the bow in your right hand, place the ball of

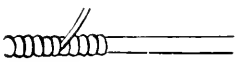
your left thumb four inches from the top horn. Then while drawing it to you with the right hand, press it from you with the left and slip the upper loop of the string into the nock of the horn. The method of unstringing is precisely similar, except that the loop is slipped out instead of being passed in. When the bow is strung, the distance from the inside of the handle should be five-and-a-half inches to the string, which for one inch above and five inches below the handle should be neatly whipped with waxed thread or silk to prevent its being injured, should it strike the bracer. Then exactly opposite the top of the handle of the bow, the nocking point must be made, which should be sufficiently tight to retain the arrow when hanging downwards from the string. When strung the bow should be held, string uppermost, the lower horn resting on the ground, and on looking down the string, it should appear to cut the bow in the centre. In a good bow the centre sixteen inches should be rigid, and thence the bend should be regular and even. The string should be of the best hemp whipped with silk,

and a nocking point neatly made exactly in the right spot. It is better looped at each end, as in the event of its being slack it can then be twisted up in a moment, thus avoiding all flurry of undoing in the old way of knotting the end. I have already said that it is better to have a string with loops spliced at each end, it is as well, however, to say how the loop can be made in a new string. The knot is a timber hitch, to make which take a turn of the lower end round the string and twist it three times round the loop. The string is whipped in the following manner: String the bow and find the exact spot where the nocking of the arrow will come, then wax the string for an inch and a half above, and five inches below the spot, and take some silk or carpet thread, also waxed, and lay half an inch of the thread along the string beginning at the upper portion. Then wrap the thread over that part of itself which has been laid down until the waxed portion is covered. In order to fasten off, take six or seven turns of



the thread over the string in the reverse way, place the end of the thread against that part of the lapping that was last done, wrap the reverse turns of the thread over the end of the lapping of the string, then pull the end through and cut it off. The manner of putting on the knocking point is the same.

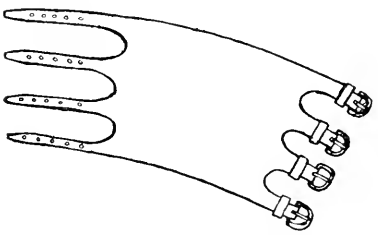




The weight of the arrow is mainly determined by that of the bow. Arrows are weighed against new silver, and when one talks of a 3/6 arrow, the allusion is to the weight, not to the price. For a beginner a 3/– or 3/3 arrow is about right for a 26 pounds bow, but all these little points are for the archer to work out for herself. If the experienced archer should find that she has to aim considerably below the target, she may increase the weight of the arrow with advantage, as the heavier the arrow, the lower will be the trajectory. It is bad economy to have any but the best arrows, and these should be made according to the archer's pattern, that is to say, as to the colours on them, and should have her

name and the number painted on each. To prevent the paint from the target sticking to the arrows, it is well to wipe the ends of the latter with a little vaseline or sweet oil, and care should be taken to choose the arrows of as nearly as possible the same weight before shooting, as whatever they are marked, they are sure to vary slightly. The best arrows are footed as it is termed, *i.e.*, they have a piece of hard wood dovetailed in at the pile end. The best shaped arrow for a beginner is the straight one, and care should be taken that it is stiff, and not weak at the feather end. There are two kinds of feathers, parabolic and straight, but there is very little difference in their flight. The best kind of feathers come from the wing of the peacock, turkey's wing feathers being the next best.

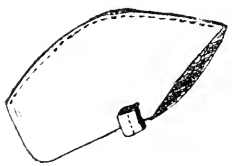
The other equipment required is an arm guard or bracer with straps, cut out of one piece of

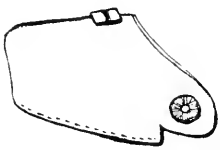


brown leather,—the leather bracers lined with silk having elastic fastenings are no good—and a belt with a quiver to hold six arrows, as the first shooter at a target at a big

meeting should always have six arrows to shoot with, to avoid delay in the beginning. On this belt should hang a tassel for wiping dirty arrows, a pencil and scoring book, a little bag containing glove, extra string, a piece of wax and some silk to whip the bow string when necessary. It is also useful to have a knife, and a pair of scissors.

As to the question of gloves or tips, I always recommend a kid glove, a size larger than the ordinary wear, with pieces of smooth leather—not soft or spongy—neatly sewn on to the three first fingers, care being taken not to put the leather below the first joint of the finger. Many people, however, shoot with either knuckle or screw tips, which are bought ready made of the bow maker. If tips are used they should fit the fingers accurately, all three being of the same thickness. It is important to have two gloves or sets of tips for shooting in case of accident, and they should be exactly alike. Other necessaries are a waterproof bag for bow, and a wooden box with spaces for arrows.





The usual distances shot by women are sixty and fifty yards, four dozen arrows at sixty yards and two dozen at fifty yards, being what is called the National Round. Of late, shooting at seventy yards has been re-introduced, six dozen arrows at that distance followed by four dozen at sixty yards and two dozen at fifty yards, being named the Hereford Round.

The targets are four feet in diameter and are made of twisted bands of wheat straw fastened together with tar cord, then covered with painted canvas. There are five concentric rings painted on them, the centre gold, which scores nine, the red seven, blue five, black three, and white one, and in scoring, the arrow counts as being in the highest colour which it touches. The targets are supported by iron or wooden stands, the centre of the target being four feet from the ground, and slightly tilted back. They should not be placed at the exact distance it is intended to shoot at, but from two to four yards further back, a mark being placed in the ground at the correct distance for the archer to stand on, and no one should be allowed to stand in front of the targets except the archer who is actually shooting. It is important that

quiet should be maintained behind the target, and archers, especially at public meetings, should assist the captain, whose duty it is to see that order is kept.

The ground should be as level and smooth as possible, and the targets should be placed exactly opposite each other; if more than one pair are in use, the ground will require squaring, in order that the pairs may be exactly opposite each other.

The directions given for the position for shooting hold good at all distances, and no alteration ought to be made with the exception that the left hand must be raised higher at the longer distance, greater elevation being required in order to obtain a sufficiently high flight. It is a great mistake to draw to a different place on the face, or not to draw the arrow fully up, at the shorter distance. *Always* draw the arrow till the pile reaches the bow and your hand the right place, viz., under your right jaw below the axis of vision of the right eye.

Having described most of the details to be attended to, we now come to the all important subject of how to shoot. I must first of all impress on all beginners that it is absolutely neces-

sary there should be nothing on the dress which could by any means catch or interfere with the string. Nothing is more suitable than a plain tailor-made dress, or a skirt and blouse, the latter with no frills. The sleeves should be sufficiently easy to allow the elbow perfect play without being too large. In putting on the bracer care should be taken to keep the sleeve smooth, any fulness being drawn to the back of the arm, and the top of the sleeve pinned back out of the way.

Standing. Take up your position on the shooting spot, with feet six or eight inches apart, standing easily in an upright position, with the shoulders in a direct line between the targets. Care should be taken that the knees are perfectly straight, the balance of the body being on the heels, and the position of the shoulders must be obtained by moving the feet and not by twisting the body.

Nocking. The bow to be held in a perpendicular position, between the second knuckle of the first finger and the ball of the thumb of the left hand. The main grasp of the bow should be in the upper part of the hand, the other fingers being held close to the bow. The test as to whether you are holding the bow correctly is to

drop the left arm by the side, the wrist being quite straight, and if the string touches the bracer, the position of the bow in the hand is not correct. The nocking is to be accomplished by bringing the arrow over the bow, which should be held directly in front, and fitting it on the nocking place, remembering to keep the cock feather—*i.e.*, the one which is at right angles to the nock—uppermost, and not to alter the grasp of the bow until after all three arrows have been shot. Place the three fingers of the right hand evenly on the string, and do not pinch the arrow with the first finger, otherwise it will fall off the left hand at the moment of drawing. The right wrist should be held straight.

Drawing. The usual position of archers before they actually begin to draw, is with the left elbow bent just above the hip, the bow being perpendicular, but to speak from my own experience, I find it better to hold the bow easily in the hand with the left elbow straight, though without stiffness, raising both arms simultaneously on a level with the point of aim. Then draw in a straight line with the target, till the pile of the arrow comes on to the bow, and the right hand with the fingers bent, is held in such a

BEFORE THE DRAW.

position that the thumb is pressed against the throat below the jaw and under the axis of vision of the right eye. The left arm should be straight but not rigid, the final grasp of the bow being made directly the aim is taken. The head must be erect, and turned towards the point of aim The body should be erect and the weight thrown as much as possible on the heels. A common fault I have noticed with young archers, is to draw the right hand too high and rest it outside the jaw instead of underneath it. This should be guarded against. Bring the pile of the arrow on to the point of aim immediately, keeping the right elbow up as you do so and the shoulders pressed back. Every care, too, should be taken that the arrow does not "creep," *i.e.*, that it is not allowed to slip forward on the bow.

Aiming. To aim correctly the archer should see the point of the arrow covering the point of aim. By "the point of aim" I mean some given spot on the target or ground, the height of which must be found by each archer for herself, as it is governed by so many things, such as difference in sight, height, weight, and cast of bow or arrow, etc., etc. If the archer finds that she has persistently to aim to the right or left of the target,

there being no wind, it is a proof that something in her position, draw, or loose is incorrect, *i.e.* that she does not stand with shoulders in line with the targets, or that she does not keep her right hand in the proper position, or again that she does not loose the arrow evenly from all three fingers at once. I must caution every young archer against the terrible habit of merely glancing at the target and then loosing the arrow, without taking proper aim. Very many archers who have asked my advice on decreasing scores or inability to hit the target have had really *no clear* idea of any aim whatever. They "think they aim at the top of the target," perhaps, but by a system of catechising I discover that such is actually not the case, and until a real firm point of aim is found and known to the archer—though an occasional good score may be fluked—no lasting progress will be made. Therefore as soon as you have learnt to draw up properly, make it your next study to find your point of aim, and remember that this will vary with different bows and according to the direction of the wind, and also according to whether the atmosphere be heavy or light.

Loosing. Remember that the grip of the left hand on the bow must not give, nor the tension

of the muscles be relaxed, until after the arrow has left the string. Keep the right hand tight to its place, with the thumb pressed under the jaw beneath the axis of vision of the right eye, taking care not to relax the pull on the string until the moment of release, or the arrow will creep. The release is effected by drawing the fingers back evenly towards the thumb, and the hand must on no account leave the face while this is being done, nor must it drop down or follow the string in ever so slight a degree. The wrist must be straight and the elbow well up. After the release keep up the bow hand and retain the right hand in its place till the arrow has reached its destination, then drop the right hand easily and without hurry, preparatory to nocking the next arrow. Nothing is more ugly or more likely to unsettle you than any flurry or undue haste.

It is well to warn beginners that great care must be taken of all the archer's equipment. If the bow or arrows at any time get wet, they should be carefully dried and the bow should not be replaced in its waterproof case for some time. The feathers of the arrows can be restored after being wet by passing them quickly backwards and forwards above a jug of boiling water.

Neither bow nor arrows should be put near the fire. They should be kept in a dry even temperature.

It is a good thing if a beginner can find a friend who is able and willing to correct her and help her to overcome some of the faults into which she is almost certain to fall. But great care should be taken in the selection of this coach, and even after the beginner has obtained some degree of proficiency, she ought to be very careful whose opinion she takes as to her shooting. I have met many young archers who will ask anybody at the same target "if they would kindly tell them any faults they see in their shooting." But such general advice will do little good, for some people cannot detect a fault when it is there, much less describe it with any accuracy, and some again imagine faults which do not actually exist. Too many instructors thus spoil the archer, who will get hopelessly muddled with all the advice given her, and will often alter what she should leave alone, and not correct her real faults.

The amount of nonsense heard on the archery field on the subject of "why that arrow did not go in" is to the old hand most entertaining, and to the young one extremely confusing. But I would

FULL DRAW.

give this advice to all beginners: strive to preserve an even temperament in all conditions of your shooting. Do not get too jubilant and excited when you make either a pin hole or three reds or golds at one end, and when it happens, as it certainly will, that what you believe to be three beautifully shot arrows fall exactly underneath the centre of the target, do not give way to any irritation of temper or manner, or your succeeding arrows will be affected. I know many archers who when they want to compete for any coveted challenge badge do not put down or add up their score, but I have always found when I tried this plan that ignorance cannot be kept up on one's score, as some kind friend will always come up and congratulate you on a dozen of *eighty*, or condole on one of *thirty*, and then you get more flustered than if you had known all there was to know. You should always endeavour to preserve a quite equable temperament even in great success until the round is over, and not go chattering all round the target as to what you have done or not done, for this upsets other competitors at your target, and does you no good.

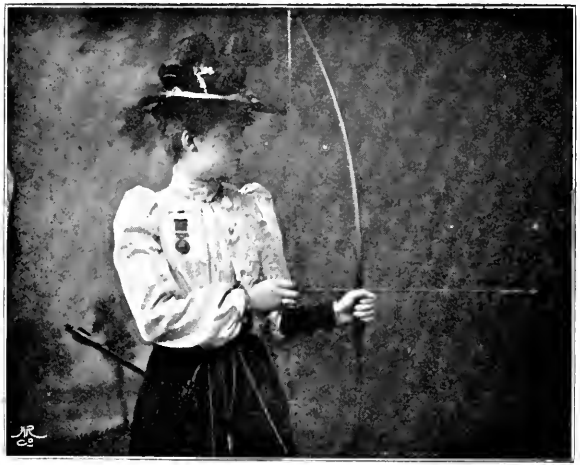
To form a Club. An experienced archer knows

well how to get a club formed if there are enough archers to subscribe to it, but for the beginner to start one is more difficult. Having first selected a ground, which should be about 80 yards in length, the width being proportionate to the number of targets it is intended to put up, and obtained targets and stands, fix one day and hour in the week for your club meeting, on which you can all meet and shoot your Club National Round. The subscription should not be high, and when the members get numerous, an entrance fee can be charged. Have a little paper pamphlet of rules based on those of the Grand National, or any well-known club founded on those principles. As soon as your members make scores of over a hundred, divide them into classes, and when you get members to join who can make first rate scores, let your classes be as follows:

Class I.	Over 300	made on your ground
Class II.	,, 200	or at any Public or
*Class III.	Under 200	Club Meeting.

Have all targets pitched so as to begin your round punctually on your Club day, and begin by shooting the four dozen at sixty yards. When this is over, if tea is provided it is a pleasant rest,

* These scores might perhaps be slightly lowered for a young club.



BEFORE THE DRAW.

and then you will shoot the two dozen at fifty yards. It is a good thing to get some experienced archers to join a young club, and the system of classes will prevent their taking the beginners' prizes when the club has got on far enough to start a prize meeting. Prizes are usually given for best score in each class, and best gold. When men join the club, they must either shoot altogether at one target, or they must shoot at eighty yards at each end before the women shoot at sixty. Admission to a club is generally made by a proposer and seconder writing the name of a candidate to the Secretary, and having it entered in the candidates' book, which is put on the table for two meetings of the club. If a ballot should be demanded the members will all vote, and one blackball will exclude. When the club is well on its legs, I am an advocate for getting up a match with a neighbouring club, and I am also very much in favour of asking visitors to shoot at the prize meetings—a little prize for visitors adds to the amusement—it creates interest in the young club, and often gives the members opportunities of seeing good shooting.

After each weekly club meeting, the scores, hits, and golds of the members at every distance

should be entered in a book kept for that purpose, and any prize won should be marked against the score.

Cordiality is a great element in a club's success. Let each member then take an interest in the scores of her fellow competitors and rejoice in their successes.

With regard to the literature on the subject of archery, the books are numerous and varied, but for all practical purposes it will be sufficient for the beginner to consult Butt's Ford, the Badminton Library Volume of Archery, and No. I. of Encyclopædia of Sport. I would recommend to all archers, either beginners or otherwise, to take an annual copy of the *Archer's Register*, which gives not only the scores of the Public and Club Meetings in England and abroad, but also contains many interesting and instructive articles on the subject.

Ellinor F. Berens.

London, W. *13, Pall Mall East.*

MISS MAY BALFOUR.

(MRS. TALBOT.)

SKATING.

I.

I PROPOSE in this article simply to give my own personal views on the subject of skating in general, and to say what I consider to be the best method of attaining proficiency in the art. As what I have to say will be rather jottings from my personal experience than anything in the nature of a formal treatise, I hope I may be excused if my remarks are of a somewhat scrappy and discursive character.

In England at the present time, the art of skating is passing through a transition stage, and it is quite possible that what to-day is regarded as a necessary condition of good skating, will in a few years' time be discarded as obsolete and old-fashioned. I think it therefore wiser, not to formulate any theory, or lay down any general rule on the subject, but to confine myself to giving my readers a few hints gathered from my

own experience, which may prove useful to those who wish to attain a certain measure of proficiency in the art.

My earliest skating experiences were probably similar to those of most English people, that is to say, I was limited to the very short periods of frost that occur in English winters, and I had none of the advantages of regular instruction from competent teachers which it is easy now for anybody to get. I learnt to keep my balance, not on ice, but with roller skates on asphalte, and this was sufficient to enable me to go forward with a certain amount of ease when I first skated on ice. I remember vividly the first time I attempted the outside edge. This is a grand epoch in the life of any skater, and the sensation of accomplishing it for the first time, however clumsily, is never to be forgotten. I may say here, that I consider a real mastery of the outside edge the only foundation for all figure skating, and I believe it would be a mistake to attempt such accomplishments as going backwards, or turning a three, without first being fairly steady on the outside edge. Another point that I early learned to be of great importance, was to approach as near as possible equality on both legs, to attain

which of course it is necessary to give one's weaker leg—in most cases the left—double practice.

The next advance I made was to turn a three from the outside edge. For a long time I practised this on my right leg alone and neglected my left, which of course was extremely unwise, and resulted in my being much weaker on that leg than on the other. The ordinary turning of a three is a comparatively simple matter, but the difficulty lies in being able to do it to a centre on both feet. Yet this accomplishment is absolutely essential to anyone who would attempt combined figures. In my opinion there is more enjoyment to be gained, both for performers and spectators, from combined figures gracefully and neatly done, than from far more difficult turns performed alone. I will not go into details as to particular figures, because they can be learnt so much better from the innumerable books that have been written on the subject.

Hand-in-hand skating is another most delightful branch of the art, and has been very strikingly developed in the last few years in England. A number of new scuds have been elaborated by the ingenuity of experts, many of which are most fascinating to do, and in many cases they have

the great advantage of being performed either with one or two companions. The advance in this department of the art is largely due to the number of covered rinks that have been started lately in England and France, these being particularly adapted to the practice of this style of skating.

Another accomplishment, to which the practice of covered rinks is specially suited is waltzing on skates—which merely consists in a series of turns of threes, and outside-edge forwards and outside-edge backwards. The important point to remember about waltzing is, that the partners must accommodate their steps, and the woman must take care not to drag. When gracefully and neatly done by two people, well used to each other, and to the sound of a good band, this sensation surpasses anything that can be enjoyed in ordinary dancing.

For my own part I have concentrated my energies on combined figures and hand-in-hand skating, and have never given much attention to the great variety of difficult turns that are to be done alone, though I do not by any means wish to depreciate the beauty of these, or the skill needed to perform them. But, under the conditions that prevail in England, it is difficult to get

SKATING IN HOLLAND.

From an unpublished Drawing by A. Van de Velde, Circa 1650, A.D.

(By permission of Lawrence B. Phillips, Esq.)

enough space in which to practice elaborate figures alone, so I am inclined to think that my course has been a wise one.

I mentioned above, that skating in England is in a transition stage, and by this I mean that the last few years have witnessed the introduction of what is called the foreign style of skating in England. At the present time most of our instructors are foreigners, or Englishmen who have thoroughly imbibed the foreign method, and the result is that beginners are induced to purchase foreign skates and to base their style on foreign models. The main difference between the two styles is, that the Englishman is taught to keep his unemployed leg close to the other and to be always erect, not to bend his knee, and in general to keep the body rather stiff and quiet. The foreigner, on the other hand, as might be expected from his more lively temperament, allows himself much more freedom in swinging and bending about. He thus gives the impression of enjoying himself more than the Englishman, and, in consequence, is more attractive to watch. To my mind, the ideal skater is one who combines the excellencies of both styles, that is one who, to the firmness and unobtrusive-

ness of the Englishman, adds the easy pace and brilliancy of the foreigner. The followers of both styles have a great deal yet to learn from each other, and, therefore, the blending of the two methods in England at the present day, is certain to lead to most beneficial results.

A few words now on the important subject of skates. Enormous improvements have been effected in them of late years, but in my opinion we are still very far from possessing the ideal skate. The main object of the best English skates (for instance the Mount Charles, or the Dowler) is to enable the wearer to hold long edges, whereas the foreign blade is especially adapted to rapid turns. What is wanted is some invention that would combine in one skate the special merits of both these kinds, so that the long firm edge and the sharp turn may be equally possible. At present this is only a dream of the future, and in the meantime I should be inclined to advise a modified form of the French skate, as on the whole the best adapted for all purposes. I should strongly recommend everybody to keep their skates permanently fixed to one pair of boots. This is a practice however so generally adopted that it may seem superfluous to mention

OUR SISTERS IN CANADA.

it. Laced boots should be worn specially made for skating, with thick soles and high in the leg, so as to give as much support as possible round the ankle.

In the matter of dress women have a distinct advantage over men. Our skirt both conceals deficiencies in style, and makes it easier to be graceful, the man with his closer garb being sadly exposed to the fierce light of criticism. The only essential for us, is to have a skirt short and well cut so as not to drag, and with this precaution we can indulge in as much variety as we choose.

In conclusion let me say, I know of no exercise more exhilarating and healthful for women than skating in the open air, though, I am bound to say, this cannot be said of the exercise in covered rinks, as one is liable to get very hot and then to catch cold. The combination of hot air above and the cold current rising from the ice, does not tend to produce a very healthy atmosphere. But as we should not make such rapid progress, or have the advantage of seeing together so many good skaters of all nationalities, if we had not the covered rinks, many of us will not be inclined to complain.

I am afraid my remarks are very disconnected, but the subject is a difficult one to treat from a general point of view. I shall be satisfied if what I have said should inspire even one of my readers with a greater devotion to the beautiful art of skating. May Balfour.

II.

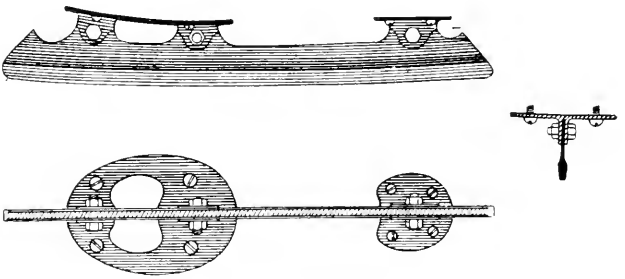
It is natural that the art of skating should come to us from the North, for it is in the land of ice and snow that the problem of traversing the frozen surface of the snow-covered ground and the ice-bound water would have to be solved. With the Greeks and the Romans indeed, the great ruling nations of the South, there was no word to designate the exercise—a conclusive proof that it was unknown to them. But from Scandinavia we have an old war song which tells of the progress of the God of Winter over the water, supported on the bones of animals, and this shows that the skates of those early days were made of bone, though they were, as might be expected, of most primitive structure. It is generally agreed that the necessity of crossing the enormous fields of frozen snow during the long Scandina-

vian winters led to the fashioning of snow-shoes, and that from these were made the smaller skates, by the aid of which the frozen waters could also be crossed, locomotion thus being made possible.

The early form of the bone skate was brought to England by the Northern tribes which settled in our midst, though it was to our Dutch neighbours, at a much later period in our history, that we owed the introduction of the wooden skate bound with iron, which is the prototype of our skate of to-day. From the earliest efforts with the primitive bone skates to the graceful evolutions now possible on a modern Mount Charles there is a marvellous change, and the art which has a history of nearly two thousand years behind it, is entitled to a place among the time-honoured pastimes of the world.

A beginner in this, as in all other pursuits, is met at the outset of her career, when she is without practical knowledge to guide her in the choice, by the difficulty of selecting a proper instrument. She must then trust to others. As the choice however is not large, she can scarcely do wrong in investing in a Mount Charles, which should be fixed to a well-fitting boot with low heels, a fairly thick sole, and laced upper leathers.

But the first efforts will, if she is wise, be made on roller-skates, for though the tide of fashion



MOUNT CHARLES.

has set against this form of skating, and it is only in far-off Simla and a few scattered places that it still holds its own, it is unrivalled as a means to the end of skating on ice. On roller-skates the learner can follow up her study systematically day after day, independent of weather conditions, and can acquire the two primary essentials of successful skating, viz., balance and confidence.

When these have been acquired you may then make your first attempt on ice with every prospect of success. With steady practice you will soon learn to manage your skates, but never forget during these early days that you must ever be on your guard against the countless tricks which beset the beginner at every stage of her progress. Some people will indeed advise you, when you

first put on your skates proper, to walk about a carpeted room with them, while others will tell you to make your first efforts on the ice itself. In this you will probably be guided partly by the age at which you begin the pastime—whether, that is to say, a fall is a serious matter or one to be disregarded with the smiling carelessness of youth—and partly by the degree of confidence you have acquired on the roller-skates.

In any case, when you find yourself on the ice for the first time, you will endeavour to walk forward on your skates with short and careful steps. If you have assistance to prevent you from the inevitable tumbles that will otherwise be your lot, your progress will be safe but slower than if you take your courage in both hands and carry out unaided the good old nursery maxim of "try, try, try again," till the delightful foretaste of success comes to you, in the first quivering glide forward *without* a too sudden descent at the end.

Remember, when making these first efforts at walking, that the foot on which you are resting on the ice should have both the ankle and knee kept stiff, or you will find your ankle twist sideways. You must also take care to keep the feet well under you, as until you have found your

balance they will have an inclination to slide apart, and thus render a fall imminent. After a short experience of this tottering effort after equilibrium, you will probably almost instinctively begin to slide forward with both feet, and for the moment you will find sufficient pleasure in movement of any kind. I have indeed seen quite a rapturous expression of triumph come over the face of a middle-aged beginner, when she first managed the smallest of small slides without it ending in a catastrophe, or in a wild clinging to her guide. The good lady doubtless saw in the dim future the end in view for which she was willing to expend so much patient effort, and so shall we, and in a shorter time, if fewer winters have passed over our heads before we make our first venture.

A few hours at least should be devoted to this preliminary experience, and then you will probably be able to try the inside edge forward, which is the first step to master. With your feet turned at an angle of 45°, you will press downward with the ball of your left foot, so that you may have a secure position from which to start, and you will slide forward with your right foot only on the inside of the skate, balancing yourself

entirely on that foot. You will then bring the left foot forward from the position it has held with the toe of the skate held just off the ice behind the right foot, and pressing the inside edge of the skate under the ball of the right foot into the ice, you will slide forward with your left, striking out farther and farther as you find you can keep your balance during the stroke. The position of the body should be slightly sideways, with the face in the direction of progress.

To perform a half-circle and a circle will then be your aim, until you can succeed with a perfect figure of 8. By the time you have mastered this, you will be ready for the turn on both feet and the backward stroke of the inside edge, after which the forward and backward stroke of the outside edge will be your study. In all backward movement the head must be turned in the point of direction, while the weight of the body is thrown on the back part of the skate, instead of on the front part as in a forward movement.

As soon as complete mastery of both edges has been gained, and that the fate of the immortal Winkle may not be yours, you have learnt the art of stopping, you will find all the simple figures within your powers. Do not, however, be hurried

into trying any combination, however simple, until you have acquired the art of easy and graceful motion on the inside and outside edges, both forward and backward.

The Hand-in-hand Figures are much in vogue among women in all countries, and these are pretty and effective, as well as simple to execute by anyone who has thoroughly grounded herself in the rudiments of skating. The more usual way of executing these figures in this country is for the partners, generally a man and a woman, to stand side by side, joining their right hands underneath the left, which are also clasped sideways, though occasionally what is known as the Austrian mode is adopted, viz., by the woman standing in front of her partner and bending her hands under and backward at her side, when they are taken in the clasp of the man behind.

It is to the daughters of the inventor of the Plimpton roller-skates that we are indebted for the various fascinating forms of hand-in-hand skating now in vogue, and for the effective movement known as "a pass," we are equally beholden to Miss L. Cheetham, who was, I believe, the first to put it in practice. For the many varieties of Scuds and Rockers now constantly to be seen

at the much patronised covered rinks, reference may be made to Mr. Maxwell Witham's book "A System of Figure Skating," in which are to be found diagrams of some very simple figures taken originally from the archives of the Oxford Skating Society. These will be well within the powers of all, and in the case of the stronger and more enthusiastic women skaters will form a fitting prelude to the execution of the more elaborate "Club Figures."

In Figure 1, the skaters take up their positions facing one another upon each side of a square, the start being made by each skater with the right foot, on a curve of outside edge, continuing this for half a circle when the left foot will be put down and the stroke taken, either in the ordinary way or from the cross, and the whole circle of outside on the left foot skated. This will bring each skater into the original place of the other and the movement can be repeated.

The figure can also be skated backward, in which case the position for starting will be with the backs instead of the faces of the skaters towards each other.

Figure 2 is very similar to the former. The skaters take up their positions facing one another

at four points of the inner circle, skating off on a curve of outside edge with the right foot and going round the inner circle. The left foot is thus put down and the stroke taken in the ordinary way or from the cross, another circle of outside edge being skated on the left foot. This will bring the skater to the inner circle again when the movement can be repeated, and the whole figure can be skated backwards.

A variation of this figure can be made thus: "The skaters only go three-quarters round the centre circle, so that the outside circle described always lies immediately behind the one on which each skater last travelled round. The skaters thus changing their positions has a pretty effect.

"Arrived at the common circle the movement is repeated, each skater taking her partner's hand (the four hands being thus crossed) which is retained until the whole circle, which all have in common, has been skated, when each again branches off as before described."*

In all skating, neatness, precision, and an easy, upright carriage are the things to be aimed at, and as you feel yourself getting at home on your skates, remember it should be your object to dis-

* *A System of Figure Skating*, by T. Maxwell Witham.

guise your stroke as far as possible, so that your progress may have the smooth, graceful ease of apparently unbroken motion.

Shortly, the great points to be attended to when learning are:

1. An upright carriage without stiffness.
2. Straightness of the knee of the employed leg.
3. Approximation of the feet.
4. A slight sideways position of the body, with the face in the direction of progress.
5. Equality of power on either leg, to attain which extra practice for the weaker leg—generally the left—will be needed.

When these have been acquired the full delight of the health-giving exercise of skating will be open to you.

Lambert, Weston and Son *Folkestone.*

MISS STARKIE-BENCE.

GOLF.

THE object of the game of golf is to complete the round of eighteen holes in as few strokes as possible, starting for each hole from a place called the teeing ground, and hitting the ball with various clubs till the green is reached. Upon the green is a flag denoting the spot where a round hole with a diameter of four and a quarter inches and a depth of four inches, is cut. Into this hole the player must get the ball in as few strokes as may be. The distances between the teeing grounds and the greens vary at every hole. The game when played by two persons is known as a single, when by four persons, as a foursome.

The scores in medal play are kept upon cards provided for that purpose, each player noting the other's score, which is then marked down at the conclusion of each hole, the totals being added together at the end of the round, when the card

must be signed by the scorer and placed in the score card box. Failing to sign a card entails disqualification. In match playing, the scores are reckoned by the terms, "the like," "the odd," "the two more," "one off two," etc., and the hole is won by the player who has holed in the fewest strokes. Being the person to lead off at the tee, is styled having the honour, and is a privilege accorded to either the player who has the least handicap, or to the winner of the latest match, or again to the winner of the last hole. In foursomes the strokes are played alternately by the partners, through the green and from the tee.

The ground played over is known by the name of the links, or the course, and covers an area generally from two, to three and a half miles for a full-sized or man's course, and very often much under this distance for what is known as the ladies' links, whilst the distances betwen the holes vary from fifty yards to 480 yards or more. The game is pursued over obstacles of all sorts, known as hazards and bunkers, till the green is reached. This is a beautifully kept piece of grassy lawn, some twenty yards in extent, either undulating, sloping, or sometimes quite level, in which the holes are cut. The term stance is applied to the

position of the player's feet, when addressing herself to the ball. The term grip denotes either that part of the handle of the club covered with leather, which is held in the hands, or the grasping of the club itself, and the term lie, applies to the situation of the ball, good or bad. The further technical terms may be found in the Glossary (p. 382) or in any instruction book on the game, the most highly recommended of the latter being *The Badminton Library on Golf*, by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, *The Game of Golf*, by W. Park, jun., or Sir W. C. Sampson's *The Art of Golf*. But to the early history of our game.

The exact date of the founding of the Royal and Ancient game of Golf is still a somewhat disputed point. But we read that in Holland and also in Belgium, about the year 1353, a very popular pastime was then in vogue, styled Chole, and as far as can be ascertained from old documents, pictures, and the familiar and curious Dutch tiles of that period, the mode of play and the weapons used, although rather crude in many respects, were not at all unlike those of the present day. Some writers go so far as to tell us that this game rather resembled hockey, and that the ball used was about the size of an ordinary cricket

ball. Others who have searched even more deeply amongst the archives of the royal and ancient game, relate that the aim and object used to be to strike the ball against stone posts, which appears to have corresponded with the later practice of holing out. Anyway we have it on good authority that the game was much played during the sixteenth century in Scotland.

In 1608 the Blackheath Club was formed in England, and in 1735 that of the Edinburgh Burgess Society in the north, although the game had been extensively played for some time before this. Closely following the institution of the Edinburgh Burgess Society Club, came those of The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers in 1744, St. Andrew's in 1754, and Mussulburgh in 1774, followed again in the south by Old Manchester in 1818, and Westward Ho! in 1864, till at the present time there are links all over Europe, in America, India, Australia, New Zealand, and even in Egypt. Not content with this, we even have the Royal game on the West coast of Africa, in that spot of treachery and massacre, Benin. But of course, to Scotland the gratitude of the world will ever be due for having really been the home of the game, besides which for

J. Ross. *North Berwick.*

MISS E. C. ORR.

(Winner of the Championship, 1897.)

grandeur in natural hazards, and finest of fine turf, the north will ever bear the palm.

Golf, as far as women are concerned, is indeed both royal and ancient, for we know that Mary, Queen of Scots, was a great adept and devotee thereof, but till this century women's doings appear not to have been much chronicled, although they used to play, and our Scotch sisters have always been more or less brought up to it. Latterly both the English and Irish have taken wonderfully to what was at one time styled "That old man's game," and in so doing have found it not at all a bad pastime, till now-a-days the lady-golfers make quite a formidable army on the occasion of the yearly championship, or the other big open meetings.

To arrange for such events, and to give more uniformity in general matters, the "Ladies' Golf Union" was formed a few years ago. To this body all troublesome questions are referred by the associated clubs, for which it acts as legislator in chief. It arranges too the details for the yearly championship, and has lately started a system for universal handicapping which is progressing very well. But I shall have occasion to speak of this useful institution later.

When ladies' courses were first started, they were chiefly conspicuous for their shortness, and general lack of hazards, it being calculated that the ordinary wooden putter would be sufficient to see the player safely over any obstacles encountered during the round. But woman's ambition was not satisfied, she sighed and fretted for more elbow-room, longer holes, more difficulties, and last but not least on inland courses, real sand at the bottom of the bunkers. Till then it had not entered into the head of man to conceive that any woman was equal to, or would care for, daily tramps over rough and broken ground, bogs, dykes, and sand, or that even if she did care, she could ever become proficient at so sacred a pastime. Was it possible either that a woman's strength would prove equal to propelling the ball a sufficiently long distance, to make her in any way a rival to one of the sterner sex? But nevertheless, even with all these doubts, the men's club were ready to assist in giving what was asked for, by helping to institute links at St. Andrew's and Westward Ho! in 1868, Musselburgh and Wimbledon in 1872, Carnoustie in 1873, Pau in 1874, Troon in 1882, Bath in 1883, Yarmouth in 1885, etc.

Of golf as a game for the health, it must be said that it is suited to all seasons of the year, and also to the hundred and one changes of climate which occur in the twelve short months. Through snow we pursue the game on the frozen and ice covered links, with balls painted red, again in March gales, we toil round regardless of the flapping skirts and blow-away hats, but in May days when the weather is lovely, when the courses and their greens are at their best, then it is that we lay ourselves out for pure enjoyment, and reap the well-deserved fruits of a winter of steady practice. So through summer and autumn the game still retains its fascinations, at least for those who have mastered its inner mysteries, but for the unitiated it must indeed be more than a trifle dull, beside savouring rather of madness to walk miles and miles only to hit along a little white guttie ball, with instruments of weird and curious shape.

Although ladies' courses are now vastly superior to what they were a short while back, there is still room for great improvements in the matter of scope for brassey and cleek play through the green. The usual courses consist of a series of holes, generally nine holes—eighteen being the

exception—closely resembling each other, interspersed with hazards of sorts, but in point of length and play nearly all these holes are reached by a fair drive, followed by a short iron or approach shot on the green. This is occasionally varied by a cleek shot from tee to green, which constitutes the whole and monotonous ring of change that is to be found, to say nothing of the total banishment of the brassey, one of the most useful clubs in existence. Excepting, therefore, when women play over men's courses, or at least over a part of them, they rarely find themselves called upon to play cleeks, or full iron shots either. A notable exception to this is the West Lancashire ladies' course, at Hall Road, near Liverpool. There we find not only eighteen holes most craftily laid out amidst hazards of all description, which call into requisition a variety of useful clubs, but the distances between the greens have been so varied that any monotony is quite impossible. For whilst at one hole it may require three full shots to reach the green, very likely the next will be but a cleek shot, and so on. One of the irresistable influences of the game to a beginner, is undoubtedly that vexation of spirit caused by some strange mixture of

Figure 1.

POSITION FOR DRIVING.

obstinacy and helplessness, which smarts and rankles bitterly after a morning spent in trying, to stand in the correct position with your club grasped firmly in your hands, and after the preliminary waggle, to swing up and down and hit the ball into space. It looks so easy, ridiculously easy, and as if it was quite impossible not to hit that little white globe, perched on its sand tee, but in reality, till the eye and the hand have been trained to do so, it is one of the most difficult tasks in life, and a process tending to many abusive speeches! The experience naturally produces a spirit of dogged determination not to be beaten, wherein lie the first seeds of interest, and the desire for improvement. The younger it is possible to begin the game, the better, for at an early age the muscles are tractable and supple, and the slightest stiffness which gives a noticable jerkiness to the strokes, is very difficult to overcome. The strokes should on the contrary be performed, and the arms and wrists should work, with the smooth evenness of windmill sails. But speaking of evenness and smoothness of movement, more especially in the case of a person in the act of driving, brings to mind the late championship at Gullane, where, for the first time, it became pos-

sible to compare, side by side, the styles of the Scotch and English players. Between some there was but little difference, excepting that the Scotch swing was rather short and quick, whilst that of the English was somewhat longer and slower, but in whatever style our Scotch sisters played, their whole action was so even and pendulum-like, so entirely free from any jerk or strain, that it clearly demonstrated their familiarity with clubs from the days of early childhood.

Of course such familiarity is more than half the battle, making as it does in after life a vast difference to the skill and style, although in this as in all else, there are many and notable exceptions amongst those who have only come across the game when nearing the days of discretion. The greatest example of this, is our triple champion, Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell, née Scott, whose style has been pronounced perfect by many competent judges.

Great self-control and good nerve, with a large amount of endurance, are the requisites of golf, for without wishing to say one word to its detriment, it cannot be denied that it is a game somewhat conducive to selfishness, and with a distinctly rousing effect upon the temper. To those who

are adepts at other out of door sports and pastimes, golf presents one great difficulty, namely, that most of the clubs have to be gripped firmly by the left hand only, the right hand being used quite lightly in comparison, simply as a general support and guide to direction.

Having once decided to become a player, the best course by far is to arrange for daily lessons from some competent and painstaking professional, for by this means we start from the very beginning by being placed in the right positions, and moreover, are taught to use the right club in the right place, which knowledge will prove of invaluable assistance in future matches and competitions. No beginner should however forget to obtain a book of the St. Andrews' rules and to study it well, for one of the first essentials in a game is to know the rules thoroughly. By thus starting with lessons from a qualified instructor, you do away with the risk of having to unlearn most of what has been already grasped, as is so often the case where your mentor has been some kind and amiable friend. Once having mastered the rudiments and mysteries of the game, steady daily practice should be indulged in, if you would hope in time to figure in the front rank of players.

The driver, iron, mashie and putter are the chief clubs to master thoroughly, for at any time these will suffice on all courses to play a good round with, whereas if only one club is taken out at a time to master, the eye and hand are apt to become wearied by continuous repetition, whilst the varied strokes necessitated by three or four clubs, prove both instructive as well as absorbing.

In the choice of clubs arises great difficulty. Patents unlimited are to be had, each claiming special advantages. For instance, W. Park's putting cleek, or wry-necked putter as it is often called, and Brougham or Yeoman's aluminium drivers, so utterly indestructible when playing off roads or other hard lies. Then there are Taylor's or Teen's mashies, the former rather short in the head and broad on the face, particularly useful for the high-pitched approach shots, the latter shaped more like a spoon, having at the back and in the exact centre, a crescent-shaped and convex piece of extra steel, so as to concentrate the full force and weight at the point of impact. But the good old-fashioned clubs can hold many candles to various latter-day inventions. A very useful driver head of ordinary beech-wood has

within the last three or four years come from the able hands of J. Ray, of Randalstown, Co. Antrim, called a "Bap." This is in appearance exactly like a large and rather flat penny bun attached to the shaft, but its driving powers are tremendous owing to the amount of wood behind the spot from whence the ball is hit, which naturally induces a long carry and run, especially in a wind, when it seems to send a capital long, low straight shot.

Figure 2.
GRIP OF HANDS FOR DRIVING.

It is best to choose the first clubs with the assistance of a professional, or that of an experienced amateur, who will know at once what weights are most suited to your powers of wrist and arm. Having done this, and by a study of the rules prepared yourself for instruction, you will naturally wish to make your first attempt. On arriving at the

first teeing ground and after mounting your ball on its sand tee, take up your position with the driver, so that the club head may be within easy reach of the ball, and without the least straining or stretching forward to reach it.

The left foot should be slightly in advance of the right, rather turned in if anything, and both feet some sixteen inches or thereabouts apart, the ball, club, and hands being as nearly as possible in direct line with your waist buckle, perhaps slightly inclined to the left. The hands then require to grip the club as shown in Figures 1 and 2, the left hand should hold with a grip of iron, the right much more easily, but still with a tenacious grasp, turned well over so that the back of the hand is to the front. Care should be taken that the thumb is not as shown in Figure 3, for such a grip would cause the head of the club,

Figure 3.
WRONG GRIP.

Figure 4.

CLUB HEAD WRONG. HANDS WRONG. RESULT OF A GRIP, AS SHOWN IN FIG. 3.

when at the top of the swing, to be turned broadway as in Figure 4, instead of pointing toe downwards as in Figure 5. When off your drive entirely, and when instead of being able to swing your ball nicely and cleanly away, you can only keep hitting down on the top of it, called smothering, take a swing with the club, pausing at the top (that is to say when the club has reached its usual high curve over the right shoulder, and just before its descent is commenced) to note the angle of the head. This will generally be found as in figure 4, whilst the position of the hands will be as in figure 3. Then alter your grip to as near that of figure 2 as possible, when the angle of the club-head at the top of the swing, will become as in figure 5. But to continue, being in the correct position for addressing the ball both as regards distance and grip, after a short preliminary waggle which will give the needed impetus, raise the club away

Figure 5.
"TOE" OE DRIVER POINTING DOWNWARDS. HANDS RIGHT.

to the right, not too quickly, with a scythe-like sweep, till well over the right shoulder, at the same time lifting the left heel and turning the body slightly on the toes of the left foot. Figure 6. The action of the swing should be entirely done from the shoulder, and not with a twist of the *whole* body as is often seen. Descending again and driving away the ball, then continue the swing till it finishes up quite naturally over the left shoulder, called "the follow through," Figure 7, thus describing an entire circle round the body, the whole of which must be as evenly performed, without the least signs of force or disjointedness, as though it was the revolution of a wheel. Many players stand to drive with the ball in a line with, or even outside, their left foot, but having the ball nearer the centre of the body, as de-

Figure 6.
GRIP WHEN AT THE TOP OF SWING.

Garland. *Wiking.*

Figure 7.

FINISH OF SWING.

(*Mrs. M. C. Wallock.*)

scribed above, is the more usual position, and one to be recommended.

Brassey shots through the green are played in a similar manner to drives, the only exception being, that instead of a ball teed on the sand, it has to be taken off the flat, therefore it becomes necessary to swing the club head into the ball with a smart click, nicking in between it and the ground, so as to cause the ball to rise away in its flight quickly and cleanly, avoiding any taking of turf, or sclaffing as it is styled, and thereby losing half the propelling force. When to reach the green two or three full shots are required after the drive, the brassey is generally taken, or for a medium length shot the cleek, the latter being used with a full swing, till some eighty or a hundred yards from the hole, when the lofting iron is called into requisition.

With this latter club, as with the cleek, the grip of both hands must be very firm, for at the moment of striking the ball with the face of the club, there is the danger of the sole at that very second taking the turf, when, unless the club is firmly gripped in both hands, it must naturally turn somewhat, with the result that the shot will be hopelessly foozled.

The position of the feet in iron shots differs from that of driving. For one thing the right foot should be slightly in advance of the left, whilst the ball is more opposite the former, and in the second place the knees must be a little bent, the whole body assuming more of a crouching stance than when driving. The swing, too, with an iron, is somewhat different, for even in the full shot it is never of such a length as that taken with a wooden club. It is more of an up-and-down stroke. In the three-quarter shot, the arms and not the shoulders are responsible for the swing, the club going as far back as the length of the arm comfortably permits (figure 8), whereas, in the half shot, the fore arm and wrist work only, the arm from the shoulder to the elbow being then nearly close into the side. The approach shot with the mashie is played when the green is some fifty yards or more distant, the player desiring either to run the ball up to the hole along the ground, provided the intervening space is pretty clear of hazards, or to pitch it up, with that short "choppy" wrist shot, so that the ball falls without run, nearly dead. Many players place the right thumb down the shaft of the club in this stroke, claiming

Figure 8.

SWINGING UPWARDS FOR A THREE-QUARTER IRON SHOT.

that it is easier thus to guage the distance and be more accurate as to direction. But whichever way it is played, remember that it is the wrists and not the arms that work the club. This shot is played with the face of the club very much laid back (figure 9), and a peculiar species of cut from right to left administered to the ball at the moment of impact. A stroke that can with difficulty be taught, being more the outcome of instinct after experience, than of instruction. The hard part of approaching lies in making the ball fall sufficiently dead, and *not* to strike it so, that after pitching, it will run nearly as far off the green on the opposite side.

The mashie is one of the most useful clubs, for besides being your "right hand" in approach shots, it is simply indispensable when playing out of a bad lie, or whenever the ball is snugly reposing in some sand bunker. To extricate oneself from such a lie, it is necessary first and foremost that both feet should be *firmly* planted on the ground, for every atom of strength must be brought to bear on the right spot, at the right moment. About two inches behind the ball is the place to let your club-head delve into the sand, and it is upon *this* spot that the eye must

be fixed, and *not* upon the ball, as is otherwise the case. The force of hitting the club-head into the sand, causes it to shoot up, bearing the ball high into the air, and over the confronting obstacle.

Whilst speaking of bunkers and difficulties, it is as well to have in mind the St. Andrew's rule, No. 14, which runs as follows: "When a ball lies in or touches a hazard, the club shall not touch the ground, nor shall anything be touched or moved before the player strikes at the ball, except that the player may place his feet firmly on the ground for the purpose of addressing the ball, under the penalty of the loss of the hole, but if in the backward or downward swing, any grass, bent, whin, or other growing substance, on the side of a bunker, a wall, a paling, or other immoveable obstacle be touched, no penalty shall be incurred." In medal competitions the penalty for breach of this rule is disqualification.

If there should be any doubt as to what is considered a hazard, rule No. 15 is very explicit. "A hazard shall be any bunker of whatever nature—water, sand, loose earth, mole hills, paths, roads, or railways, whins, bushes, rushes, rabbit scrapes, fences, ditches, or anything which is not

Figure 9.

SHORT APPROACH SHOT WITH THUMB DOWN THE SHAFT.

the ordinary green of the course—except sand blown on to the grass by wind, or sprinkled on grass for the preservation of the links—or snow, or ice, or bare patches on the course."

In *match play*, rule 29 states: "A ball must be played wherever it lies, or the hole be given up—except as otherwise provided for in the rules." Whereas in *medal play*, rule 8 reads: "A ball may under a penalty of two strokes be lifted out of a difficulty of any description, and be teed behind the same." The niblick, in bunkers where the sand is at all heavy, is rather a better club to use than the mashie, being so short, thick, and powerful in the head, therefore capable of delivering a stronger blow into the sand. A most useful club for bad lies through the green, is the driving mashie, made much after the order of a cleek, only being shorter in the face and very solid in the sole, it is able to hit a long, powerful shot under the most trying conditions in the way of bad lies.

Having spoken of the many clubs used from the tee till the green is reached, the putter alone remains for a few words. Till quite recently this was made of wood only, rather in shape like an elongated driver-head. In fact these very old

clubs, such as were used by celebrities like Jamie Allan, young Tommy Morris, Mr. George Glennie, and others, are now worth fabulous sums of money. But of late years, steel and gun metal have come much more into vogue. Park's patent putter with the twisted socket or neck, is a universal favourite, the fact of looking straight down the shaft on to the ball appearing to make the line of transition somewhat more easy for the eye to take in. The mode of holding the putter is similar to that of the iron, only that the thumbs are both placed downwards and the fingers are called more into play, as shown in Figure 10. The general grip is a trifle looser, although the right hand requires to be firm. Mr. Horace Hutchinson, in the *Badminton Book on Golf*, says as follows: "The principal secret of good putting, as of good driving, is that the club should travel as long as possible on the line—or a production of it—on which the ball is to travel.

"Putting is a stroke made almost exclusively with the wrists. The wrists do not hit the club on to the ball and then check it, but the club is swung by a movement of the wrists . . . any checking of the club as it meets the ball being fatal to consistent good putting . . .

The hands should be allowed to fall into a natural position . . . The putter should be held rather short, and preferably with a light grip, and should be worked backward and forward by the wrists, mainly perhaps the left wrist . . . The left elbow may, if preferred, be a little crooked to the front: the club head will in this method be swinging somewhat after the fashion of a pendulum, and if a golfer gets the hanging arrangements of this pendulum correct, it can not very well swing out of the true line."

Figure 10.
PUTTING OFF THE RIGHT FOOT.

The above describes the stroke exactly. The stance for putting is as shown in Figure 10, at least that is about the usual position, but many people putt with the ball about mid-way between the right foot and the left, in a straight line with the centre of the body (Figure 11). The crooked

left elbow is certainly a great help in keeping the ball on the right road to the hole, while the right elbow should be resting against the hip. Iron shots too can be kept from diverging with the vagaries of the wind during a gale, if the left elbow is well crooked towards the front, so as to follow through in that position over the line of flight of the ball. A very similar position to that of playing forward at cricket.

In golf there is a good deal of etiquette to be observed, but again all hints will be found in the book of St. Andrew's rules, or in that very useful compendium *The Golfer's Referee*, which was compiled lately by the Editor of *The Golfer*, in Edinburgh. It may be as well to mention that No. 2 of these rules is one to be observed, if not for courtesy's sake, at least for the sake of danger, a blow from a golf ball being no light matter. Therefore out of pure humanity it is only right to let the party in front play their second shots, or get off the green, so that they may be out of range of those behind. Besides match and medal play, another species of competition has of late years been started, namely, "Bogey." This is simply a score fixed for each of the eighteen holes, the same as the par of the

Figure 11.

PUTTING WITH BALL BETWEEN THE FEET.

green, the player having to hole out in one less than the given par, if she would win the hole, or in the like for a half. At each hole, any strokes taken beyond the number of the fixed par, count as a loss to the player and as a win to "Bogey." The mode of marking this on the competition cards being -|- for a win and O for a half, and — for a loss.

One of the greatest features of golf is that although you may only perhaps be a third-class player, and your opponent a first-class, or as it is termed, scratch player, yet by the system of handicapping you will both play on equal terms. In match play the difference between handicaps is allowed as follows: in singles, three-fourths of the difference between handicap allowances, in foursomes, three-eighths of the difference of the aggregate handicap allowance on either side, a half stroke of over counting as one, but smaller fractions not being reckoned. Thus if the difference between your own and your opponent's handicap in a single is 12, you will have to allow her nine strokes, or a half, viz.: a stroke every other hole, whereas if in a foursome the difference of handicap between yourself and partner and your opponent and her partner was likewise

12, you would then only give an allowance of five strokes. As a rule, clubs have their own special table of holes, at which the strokes are to be taken in matches.

Nerves undoubtedly play a great part in golf, for the person who can go on quietly and steadily when her opponent is two up at the turn has an immense advantage. For as nothing is certain in life, still less is it so in golf! A topped drive, or a short putt, and the whole luck of the game may alter. Therefore the player who has perfect control over her nerves has a decided advantage over one who becomes flustered, and she will very often come in with a rush and flourish of trumpets at the last. When playing a tight match never risk going for the hole if a halved one will answer as well, for there is always the chance in going for it from some way off of placing the ball out of holeing distance for the next shot, and so losing the hole altogether.

Much the same in medal play: never risk a very long carry or dangerous shot if instead, by playing short and then over the difficulty, you can insure more safety. Medal play is essentially a matter of stolid steadiness, while match play bristles with excitements from start to finish, but it is by

no means the case that the best match player will be the best in a medal round, the almost mechanical steadiness of play required in the latter being often found too irksome and tedious.

Of the faults that a golfer may drift into, slicing, hooking, and topping are the most common, and these are often too the most difficult to cure. Slicing is caused by drawing the club across the ball and towards yourself. This will cause the ball to dive off to the right, and is either the result of an error in the stance, or the grip of one or both hands, or possibly because the club is being swung away too quickly, causing more of a straight up and down stroke than is the case in the proper and rounded swing. If hooking is the fault, then the ball will fly off to the left. The reason of this may be either that you are standing with the ball too much opposite to the left foot, or that you are hitting it with the club's face turned in, the latter being the result of faulty gripping. Topping as the name denotes is simply not getting well down to the ball, and means the ruin of both its shape and paint! Yet another fault is that of heeling, or hitting the ball off the neck of the club, this can generally be cured by standing a little farther

away from the ball and letting the arms go out well free of the body.

One of the most difficult shots you can be called upon to play is when the ball is in a "cuppy" lie, viz., in a small hole or hollow. The club then has to be swung *into it* without taking any of the surrounding edges, which seems so impossible to accomplish, and yet to get the ball away any distance, but the more quietly and without pressing you succeed in doing this, the more chance you will have of a good result. A ball lying above you, say on the side of a hill, is awkward, as the club shaft when used in such a position seems so lengthy and unwieldy, but taking the stroke quietly and again not pressing for an extra long shot is the best way out of the difficulty. If on the other hand the ball lies on a slope below you, shorten your grip of the club, for the body will naturally fall a little forward in the downward swing, owing to the stance being on the slant. Sometimes the ball may be found lying with a disused and grass-grown mole-hill, or some such lump immediately in front. In such a case it would be equally impossible to sweep away the ball with a full swing, or with a three-quarter one. The club must therefore be

raised just as far backwards as in a half shot, when it should be smartly brought down, thus hitting the ball and jerking into the turf, causing it—the ball—to rise over the obstacle. This will cut a large divot out of the ground, which must be replaced and stamped down, ever remembering the text, "It is the duty of every golfer to replace, or to cause to be replaced any turf cut in the act of making a stroke." Of course care must be used not to break the shaft of the club, owing to the force with which the head will cut down into the turf.

To keep yourself in good form it is not necessary after the game has been thoroughly mastered to practise every day. Three or four times a week will keep both the eye and the hand well up to their work, without getting either tired or stale. Whenever the chance presents itself of playing a round with a scratch player, or someone who is really more skilled than yourself, do so. Such experience will not only serve as a lesson, but will stimulate the spirit of ambition in no small degree. Besides, it will be most excellent training and a decided gain in the way of steadiness, and will also teach you not to get flustered when confronted by

difficulties. Merely to watch your opponent's self-possession, as she extricates the ball from the heaviest sand, without the least sign of force or irritability, will be a lesson worthy of taking to heart. To have made good progress in the game, and to be able to hold one's own with some of the longer handicap members, perhaps even to be able to give them a point or two besides a beating, has the effect of making most people rather proud and pleased with themselves. Then it is that a sound beating from some good player will do your game pounds of good and show you how much you still have to learn. If one were to play golf for ever, yet would the feeling remain that there are many things to be mastered.

One of the most trying times for the nerves, and in fact for your play all round is when at some big open meeting, or perhaps even in the championship, you find yourself drawn to play with or against a celebrity. Some of the onlookers may, and probably will, elect to follow you round just to see your famous partner perform, as well as to criticise both players. Naturally, this will cause you some embarrassment, but beside your own feeling on the matter, you

have to consider those of your partner, and the risk that if you play badly you may very likely put her off too. For in golf the laws of imitation are very subtle, and nothing is more common than to play down to another person's standard. However trying it may be, therefore, to have every shot watched, whether it is a long raking drive, a foozled iron, or some twelve inch putt that lips the hole instead of going down, do your best to be steady, even if brilliancy be out of the question, for consistency can never be very hardly criticised, even when seriously put in the shade by a superior display of knowledge. Attending open meetings, and taking part in club matches, will do more for your nerves and be the means of your gaining greater experience than a hundred rounds on the quiet home course, with just those players around you to whose criticisms the ear has become so used, that they cease to make the slightest impression. At such big gatherings you can see for yourself the endless varieties of style, grip, stance, and a dozen other details which will go more towards teaching you how you should or should not do this, or do that, than many lessons and many chapters on the subject.

To play a tight match in a championship, is generally a doubtful pleasure. The severe strain of knowing that every stroke should be soundly good, or at all events useful, the amount of care that must be taken over the shortest putt, the dogged determination that you *will* beat your opponent, or if you do not quite succeed in this, that you will only be beaten by the most narrow margin, and last but not least, the total obliviousness to the crowd that may be following the match ; all this self-possession cannot be learned in a day or even in a few months. To attain to such a level is a matter of test and training. Before any of these big events, it is as well to go and reside for a time in or near the spot where the meeting is to be held, as you will thus gain a thorough knowledge of the course, lies, bunkers and greens, not forgetting that most useful appendage, the caddie. To secure a sharp boy, who knows every nook and cranny of the links, will often mean half a stroke a hole to the credit of your match or score.

The most suitable and workmanlike clothes for the game are a simple coat and skirt of Harris tweed or other strong material, thick

boots with a few nails in the soles to prevent slipping, and a straw sailor hat by way of head covering. Fly-away and feather-bedecked hats, together with garden-party dresses, look, and are, terribly out of place on a course, which in this country, owing to the variable moods of the clerk of the weather, may not always be without mud! Many players wear red coats with their club facings and buttons, and these always look smart. Among them, and one which is quite the neatest of all club uniforms, is that of the Wimbledon Ladies' Club—a coat, with black collar and cuffs, outlined with a piping of white, the buttons being of black, with the club initials in white on them. All clubs that have the privilege of calling themselves Royal are entitled to facings of Royal blue. The Littlestone ladies wear rather a smart coat with white facings, round which are the narrowest of narrow pipings in tri-coloured silk cord, of the club colours, white, green and salmon pink. Green facings are very popular, and are used by the St. Anne's Ladies, the Mid-Surrey and many others. Perhaps the only club with a membership of several hundred, which has no distinctive coat is Princes, at Mitcham, but the charming

mixture of chocolate and light blue, in the form of hat ribbons and ties worn by the members, makes rather a welcome change.

Going away to other links to play matches for one's club is by no means the least of the minor pleasures of being a golfer, for it carries one to many "lands unknown." The fascinations, too, of a new course are great and wonderful, especially during the first round when you are quite ignorant of the pitfalls that await the unwary. There is something so exhilarating in driving over carries of unknown breadth, and in taking one's iron to reach a blind, or hidden green, with several sandy obstacles between you and it.

Of the five courses which have now been used for the Ladies Golf Union's Annual Championship Meeting, that of Gullane, in 1897, was by far the best and most difficult, Portrush being next in order. But before entering into further details it may be as well to give just a brief outline of the said "Ladies' Golf Union" and its origin. Early in 1893, the idea of such an institution was started, Dr. Laidlow Purves, Miss Issette Pearson and several Wimbledon members being the moving spirits in the scheme, ably backed up by such clubs as Ashdown Forest,

MISS PASCOE.

(Winner of the Championship, 1895).

Barnes, Eastbourne, East Sheen, Great Harrowden, Great Yarmouth, Lytham and St. Anne's, Minchinhampton, North Berwick, North Warwickshire, Portrush, Belfast, St. Andrew's, Southdown and Brighton, and Wimbledon. A large and influential meeting was held in London during the month of April, and it was then decided that an annual championship should be held, the winner of which was to receive a gold medal and be styled Lady Champion for the year, whilst a magnificent silver trophy was to pass into the possession of her club for the same period. Strangely enough the Lytham and St. Anne's Club had already thought of, and in fact advertised, a splendid £50 silver challenge cup, to be competed for annually over their links, the winner of which was to be styled champion.

This handsome offer had been made before the golfing world was even aware that the subject of a Ladies' Union had been mooted. After some discussion the matter was amicably settled, by the delegate from the St. Anne's Club and the council, deciding to hold the first Championship over that course. The subscribers towards the magnificent cup include the clubs of St. Andrews, St. Anne's, Ashdown Forest, Blackheath, Cotswold,

Royal Belfast, Royal Eastbourne, Southdown and Brighton, Minchinhampton, and Wimbledon. The 13th of June and three consecutive days were chosen for the event, and the following circular was issued to all the ladies' clubs throughout the United Kingdom:

"The Ladies' Golf Union have decided that the Ladies' Golf Championship Competition, 1893, open to all lady golfers, members of any golf club, will take place at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea, Lancashire, on Tuesday 13th, Wednesday 14th, Thursday 15th June, when the trophy, value fifty guineas, and four medals will be competed for under the following conditions:

1. Competitors shall enter for the competition through the secretaries of their respective clubs.

2. The competition shall be played by holes in accordance with the rules of the Lytham and St. Anne's Golf Club.

3. The draw shall take place on Friday, 9th June, and shall be conducted as follows:

Depending on the number of entries, such number of byes shall be first drawn as shall after the completion of the first round leave four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, or sixty-

four players, and one draw shall decide the order of play throughout the competition ; those who have drawn byes being placed at the head of the list of winners of the first round, and taking their place in the second round, in the order in which their names then stand.

4. Each game shall consist of a round of eighteen holes.

5. In the event of a tie in any round, competitors shall continue to play on until one or other shall have gained a hole, when the match shall be considered won.

6. The winner of the competition shall be the champion lady golfer for the year, and the trophy shall be held for that year in the club from which the winner shall have entered.

7. The winner shall receive a gold medal, the second a silver medal, and the third and and fourth bronze medals.

8. All entries must be subject to the approval of the Lytham and St. Anne's Golf Club.

9. All disputes shall be settled by the Council of the Lytham and St. Anne's Golf Club.

10. Entries close Thursday, 8th June, 1893."

Truly perfect weather favoured the meeting,

and some thirty-eight competitors entered, including two members from the Pau club. The drought that year had been exceptional, but the "green committee," headed by Mr. T. H. Miller, had kept the greens verdant, thanks to constant care and unlimited watering. The course being one of nine holes, two rounds had to be played. The chief hazards were "cops," or high turf banks, sand bunkers, and one or two ditches.

At that time, when ladies' golf had not reached its present standard of excellence, the links appeared sufficiently difficult for a championship test, but now, when entries number a hundred or so, and players think nothing of a carry of 140 yards, which will clear the great obstacles easily, it becomes necessary to have a shortened man's course for such events. Although at Gullane, in 1897, the full men's links were used, the round of which is two miles and three quarters, with a few yards over, at Littlestone, in 1894, the course was not quite two miles and a half long, whilst Portrush, in 1895, measured only a few yards more than two miles and a quarter; the Hoylake course, used in 1896, was within a hundred and ten yards of two miles

and three quarters. Great Yarmouth, which is to be the scene of the present year's—1898—struggle, is some three miles in extent, but will doubtless be a trifle shortened, if it be in any way possible.

Harking back to St. Anne's and the first championship, it was a matter of surprise and pleasure to witness the splendid play of Lady Margaret Scott, and the ease with which she used her clubs, whether in a good, bad or indifferent lie. It came in the light of a revelation to the non-golfing many, who were not used to such a beautiful exhibition, and were not aware to what pitch of perfection a lady-golfer might rise. Whilst to the golfing few it was a fine lesson, on the subject of how the game should and could be played, if it was only properly engrafted into the player from the beginning, and if proper pains were taken not to leave the minutest detail unconquered. The only two who approached Lady Margaret Scott in her easy swing, and the manner in which she extricated herself from difficulties, were Miss Issette Pearson, the energetic and hard-working Honorary Secretary of the Golf Union, and Mrs. Wilson-Hoare, of Westward Ho! The final issue of the great battle

resulted in Lady Margaret becoming champion, a title she held for three consecutive years, and Miss Pearson being the runner-up. This first championship was not without its fruits amongst those who witnessed it. On all sides the tide of ambition ran high to emulate even in a small degree the splendid example that had been given, which was the talk of the golfing world. So much so, that by the spring of 1894, there was a much improved band ready to struggle with each other for the coveted title at Littlestone, Kent, an off-shoot of that charming and quaint cinque port town, New Romney, which the continual wash of shingle, and silt of the sands, has left a mile and a half high and dry inland.

In comparison with St. Anne's, Littlestone was three times more difficult. Not only was the latter an eighteen hole course, but it fairly bristled in sand bunkers, canals, rabbit holes, and endless traps for the incautious. However, everyone had profited by the previous experience, and the play of most of the competitors called forth expressions of approval on all sides. The number of entries was sixty-four, including players from seventeen different clubs. Ireland was unrepresented this year, although at St. Anne's the pre-

vious season there had been four entries from the Sister Isle. Lady Margaret Scott, and Miss Pearson, again stood first and second, after a very fine match, which was watched attentively by a large crowd from all the neighbouring golfing centres. Following the championship in the Autumn came the largely-attended and first open meeting of the Ranelagh Club, at Barn Elms. This was a huge success, thanks to the untiring energies of the Committee, and Miss Pearson, so much so that another gathering was organised for the following April—1895—and since then this fixture has been kindly allowed to become an annual event.

Early in the May of 1895 the enthusiastic army of golfers was under weigh for the quiet little Irish town of Portrush, the scene of both the Irish and the English Championships that year, the former preceding the latter by a few days. The bustle and excitement in the streets of the little town was great, and outside cars came tearing round the perilously sharp corners, laden with red-coated golfers either off to watch the semi-finals of the Irish ladies, or else to sample the truly grand course on their own account. Every train too brought in fresh relays of

competitors, till the huge Northern Counties Hotel had not a corner untenanted.

The trophy of the Irish Ladies' Golf Union, which is a remarkably handsome worked silver bowl, had, after a good fight, together with much steady play, including some glorious long putts, been won by Miss Cox, Miss Maclaine being the runner up. An open meeting was held the day before the Golf Union Championship, where the scratch prize was easily won, with the fine score of 89, by Miss Sybil Wigham, the first Scotch representative to attend one of these events. Miss Wigham's style was grand, being both easy and sure, and she proved herself equal to sending terrific long balls from any lie. It was much hoped that she and Lady Margaret might meet in one of the heats, but being unused to play before so large a crowd, Miss Wigham's nerve rather gave way in her match with Miss Dod, and she suffered defeat by two up and one to play. Two of the finest matches of this championship were those between Lady Margaret Scott and Miss Phillips, in the opening heat, and between Lady Margaret and Mrs. Ryder-Richardson in the semi-final, wherein the latter player was four up at the eleventh hole to

LADY MARGARET HAMILTON-RUSSELL.

Winner of the Championship, 1893, 1894, *and* 1895.

the champion, who after this gradually assumed the lead, and won in the end by two up.

Perhaps the marvellous coolness and self-possession of Lady Margaret were never seen to better advantage than in this match. The course at Portrush seemed to abound in bunkers at every conceivable and inconceivable corner. The greens were in excellent condition, and the whole links sporting as anyone could wish to play over. If anything the soil was a trifle too sandy, for it was dangerous to take the least scrap of turf with one's brassey or iron, for fear of a foozle. The end of the meeting found Lady Margaret for the third time champion, with Miss Lythgoe, of the St. Anne's Club, as Silver medallist.

The 1896 championship meeting, at Hoylake, was remarkable for the number of very close matches, many of which were only decided on the eighteenth, nineteenth, or twentieth greens. Miss Pascoe ultimately became the winner after many hard tussles, with Miss Lena Thompson, of Wimbledon, as runner up, Lady Margaret Scott not being among the eighty-two entrants. It was noticeable what an improvement in all parts of the game had taken place within the last three years, many of those who had witnessed the St.

Anne's Championship being present, and stating this as their opinion. In the length of the tee shots and brassies, in getting out of difficulties, and in putting, the improvement was everywhere visible. The first visit of the Union to the home of Golf, viz., Scotland, took place in the middle of May, 1897, when Gullane, on the East Lothian coast, was the place of Meeting. Gullane is famed not only for the excellence of its links and the very superior quality of its turf at the present time, but in early years it was a great Pictish burial place, and the ruins of an ancient church, dating from about 1170, still stands in the middle of the village. In after years it was known as the birthplace of the celebrated racehorse, *Blair Athol*, as well as of several minor lights of the racing world. Gullane indeed is a spot of many varied interests.

The links are most sporting, and it is altogether a splendid course for a big event like the championship. The only regret murmured—and that but faintly—was that some would have liked more hazards to carry from the tee, as is the case at North Berwick. However, this want was well atoned for by the manner in which the greens were guarded, a style of defence that

would do credit to a first-class engineer, and which taxed the powers of approaching not a little. Especially was this the case at the twelfth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth holes, where grief unlimited awaited the topped or foozled ball. Starting with the record entry of one hundred and two competitors, the whole meeting, if one excepts the weather, was an unqualified success. For the first time, the Scotch and English women-players met to do battle for the same trophy, but it was to be regretted that in so many instances the draw had coupled two very strong scratch players together, or in the same way put English players to do battle with each other, when it would have been both so much more exciting and interesting to have found them pitted North against South. In the first round two of the best matches were those between Miss Pascoe—the holder of the cup—and Miss Issette Pearson, and between Miss N. Graham—the Irish Champion—and Miss Nevill, the holder of the Midland Counties Championship. Miss Pearson, who gave one of the finest exhibitions of golf that she has ever shown, won after a hard fight by four up and three to play. Miss Pascoe

too made some magnificent shots, but she certainly did not display the same deadly accuracy which characterised her game so much at Hoylake, in the previous year (1896). However such thorough knowledge of the game was shown on both sides, that some of the old Scotchmen in the crowd were heard to exclaim, "Hoot, mon! This is fair golf, and worth coming to see."

The match between Miss Nevill and Miss N. Graham was even closer, the latter losing only at the last hole. In the next round the matches of Miss Maud Aitchison *v.* Miss G. Graham, Miss A. L. Orr *v.* Miss Frith, and Miss A. Maxwell *v.* Miss M. R. Nimmo, attracted the most attention, and in each case were won by the first-named player. Round number three contained many more tight matches, especially those between Miss Titterton and Miss Maud Aitchison, which was carried to the twenty-second hole, Miss Titterton winning ultimately. Whilst Mrs. Edward Smith beat Miss N. Haig, the Yorkshire champion, only at the twenty-first hole, Miss Bertha Thomson beat Miss Lugton at the nineteenth green, and Miss Dod only succumbed to Miss Blyth on the last green. The fourth round was not marked by any special

feature, although all the matches were well contested. But the fifth heat had some grand fights, notably those of Miss Titterton and Miss Madeline Campbell, which only finished on the eighteenth green, and Miss Kennedy and Miss Nevill, which was another display of real golf soundly well played, Miss Nevill losing by two holes only. The sixth and semi-final round was indeed exciting, Miss Kennedy playing a magnificent match against Miss Orr. The play on both sides was bold, free, and accurate, Miss Kennedy's shots from the tee and through the green were brilliant, especially so at the sixteenth hole from whence she reached the green in two, a distance of 314 yards from the tee. It was in putting alone that she lost to her formidable and well-known North Berwick opponent. Miss E. C. Orr, who was playing a most beautiful and steady game, downed Miss Titterton by two up after a fine match. The final between the two Miss Orr's was a good exhibition of steady golf, but Miss E. C. Orr out-played her sister somewhat easily, her shots all through being beautifully judged, especially the full iron shots or half iron approaches, which never failed to be within a putt of the hole. Indeed it was in these shots

that she obtained such an immense pull over her opponents throughout the whole of the meeting, and one might with advantage take a lesson from her in this most useful and necessary department of the game, for it is undoubtedly in approaching and putting that so many of us fail. There is nothing very hard in hitting a good long drive or brassey shot, but when it comes to pitching the ball *perfectly accurately* on to the green, so that it may be within a putt's length of the hole, or at the outside within two such strokes, then it is that we seem to be "all over the place." Perhaps once or twice during the round, we may lay an approach or two fairly dead, but to do this consistently for eighteen holes we cannot, and it was here that Miss E. C. Orr and several other Scotch ladies, scored heavily.

The competitions that are held at many open meetings for "approach shots," generally result in anybody but the scratch players being the winners, and show that this branch of the game is neglected by many good players. Somehow far less pains are taken about this kind of shot, than for the drive. Notice before the drive, how the player will fuss about the height of her tee, the position of her feet, the waggle and swing of

the club, then notice the same player on nearing the hole, when she takes up her iron or mashie. Just a glance at the hole, then a quick hit and the ball lights *somewhere* on the green, perhaps with such a run that it is nearly as far off on the other side as it was on this side, before the stroke was played. No pains as to position, stance and angle of the club-head are taken ; an iron shot in the *direction* of the green being the stroke played, instead of an approach shot *at the hole*, which just makes all the difference. Putting, too, is much more natural to some people than to others, but it is surely within the power of everyone to improve themselves in this useful science.

It is after closely watching such a display of the game as we saw at the Championship meeting at Gullane, that one feels how much we might improve in our game by simply taking a little ordinary and common care.

The lengths of the holes at Gullane were about as follows : 1st, 300 yards ; 2nd, 251 ; 3rd, 211 ; 4th, 353 ; 5th, 313 ; 6th, 252 ; 7th, 347 ; 8th, 304 ; 9th, 249 ; 10th, 353 ; 11th, 153 ; 12th, 355 ; 13th, 189, 14th, 160 ; 15th, 244; 16th, 314; 17th, 309; 18th, 306. Lengths that required every variety of shot, together with

uphill and downhill lies innumerable, but as was mentioned a page or two back, the feature of the course lay in the grandly-guarded greens, where the consistent approacher had all the best of the game, and time besides to cogitate on the niblic shots of her less consistent opponent.

Besides arranging the annual championship, and settling any questions or difficulties relating to golf, the Ladies' Golf Union undertook to organize a matter that had for years shown itself in need of revision. The Union started the "handicapping scheme" among its associated clubs, in order that in crowded open meetings, the committee chosen to arrange the handicaps, should have some basis to work upon. It is a delicate matter to settle the points that one player shall concede to another, and till then this had been more or less guess-work, excepting for such little guidance as the local handicaps provided. The scheme is now in full working order, with a special sub-committee to guard over its interests, of which Miss Pearson is in command. This committee consists of four other ladies, to each of whom is portioned out six or eight clubs, and whose duty it is to work out

by averaging the scores returned, what handicap each member of these several clubs shall receive, in accordance with the fixed par of the green, also to lower the various allowances when the players return scores under those from which they are already handicapped. Once a month the whole of the medal, or other stroke competition returns are made up, and published in the golfing papers. To stimulate interest in this scheme the Golf Union offers a silver medal to every club, to be won by the member returning the best aggregate of four nett scores under their handicaps during the year, as well as a gold medal to be competed for annually by the winners of the silver medals.

The rules for the guidance of those who compete, which will be found on the notice board in every associated club's golf room, run briefly as follows :

" 1. Any member of a club belonging to the Union, and desirous of having a handicap for this competition, must have returned two medal scores, neither of which shall have exceeded the par of the green, as fixed by the Union by more than twenty-five strokes. A member having a handicap in one club shall receive the same

handicap at all clubs to which she may belong, when playing for the Union medals, such handicap to be the lowest she shall receive at any one club.

2. Each Honorary Secretary will receive monthly a form with Members' Union Handicap, on which she shall enter the medal scores and return the sheet directly to one of the members of the sub-committee.

3. The par of the green is fixed from details sent by each club to the Ladies' Golf Union Hon. Secretary, and all competitions for the medals must be played on the full medal course, but if circumstances such as ground under repair, etc., prevent this, a note must be made, and the difference explained when sending in the scores to the sub-committee."

But a most able article on this subject from the pen of Miss Pearson will be found in volume four of the *Ladies' Golf Union Annual*. A neat little shilling publication, which not only contains a splendid map of the Gullane Golf course, but much useful information as to the associated clubs and their members throughout England.

Golf has done much for many branches of trade, giving them a stimulus in out of the way corners. The revival of trade, indeed, that

MISS ISSETTE PEARSON.

marks the opening of golf links, falls little short of a species of colonizing, resuscitating as it does decayed towns and villages, in which the game has fanned the almost extinct embers of industry into a glowing flame. While the men find work on the course, the boys have employment as caddies, or the sharper ones get a berth in the club maker's shop, whilst the players who come and go every day in the year, cause the hearts of the local butchers, bakers, and grocers to rejoice. In Kent alone, such old places as Sandwich, Deal, New Romney and Rye, some of them famous in the by-gone days of the Cinque Ports splendour, owe a great deal in these bad times to the royal and ancient game. The membership of their respective golf clubs, number about as follows: Sandwich, 650; Deal, between 300 and 500; Littlestone, 500; and Rye, 270; and some of these players at least, must visit one or other of the courses, and spend a certain amount of money in the place. New hotels and houses become necessities in the neighbourhood, and the old inns, too, have to look to their laurels that they keep up to date, and are well stocked with food, for the golfer's appetite is not renowned by reason of its smallness.

In the "upkeep" of the links there are many and heavy expenses to be taken into account by the authorities, but clubs can generally amply recoup not only by subscriptions and entrance fees, but by that certain source of revenue, the green fees of visitors, provided of course the links are fairly sporting and well kept. Taken all round, the number of green keepers and men employed on the various courses throughout the country, would alone make a respectable-sized army. Then the industries in club and ball-making should be considered, and the thousands and thousands of dozens of the latter that are sold annually. In a recent number of *Golf* it was stated that some five hundred tons of gutta-percha are, within twelve months, converted into balls alone! To quote the paragraph on the subject: "The material is sold at four shillings and sixpence or five shillings per pound, but adding the cost entailed in producing good well-seasoned balls from the raw material, we find that there is an outlay approximately of £500,000 a year with manufacture and sale of golf balls. A fact like this tells not only a vivid story of the growth and popularity of the game, but of the commercial importance of the golf-ball trade."

Of course balls are at their best from six to nine months after being finished, but for a year or more they do not deteriorate to any great extent. The weight usually played with, is 27 or $27\frac{1}{2}$ drams. Of different kinds there are no end, some people pinning their faith to "Melforts," others to "Woodley Flyers," and so on, but very satisfactory makes are the "Black A.1.," the "Silvertown," or the "Eureka." Recently the "Agrippa" balls have been highly spoken of, and it is undeniable that even a gale of wind does not very perceptibly upset their flight, if they are struck true.

Having now touched on most of the subjects to do with the technical part of the game, it may be of interest to add a few more words on links and players generally, but before doing so, let it be said again, that golf is not a game that can be grasped or learned in a week, or yet in a year, but it requires steady perseverance for a very long period. If at any time you are off the game thoroughly, it is much better to go to a good professional, who will quickly put you on the right road again. In so doing you will avoid any chance of picking up bad habits, in your efforts to make the ball speed on its journey as it should.

Of Ladies' courses, that of the West Lancashire will take a great deal of beating, for reasons that have been already stated. A course of eighteen holes, heaps of elbow room, and with a large and splendidly planned club house, in which a daily bill of fare is always to be found—the last, by the way, not met with every day in a ladies' club house—there is little left to desire. To Mrs. Alsop and her able committee the visitors at the last open meeting, which was held just before the Hoylake ladies' championship in 1896, were greatly indebted. Not a hitch occurred in the starting of any of the seventy-eight competitors. It was on this course too that the Southern ladies, when on their Northern tour, in September of 1895, sustained their first and only defeat. The West Lancashire Club can boast of one of the strongest match teams that it is possible to place in the field, seeing that it contains the names of Miss Kennedy—holder of the record with a score of 77—Mrs. Ryder-Richardson, Miss Young, Miss Carr—a bronze medallist of the first championship—Miss Welch, Mrs. Fowler, and other scratch players. The next eighteen hole course is just south of London, at Mitcham, viz., that of the Princes Ladies', one of the most delightful

Brown, Barkes, and Bell. *Liverpool.*

MISS EMMA KENNEDY.

(*Bronze Medallist*, 1897.)

spots near London possible to find one's self detrained for a day's golf. The holes on these links vary in length from a full mashie shot to a distance that will require two or three strokes to reach the green. The chief hazards are dykes, gorse bushes, rushes, railways and turf bunkers, the trenches of which appear to be amply filled with sand. The putting greens are very good, especially the last seven holes, the other eleven being still rather in their infancy, as they were only opened in May, 1897. The eighteen hole record of 83, is held by Miss Phillips. A very attractive object of competition at this club, is the monthly medal, a unique little gold charm mounted as a brooch. Twice a year, in May and November, the club holds most successful open meetings. Indeed for the last Spring event, that of 1897, the record entry of 106 was received, and at the forthcoming Spring meeting, a challenge cup is advertised to be competed for annually by representatives of all counties in Great Britain and Ireland, one year's residential qualification being necessary. For this event any number of players are permitted to enter for each county, and the cup is to be held for a year by the county returning the four best medal rounds

for thirty-six holes. Miss Langley is the untiring secretary and prime mover in all matters connected with the welfare of the club. In fact it is mainly due to her unrelaxed exertions, that the new piece of ground for the eleven holes was obtained, and worked into the excellent state that it now is.

Still another course of eighteen holes is that of the County Down Club in Ireland, where play is over part of the famous Newcastle links, some three miles round. The "Bogey" and scratch score of these links is 100, and this has only been approached by Miss Maclaine, who has completed the course in 102. The hazards are principally of the lofty sand hill order. 465 yards is the length of the longest hole, 448, 367, 325, to 93 yards, being about the lengths of the others, The greens are magnificent, and the turf is of the proverbial billiard cloth smoothness. Miss N. Graham, the champion of Ireland, hails from this club, which may justly be proud of such an able representative. A little further north, is the coures of the Royal Portrush Ladies', another sporting eighteen holes. This club is presided over by Mrs. J. M. McCalmont, and contains among its members Miss Cox, the ex-Irish champion.

Hemlry. *Belfast.*

MISS N. GRAHAM.

(Irish Champion, 1895 and 1897.)

Crossing over to Scotland, we find only putting courses at St. Andrews and at Carnoustie. But at Troon, Musselburgh, North Berwick, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Machrihanish (eighteen holes), Prestwich, St. Nicholas, Dumfries, Elie and Earlsferry, Bridge of Weir, and Ranfurly, etc., etc., there are some fine links with perfect greens and most trying hazards. Returning once more to the South country, we have a splendid long eighteen-hole course at Woking, where one gets every variety of hazard and lie imaginable. The Wimbledon Ladies' course too is most trying, thanks (!) to the conservators of the common, who have caused tarred circles to be daubed outside all the gorse bushes, so that when the player finds herself within one of these charmed rings, she is bound to drop and lose a stroke. Flints too are rather prevalent, causing havoc to one's iron clubs. The eighteen, and nine-hole records of the green are both held by Miss Pearson, the former with 68, the latter in 31, the holes varying in length between 100 to 190 yards.

For links that are of a lawn-like smoothness, excepting for the bunkers, Eltham has no rival, and some pretty iron shots are to be had there. At Eastbourne the holes differ in length from two

hundred and twenty, to one hundred and fifteen yards, and the hazards consist of turf bunkers and hurdles. The record, held by Miss M. E. Phillips, is 69. One of the nicest short inland courses on the South coast is that of the Brighton and Hove Ladies' at the Dyke, the record for which is 73. Gorse bushes are the principal hazards, but it is a course where good play is always soundly rewarded. Being on down turf, the greens are always excellent, though perhaps a trifle small. Not many miles away from the latter course is that of Ashdown Forest, a very tricky green abounding in heather. In fact, when on the long course, what with the fir trees scattered here and there, the burns and the heather stretching for miles on every side, you can imagine yourself anywhere but in the heart of Sussex. Seaford is another very short ladies' course, which is yet splendid practice for iron and mashie shots. Miss Gilroy holds the record with 62. The long course there is very taking, especially for anyone who drives a long raking ball both off the tee and through the green. A very successful open meeting was by kind permission of the gentlemen's committee held over the latter course in September, 1897, there being forty-two entries.

Of all courses though, where accurate iron and mashie shots tell, the Hoylake Ladies' links at the Dale, take any amount of beating. With holes varying in length from 60 to 166 yards, it is the most delightful practice course for short shots that can be well imagined. Mrs. Ryder Richardson holds the record with 63. The Hastings and the Bexhill ladies both play over part of the gentlemen's courses, there being plenty of scope for brassey and cleek shots through the green. Chorley Wood, Richmond, Barham Downs, Folkestone, Lelant, Cheltenham, Chester, Malvern, and Rhyl are all courses of some length, and in playing over which most of one's clubs are called into use.

Of links abroad, there are some eleven clubs in Australia, eleven in New Zealand, including four ladies' clubs, five in the Straits Settlements, twenty-four in India, twenty-one in Canada, four in the West Indies, one hundred and fourteen in the United States, where the game may be fairly said to have "caught on," and fifteen clubs in South Africa, besides links at Malta, in Egypt, Cyprus, Algeria, Arabia, Ceylon, China, Tasmania, Mauritius, Canary Islands, and nearer home in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Sweden, Swit-

zerland, Italy, and last but not least France, where we find fourteen clubs, most of them largely patronized by the leading players from Scotland, England and Ireland during the winter months. Of all the colonies, New Zealand and Australia are said to be the keenest over golf, so far as ladies are concerned, and in both these countries they have even instituted an annual Ladies' Championship, thus following the lead of the mother country. As to the American ladies, they are intensely keen over the game and spare no pains to become proficient in it, their annual woman's championship being a very large gathering. This tournament is played upon the lines of the men's amateur championship, but only the eight lowest scores qualify in the medal round, and the final round, as in this country, is only eighteen holes, the thirty-six hole test being considered too tedious for a woman. Between thirty and forty players usually enter; Miss Hayt, Mrs. Turnure, Mrs. Shippen, Miss F. C. Griscon, and Miss Sands appear to be some who play from scratch, and before long we shall hope to welcome some of these cousins from over the "Herring Pond" to one of our annual championships.

Recently, in America, a golf school has been

started, in a large and well-lighted drill hall, where the game can be taught by the hour. The windows in the hall are protected by netting, and on the floor is a large square of rubber, from off which drives, brasseys, and iron shots can be practised. Many other clever devices for learning the game and gaining accuracy are also in force in this school.

Local championships are now established in some of our counties, those of Yorkshire and the Midlands being the biggest events. A real golf treat on the south coast is a day at Sandwich or Deal, preferably the former, the St. Andrews of the south, where the carries are indeed as big as one could wish for, especially at the third hole, or "Unknown Sahara," as the huge sandy desert of a bunker confronting the tee is called. Again at the sixth hole, or "The Maiden," as its world-renowned name is, a gigantic bunker some forty feet high, which grows on its steep side a prolific crop of rough bent rushy grass, gives full scope to your powers be they what they may. "Hades," too, is a hole that requires a very well hit ball to carry the surrounding troubles, and numbers nine, fourteen, and seventeen are all holes where long drivers get a tremendous ad-

vantage. At the same time, one finds at Sandwich a line marked out by blue guide flags, in the following of which the rather shorter driver will not be so severely punished. The total length of the course is some six thousand odd yards, the longest hole being about four hundred and eighty yards, and the shortest about one hundred and eighty yards. The Gentleman's Amateur Championship was held over this course in 1896, when Mr. Tait won, after some splendid fights with Mr. C. Hutchings, Mr. J. E. Laidley, Mr. J. Ball, junior, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and finally with Mr. H. Hilton. Amongst the lady-players there are many dozen who might well claim notice, but space being limited it is only possible to refer to a few of the best known, Lady Margaret Hamilton-Russell, Miss Pascoe, Miss E. C. Orr, and Miss Issette Pearson have already been mentioned. But to give the honour to Scotland, at Prestwich Miss Sybil Whigham reigns supreme, with her splendid long raking drives and iron shots. This player takes a full easy swing, using her shoulders well, and turning but very slightly upon the left toe in driving. In the matter of getting out of bunkers, she is especially adept. From Dum-

fries hails Miss A. Maxwell, another grand player, but one who has the half swing only, with a peculiar action of the left foot at the moment of driving. Mrs. Murray, of the Torwoodlee club, was one of the best "all-round" players in the recent Gullane Championship, her approaching and putting being nothing short of grand. Miss Blanche Anderson and Miss Madeline Campbell of North Berwick, are both shining lights in that club which is so rich in golfing talent, Miss Campbell's handling of her clubs being specially taking. But turning more Southwards, at Windermere, Miss Bownass, with her fine drives and approach shots, can hold her own on that very undulating course. Twice she has accomplished the rather difficult eighteen holes in eighty-nine strokes. In Lancashire, we find Mrs. Ryder Richardson, whose play is too well known to need a description. Besides taking endless prizes in the North, including the Isle of Man, Mrs. Richardson performed a marvellous feat at Ranelagh, in April of 1897, by doing that somewhat tricky course in seventy-nine strokes, the record for a woman. In North Wales, Miss Kennedy keeps up the golf reputation, but her recent doings at Gullane have already been discussed.

In Worcestershire, Miss Nevill and Miss E. Nevill carry all before them. Both splendid drivers, they play a very bold game all through, besides which bunkers and other difficulties hold few terrors for them. At Cheltenham, on the Cleeve Hill Common, Mrs. Aylmer and Miss Johnson are formidable opponents. At Westward Ho! we find Mrs. Wilson-Hoare, whose game is as well known as it is admired. She has a fine workman-like swing, both in driving and brassey shots, and very few can touch her in extricating herself from a difficult lie. On links not far from London, we find such players as Miss Phillips, Miss K. Walker, Mrs. Worssam, Mrs. Willock, Miss Lena Thomson* and many others, who are looked upon in the light of towers of strength in club matches, or team competitions.

But here a word on *Esprit-de-corps*, that most essential qualification of all games, without which no sport can be worthily pursued. In these days of endless clubs, each containing many of the same members, the want is felt of some species of rule, or at least an understanding, on the subject of the same member—whose name may be on

* Holder of the Championship, 1898.

RANELAGH GROUP, APRIL, 1897.

the books of several clubs—playing for or against such clubs promiscuously. If there be real *esprit-de-corps*, there can be but little doubt which club really claims one's sympathy and interest, when the inter-club match season is in full swing.

Yet another matter, is a word on the penalty stroke, namely, on dropping the ball, as put forth in rule 39:

"In all cases where a ball is to be dropped, the party doing so shall front the hole to which he is playing, standing behind the hazard and dropping the ball behind him from his head."

So many women throw the ball over the head, or else stand partly round and drop it with a kind of jerk over the shoulder, turning the head at the same time, so as to watch the place where it is desired the ball should alight. Instead of doing this, you should step back a few paces in the exact line in which the ball entered the hazard, then stand erect, raise the hand over the head and drop the ball simply behind you. Of the Stymie, let it be said, that as it always has been a freak of the game, so let it continue to be. A stymie, is when the opponent's ball is on the line of your own putt. But though much is talked of its abolition, yet as it has always been a case

of "fortune's fickle smile upon the player," why not let it remain so?

Having gone somewhat lightly through the various parts of the game of golf, it may not be amiss to close with a few remarks taken from an early volume of the *Golf Annual*, and occurring in an article written by Mr. John Thomson, which sets forth the advantages of the game in no mean manner. "Good games should benefit both mind and body, and no game can stand this test better than golf. To the mind it shows the need of caution, courage, coolness, and many other good qualities. Above all it teaches one to keep the temper under due control in all circumstances and situations. Our royal game brings out the strength and weakness of character both in yourself and others, and gives an excellent chance to study human nature. Some folks think they can know a man from his face, his mode of hand-shaking, or other such things, but if you wish to look a fellow through and through, play two or three stiff matches of golf with him. As to the healthy nature of the game, it is surely needless to say a word."

Here the writer quotes a favourable passage from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, closing his

remarks with the words, "All round we may thus say our game promotes that greatest of all blessings, sound mind and sound body."

A. W. M. Starkie-Bence.

Lombardi and Co. *13, Pall Mall East.*

MRS. SPONG.

CROQUET.

IN Dr. Prior's "Notes on Croquet," published in 1872, the origin of the game is traced to Pêle Mêle, or Pall Mall, a game played with mallet and balls as long ago as 1661, and written of by the celebrated Mr. Pepys in his diary about that time. Pall mall was played with long handled mallets, with small balls, on gravel, and with long swinging strokes, and appears to have much more resembled golf than croquet; but Dr. Prior writes of a modified form of the game which only occupied a narrow but smooth space of ground, and in which two small arches and one iron peg were employed, while the strokes were made with a spoon-headed mallet, resembling the mace used at billiards.

A hundred years later, a game bearing the name croquet was played by the peasants of Brittany, a rough pastime, detailed accounts of which may be read in Mr. A. Lillie's work on

croquet published last year, or in Dr. Prior's earlier book. The game, as first known in this country, seems to have come from Ireland somewhere about 1857, when it was brought out by Mr. Jaques as a social garden game; a trivial enough pastime from which gradually developed the more interesting game of the present day. It was to Mr. Walter Jones Whitmore that the first start of really scientific croquet is due, and he it was who organised the first tournament in 1867, held at Evesham, when Mr. Whitmore became the champion. In the following year, a much larger tournament was held at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, when the Championship fell to the late Mr. W. H. Peel, whose interest in the game never flagged, and to whose untiring exertions much of the success of the present revival is due. He founded the present All-England Croquet Association, two years ago, (1896), and became its honorary secretary, his sadly sudden death last October leaving a blank hard to fill.

In 1868, Mr. Whitmore got up the All-England Croquet Club, and from this point the tactics of the game became its prominent feature. With the expulsion of tight croquet (viz., when two balls were together, placing your foot on

your own ball to keep it in position, and hitting it so as to send the other ball away), and the introduction of the dead boundary, croquet became a game more of the head than the hands, the various positions in a game requiring perfectly different treatment according to the capabilities of the antagonists. At this time, too, a code of laws was drawn up by Mr. Whitmore and a few leading spirits, which in some respects differed materially from the rules of to-day, notably in that requiring the side stroke.

From 1869, the date of the first Open Tournament, held on the All-England Club grounds, at Wimbledon, till 1882, yearly matches were played there for the Championship and Challenge Cup, and for some years there was also a Ladies' Championship contest, but either the extreme narrowness of the hoops, the large size of the grounds, or the necessity for constant practice, so reduced the number of competitors that these matches were abandoned, and even the Gentlemen's Championship for three or four years practically dwindled down to a match between two players (Mr. Bonham Carter and Mr. Spong), till in 1882, the Cup having been finally won by the latter, croquet became a thing of the

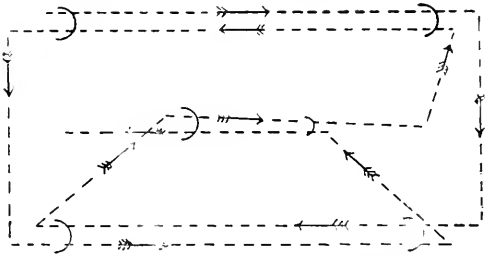
past at Wimbledon. The club grounds were then handed over to lawn-tennis players until 1896, when a small body of enthusiastic croquet players started the game afresh, and in a few weeks several old players rallied round them, and one or two small but successful meetings were held.

In the interval, croquet had not altogether died out. At Brentwood, a small club had held its meetings for some time, and at Maidstone, a yearly tournament had taken place since 1894, while players were to be found in the remote village of Budleigh Salterton, and in the far west of Somersetshire, Dr. Prior kept up a perfect lawn, on which in former years most of the well-known players had tried their skill.

To make a croquet lawn as perfect as possible, it should be absolutely level, of fine hill turf, not mossy or intersected with plantains, and if possible there should be a layer of cinders or other Ballast a few inches below the surface, as this serves to drain it more quickly and also prevents worms from working through.

The measurements now required are 35 by 28 yards, though until last year 40 by 30 yards was considered a match ground. The boundaries should be marked by a chalk line, and at each

corner a white spot should be made exactly one yard from each boundary, to mark the position for replacing a corner ball, a matter of much importance in every game. The six hoop setting, with 4-inch hoops and two stout pegs is universally adopted. The hoops are of round iron half an inch thich, square topped, and painted white, No. 1 being generally a light blue to shew the starting-point. They should be long enough



to be driven quite nine inches into the ground, and stand the same distance above it, and they are generally painted black in the lower half to show when properly driven in. Of the pegs, one should be plain white, the other (the winning peg) painted with the four colours, blue, red, black, yellow, in order, and both should have small crossbars inserted on which to place the clips. It is essential that the balls should be in these plain colours, and it would be well if the vendors of croquet implements would avoid the striped balls, so bewildering in sequence, and so much more difficult to

aim at. Every so-called set should be provided with four iron clips, painted to match the balls, which are used to indicate the position of the game, and are placed on the top of the hoops in the first half, and on the sides in the return journey.

In the matter of mallets every licence is given, each player using the kind he likes best. The weight of these varies from $2\frac{1}{3}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and the length of the head and shape is a matter of individual fancy. Many well-known players keep a variety of mallets and sometimes change the weapon frequently in a game; but for my own part I believe in getting accustom ed to one mallet and sticking to it. The shapes are some of them most peculiar, and one of the old players for years used a mallet head like a thick solid block with square ends, while a player recently appeared with a mallet head of extraordinary length, and somewhat resembling the bottom of a rocking-chair. Some mallets are sliced at the bottom, with the idea that by this means the ball is hit more directly in the centre, and is not so liable to be topped. Some again have a flat brass plate attached at the bottom for extra weight, while one lady plays with a beautiful ivory mallet, long in the head

but of smaller diameter than the usual box-wood ones. Heads of lignum vitæ are also used, and many players have india-rubber $\frac{1}{4}$-inch thick affixed to one end, by which means two balls can be rolled together a distance of nearly thirty yards without any undue effort. This is a great boon to lady players, as without the india-rubber a very powerful following stroke is required, a hard hit only separating the balls, the hinder or playing ball rarely reaching half the distance.

The manner of equalising in a competition is by handicapping the strong players, who give bisques, viz., one or more extra turns in each game, which may be taken at any time in continuation of a break, but not more than one bisque in the same turn.

The manner of holding the mallet and striking varies in the hands of different players, Mr. C. E. Willis the present Champion at Wimbledon and at Maidstone being the finest example of a side stroke player, as set forth by Mr. Whitmore and and Mr. Peel, while Mr. Bonham Carter, Mr. Spong, Capt. Drummond and many others consider the aim much more certain with the forward position, a kind of pendulum stroke in which the weight of the mallet tells more than any force

used. Some of the most successful of the lady players, too, use this method of striking, notably Miss Maud Drummond (winner of the Ladies' Gold Medal in 1896, and of the Wimbledon Championship Badge in 1897) and Miss Elphinstone Stone (present holder of the Maidstone Ladies' Cup), but Miss de Winton (Gold Medallist, 1897) and Mrs. Wood adhere to the older side stroke.

Since the early days of Croquet, when six or eight players engaged in one game on a small lawn, with hoops often wide enough for a child to crawl through, and sometimes a cage and bell occupying the centre of the ground, the game has changed almost beyond recognition. Then "tactics" were unknown, everybody's idea being to go into position for the hoop their ball was to pass through, and by tight croquet to send off every adversary to the greatest possible distance. Players thus disposed of were often required to shoot back from a ground occupied by a second set of players, and a good long shot won more applause than anything else in the game; but with the introduction of the dead boundary, the game changed entirely. Rules were made, more than 4 balls were never employed in a game, and

the terms "roquet," "dead ball," "live ball," "pioneer," "break," "rush," &c., soon became familiar words, a complete list of these, with detailed instructions for playing the game in a scientific manner, are so admirably set forth in Mr. Lillie's book, published last year, that intending players will do well to study it, but the meaning of a few of the terms may not be out of place here.

A "roquet" is made when the playing ball strikes another ball; after a "roquet," croquet must be taken by placing the two balls together, and either striking your own ball so that it goes to some required point, only moving the other ball a little, which is called taking two off; or by sending each ball in a different direction (a splitting stroke); or again by rolling the two balls together. In taking croquet, if either ball touches the boundary line it is considered dead, and the turn ceases. The "live ball" is the next to play, and the "dead ball" is the name given to the adversary's ball which has just played. A ball is considered "in play," when in its turn it has made a point and has still to continue its turn, but is "in hand" after making a "roquet" until "croquet" is taken. "The

"rush" is a roquet sending the ball hit in some desired direction. Thus in taking croquet, it is often advisable to get near another ball on some particular side, to "rush" it into position for a hoop, etc. The rush is one of the most telling strokes in a game, but requires some practice, as the ball must be struck low, with the mallet held freely and pointed rather in an upward direction. A ball hit at all on the top is apt to jump, and indeed a leapfrog stroke which will clear another ball and sometimes a hoop, is often successfully carried out by the best players, when their ball is blocked from the desired object. To "wire" is to place the balls in such a position that they are screened from the next player's shot, by one or more hoops. Making a "point" is the hoop or peg made in order. The "pioneer" is the ball sent on to the hoop next but one in order, to assist the playing ball at that point. "Break" is the name given to a succession of points made in the same turn. A "rover" is a ball which has passed through all the hoops, and only has to touch the winning peg. To "finesse" is to play into a corner so that the dead ball shall not be easily available to assist in the adversary's game, and that the friendly ball may join

it when it's turn arrives. This is only done when the opponents' two balls are together. "Counter finesse" is for the adversary next playing to send his partner's ball to join the dead ball in the corner, thus preventing the others getting together. To "peel" to put another ball through its hoop by croquet. This stroke is named after the late Mr. W. H. Peel, who was particularly successful with it, and only last autumn at a handicap meeting on the Wimbledon grounds he won a game in which he "peeled" his partner's ball through the four last hoops.

The option of beginning in a match falls to the winner of the toss, who always elects to do so, and by that means usually secures the first break. In a partner match, however, the winner of the toss often puts in the other side first, as it is an advantage for the captain to play immediately before his strongest opponent. In starting the ball is placed one foot from the first hoop, in position for making that point. It has been suggested that a change in this rule would be of advantage. For instance, if each ball started from a spot in the centre of the ground, it would make a greater variety in the opening tactics.

One of the advantages of croquet is its suitability to players of all ages and to those not in robust health, as, unlike golf, it requires no great physical strength. People who would not be able to walk miles across the rough ground of the links, exhilarating as this is to the strong, can yet enjoy the more gentle exercise on a level lawn. It is a well-known fact in the croquet world that many of its players attribute their improved health to the hours they have spent on the croquet lawn—the late Rev. Mark Pattison, of Oxford, being one of these, and the Rev. D. J. Heath another.

There is a charm, too, in the equal terms on which men and women players can meet. I do not say but what men as a rule are the better players—their constant practise at aiming at billiards and other games giving them more accuracy of aim—but setting this aside, there seems no reason why women should not play equally well with practice. Where they often fail doubtless is in attempting too much. Not content with

leaving the dead ball with their partner's ball, and laying its break by sending off the next player and going to act pioneer at the partner's hoop, it is said of women especially, that they often try a difficult hoop with the live ball, break down and thus let the other side in, which with the more cautious plan would have been avoided. Again, croquet is a game in which success is by no means a matter of mechanical skill alone, for in croquet, as in chess, the player must look ahead not only for one move but must count on the probability of the adversary's success or failure, judging by the power already exhibited, and by the state of the ground, etc. Thus it is often good policy if the opponents' balls are together in a corner on a fast dry lawn, not to risk a long "take off" with a probability of going over the boundary in an endeavour to separate them, but for the player to roll his own and partner's ball into another corner (if possible across the ground) leaving a rush for the partner's ball towards the adversaries, or to its own hoop, thus necessitating the opponent trying the difficult take off with hoops in the way, and the possibility of going over the boundary or catching in a wire, etc. I think, too, there is less of the element of "luck"

in croquet than in many games, though of course we are all apt to cavil at our bad fortune now and then.

The present condition of croquet may be considered as encouraging. Its popularity has revived very rapidly, though it is only from the Southern and one or two of the Midland Counties that we have as yet met players of any prominence. In Scotland, it is true, there has long been a championship meeting held at Moffat, where Mr. and Mrs. Macfie, of Borthwick Hall, Midlothian, are among its most liberal supporters. We have had one or two Irish players at the recent Wimbledon meetings, and I hear that in County Down the game is much played. Croquet lawns are, indeed, set out at the fashionable Social Clubs of Hurlingham and Ranelagh, but alas, the game and its requirements are little understood there. A well-organised tournament on the picturesque grounds of the latter club, at Barn Elms, in the height of the season, might do much to spread its popularity, for the large tournament at Eastbourne last autumn, showed a marked increase in spectators, who displayed some knowledge of the tactics of the game, and the keenest interest in the con-

tests. Another interesting feature of each season would be inter-county matches. Devonshire, Gloucestershire, Sussex, Hertfordshire, Middlesex, Northamptonshire, Bucks., &c., all furnish some strong players, and representative fours might be selected, and gentlemen's doubles, ladies' doubles, and mixed doubles might be arranged, as well as, of course, single matches. Monthly Club Handicaps, too, we hope to see at Wimbledon, and there are rumours of an International Tournament with a strong contingent of American players, with whom the game is popular, though it is hardly played on the same lines as in England.

It is contended against croquet that the games are too long, and certainly, with some over-cautious players, a close match becomes a very tedious thing. To obviate this difficulty, in all handicap matches in the big tournaments last year, time games were resorted to, an hour-and-a-half being generally the allowance for each

single match, and two hours for doubles, ample time to finish a game in most instances, though, if not finished, the side ahead wins, and if points are even when time is called, the first roquet afterwards constitutes a victory. This gives scope for some amusing strategy, when the contest is a very close one.

Reducing the size of the lawns has undoubtedly made the game easier and more equal, for the weaker players can now get a ball from end to end, which many women were formerly unable to do, while the opportunities of wiring one's adversary are more frequent. The main point resolves itself, not so entirely into a matter of skill, as in rightly estimating one's own strength and one's adversary's knowledge of the game. In handicap play this is specially needful, and it is only by match practice it can be gained. In double handicaps it is usual for the pairs to be drawn, the captain from one of the first four classes, and the partner from a lower class, and nothing gives an intelligent beginner a better insight into "tactics" than being guided by a really good partner. Mr. Bonham Carter is an ideal captain, never leaving his partner a difficult stroke, and never making a long break

himself with the partner's ball behind, thus being able to help the weaker player, who is not discouraged with the idea that it is her ball which is the laggard. It is only by match practice that this knowledge is gained, and to play in a good tournament handicap is excellent training.

As a garden-party game, Mr. Lillie, in his book, suggests some amusing innovations, but croquet proper, as the rules now stand, is something better than a garden-party game, and stands among out-door amusements as chess and billiards do among in-door games.

Gertrude Spong.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

RULES FOR THE GAME OF GOLF,

AS REVISED AND ADOPTED BY THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB, ST. ANDREWS.

1. The Game of Golf is played by two or more sides, each playing its own ball. A side may consist of one or more persons.

2. The game consists in each side playing a ball from a tee into a hole by successive strokes, and the hole is won by the side holing its ball in the fewest strokes, except as otherwise provided for in the rules. If two sides hole out in the same number of strokes, the hole is halved.

3. The teeing-ground shall be indicated by two marks placed in a line at right angles to the course, and the player shall not tee in front of, nor on either side of, these marks, nor more than two club-lengths behind them. A ball played from outside the limits of the teeing-ground, as thus defined, may be recalled by the opposite side.

The hole shall be $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, and at least four inches deep.

4. The ball must be fairly struck at, and not pushed, scraped, or spooned, under penalty of the loss of the hole. Any movement of the club which is intended to strike the ball is a stroke.

5. The game commences by each side playing a ball from the first teeing-ground. In a match with two or more on a side, the partners shall strike off alternately from the tees, and shall strike alternately during the play of the hole.

The players who are to strike against each other shall be named at starting, and shall continue in the same order during the match.

The player who shall play first on each side shall be named by his own side.

In case of failure to agree, it shall be settled by lot or toss which side shall have the option of leading.

6. If a player shall play when his partner should have done so, his side shall lose the hole, except in the case of the tee shot, when the shot may be recalled at the option of the opponents.

7. The side winning a hole shall lead in starting for the next hole, and may recall the opponent's stroke should he play out of order. This privilege is called the "honour." On starting for a new match, the winner of the long match in the previous round is entitled to the "honour." Should the first match have been halved, the winner of the last hole gained is entitled to the "honour."

8. One round of the links—generally 18 holes—is a match, unless otherwise agreed upon. The match is won by the side which gets more holes ahead than there remain holes to be played, or by the side winning the last hole when the match was all even at the second last hole. If both sides have won the same number, it is a halved match.

9. After the balls are struck from the tee, the ball farthest from the hole to which the parties are playing shall be played first, except as otherwise provided for in the rules. Should the wrong side play first, the opponent may recall the stroke before his side has played.

10. Unless with the opponent's consent, a ball struck from the tee shall not be changed, touched, or moved before the hole is played out, under the penalty of one stroke, except as otherwise provided for in the rules.

11. In playing through the green, all *loose* impediments, within a club-length of a ball which is not lying in or touching a hazard, may be removed, but loose impediments which are more than a club-length from the ball shall not be removed, under the penalty of one stroke.

12. Before striking at the ball, the player shall not move, bend, or break anything fixed or growing near the ball, except in the act of placing his feet on the ground for the purpose of addressing the ball, and in soleing his club to address the ball, under the penalty of the loss of the hole, except as provided for in Rule 18.

13. A ball stuck fast in wet ground or sand may be taken out and replaced loosely in the hole which it has made.

14. When a ball lies in or touches a hazard, the club shall not touch the ground, nor shall anything be touched or moved before the player strikes at the ball, except that the player may place his

feet firmly on the ground for the purpose of addressing the ball, under the penalty of the loss of the hole.

At the General Meeting of the Royal and Ancient, held in the spring of 1895, the following addition was made to Rule 14:— "But if, in the backward or downward swing, any grass, bent, whin, or other growing substance, or the side of a bunker, a wall, a paling, or other immovable obstacle be touched, no penalty shall be incurred."

15. A "hazard" shall be any bunker of whatever nature—water, sand, loose earth, mole-hills, paths, roads or railways, whins, bushes, rushes, rabbit scrapes, fences, ditches, or anything which is not the ordinary green of the course, except sand blown on to the grass by wind, or sprinkled on grass for the preservation of the links, or snow or ice, or bare patches on the course.

16. A player or a player's caddie shall not press down or remove any irregularities of surface near the ball, except at the teeing-ground, under the penalty of the loss of the hole.

17. If any vessel, wheel-barrow, tool, roller, grass-cutter, box, or other similar obstruction has been placed upon the course, such obstruction may be removed. A ball lying on or touching such obstruction, or on clothes, or nets, or on ground under repair or temporarily covered up or opened, may be lifted and dropped at the nearest point of the course, but a ball lifted in a hazard shall be dropped in the hazard. A ball lying in a golf hole or flag hole may be lifted and dropped not more than a club-length behind such hole.

18. When a ball is completely covered with fog, bent, whins, etc., only so much thereof shall be set aside as that the player shall have a view of his ball before he plays, whether in a line with the hole or otherwise.

19. When a ball is to be dropped, the player shall drop it. He shall front the hole, stand erect behind the hazard, keep the spot from which the ball was lifted (or, in the case of running water, the spot at which it entered) in a line between him and the hole, and drop the ball behind him from his head, standing as far behind the hazard as he may please.

20. When the balls in play lie within six inches of each other, measured from their nearest points, the ball nearer the hole shall be lifted until the other is played, and shall then be replaced as nearly as possible in its original position. Should the ball farther from the hole be accidentally moved in so doing, it shall be replaced. Should the lie of the lifted ball be altered by the opponent in playing, it

may be placed in a lie near to, and as nearly as possible similar to that from which it was lifted.

21. If the ball lie or be lost in water, the player may drop a ball, under the penalty of one stroke.

22. Whatever happens by accident to a ball *in motion*, such as its being deflected or stopped by any agency outside the match, or by the fore-caddie, is a "rub of the green," and the ball shall be played from where it lies. Should a ball lodge in anything moving, such ball, or, if it cannot be recovered, another ball, shall be dropped as nearly as possible at the spot where the object was when the ball lodged in it. But if a ball *at rest* be displaced by any agency outside the match, the player shall drop it or another ball as nearly as possible at the spot where it lay. On the putting-green the ball may be replaced by hand.

23. If the player's ball strike, or be accidentally moved by, an opponent or an opponent's caddie or clubs, the opponent loses the hole.

24. If the player's ball strike, or be stopped by, himself or partner, or either of their caddies or clubs, or if, while in the act of playing, the player strike the ball twice, his side loses the hole.

25. If the player, when not making a stroke, or his partner or either of their caddies touch their side's ball, except at the tee, so as to move it, or by touching anything cause it to move, the penalty is one stroke.

26. A ball is considered to have been moved if it leave its original position in the least degree and stop in another; but if a player touch his ball and thereby cause it to oscillate, without causing it to leave its original position, it is not moved in the sense of Rule 25.

27. A player's side loses a stroke if he play the opponent's ball, unless (1) the opponent then play the player's ball, whereby the penalty is cancelled, and the hole must be played out with the balls thus exchanged; or (2) the mistake occur through wrong information given by the opponent, in which case the mistake, if discovered before the opponent has played, must be rectified by placing a ball as nearly as possible where the opponent's ball lay.

If it be discovered before either side has struck off at the tee that one side has played out the previous hole with the ball of a party not engaged in the match, that side loses that hole.

28. If a ball be lost, the player's side loses the hole. A ball shall be held as lost if it be not found within five minutes after the search is begun.

29. A ball must be played wherever it lies, or the hole be given up, except as otherwise provided for in the rules.

30. The term "putting-green" shall mean the ground within 20 yards of the hole, excepting hazards.

31. All loose impediments may be removed from the putting-green, except the opponent's ball when at a greater distance from the player's than six inches.

32. In a match of three or more sides, a ball in any degree lying between the player and the hole must be lifted, or, if on the putting-green, holed out.

33. When the ball is on the putting-green, no mark shall be placed, nor line drawn as a guide. The line to the hole may be pointed out, but the person doing so may not touch the ground with the hand or club.

The player may have his own or his partner's caddie to stand at the hole, but none of the players or their caddies may move so as to shield the ball from, or expose it to, the wind.

The penalty for any breach of this rule is the loss of the hole.

34. The player or his caddie may remove (but not press down) sand, earth, worm casts, or snow lying around the hole or on the line of his putt. This shall be done by brushing lightly with the hand only across the putt and not along it. Dung may be removed to a side by an iron club, but the club must not be laid with more than its own weight upon the ground. The putting line must not be touched by club, hand, or foot, except as above authorised, or immediately in front of the ball in the act of addressing it, under the penalty of the loss of the hole.

35. Either side is entitled to have the flag-stick removed when approaching the hole. If the ball rest against the flag-stick when in the hole, the player shall be entitled to remove the stick, and if the ball fall in, it shall be considered as holed out in the previous stroke.

36. A player shall not play until the opponent's ball shall have ceased to roll, under the penalty of one stroke. Should the player's ball knock in the opponent's ball, the latter shall be counted as holed out in the previous stroke. If in playing the player's ball displace the opponent's ball, the opponent shall have the option of replacing it.

37. A player shall not ask for advice, nor be knowingly advised about the game by word, look, or gesture from any one except his own caddie, or his partner or partner's caddie, under the penalty of the loss of the hole.

38. If a ball split into separate pieces, another ball may be put down where the largest portion lies, or, if two pieces are apparently of equal size, it may be put where either piece lies, at the option of the player. If a ball crack or become unplayable, the player may change it, on intimating to his opponent his intention to do so.

39. A penalty stroke shall not be counted the stroke of a player, and shall not affect the rotation of play.

40. Should any dispute arise on any point, the players have the right of determining the party or parties to whom the dispute shall be referred; but, should they not agree, either party may refer it to the Green Committee of the green where the dispute occurs, and their decision shall be final. Should the dispute not be covered by the Rules of Golf, the arbiters must decide it by equity.

SPECIAL RULES FOR MEDAL PLAY.

1. In Club competitions, the competitor doing the stipulated course in fewest strokes shall be the winner.

2. If the lowest score be made by two or more competitors, the ties shall be decided by another round, to be played on the same or any other day, as the Captain, or, in his absence, the Secretary shall direct.

3. New holes shall be made for the Medal Round, and thereafter no member shall play any stroke on a putting-green before competing.

4. The score shall be kept by a special marker, or by the competitors noting each other's scores. The scores marked shall be checked at the finish of each hole. On completion of the course, the score of the player shall be signed by the person keeping the score and handed to the Secretary.

5. If a ball be lost, the player shall return as nearly as possible to the spot where the ball was struck, tee another ball, and lose a stroke. If the lost ball be found before he has struck the other ball, the first shall continue in play.

6. If the player's ball strike himself, or his clubs, or caddie, or if, in the act of playing, the player strike the ball twice, the penalty shall be one stroke.

7. If a competitor's ball strike the other player, or his clubs, or caddie, it is a "rub of the green," and the ball shall be played from where it lies.

8. A ball may, under a penalty of two strokes, be lifted out of a difficulty of any description, and be teed behind same.

9. All balls shall be holed out, and when play is on the putting-green, the flag shall be removed, and the competitor whose ball is nearest the hole shall have the option of holing out first, or of lifting his ball, if it be in such a position that it might, if left, give an advantage to the other competitor. Throughout the green a competitor can have the other competitor's ball lifted, if he find that it interferes with his stroke.

10. A competitor may not play with a professional, and he may not receive advice from any one but his caddie. A fore-caddie may be employed.

11. Competitors may not discontinue play because of bad weather.

12. The penalty for a breach of any rule shall be disqualification.

13. Any dispute regarding the play shall be determined by the Green Committee.

14. The ordinary Rules of Golf, so far as they are not at variance with the special rules, shall apply to medal play.

GLOSSARY OF TECHNICAL TERMS USED IN THE GAME OF GOLF.

Addressing the Ball : When the player puts himself in position to strike the ball.

Approach : When the player is sufficiently near the hole to be able to drive the ball to the putting-green his stroke is called the "approach shot."

Baff : To strike the ground with the "sole" of the club-head in playing. This sends ball high in air and causes it to fall "dead."

Baffy : A wooden club much lofted in the face.

Bent : Rough, coarse grass on seaside greens.

Bogey, Colonel : A score, usually par play, fixed for each hole.

Bone : A piece of ram's horn or other substance inserted in the sole of the club to prevent it from splitting.

Borrow : When the player, on a sloping putting-green, plays the ball up the slope a little way.

Bottom : Putting back-spin on a ball.

Brassey : A wooden club with a brass sole.

Break-club : An obstacle lying near a ball of such a nature as might injure the club when played.

Bulger : A wooden club with a convex face.

Bunker : A sand-pit.

Bye : Any hole or holes that remain to be played after the match is finished.

Caddie : A person who carries the golfer's clubs.

Carry : The distance the ball is driven before it touches the ground.

Cleek : Iron-headed club used for driving.

Club : The implement with which the ball is struck. The heads are of various kinds—wood, aluminium, wood with a brass sole, and iron, steel, or gun-metal.

Course : That portion of the links on which the game ought to be played.

Cup : A small hole in the course, frequently one made by the stroke of some previous player.

Dead : A ball is said to be "dead" when it lies so near the hole that the "putt" is a *dead* certainty. A ball is said to fall "dead" when it does not run after alighting.

Divot : A piece of turf cut out by club. Replace carefully.

Dormy : A player is said to be "dormy" when he is as many holes ahead as there remain holes to play.

Draw : To drive widely to the left hand. (Synonymous with "hook," "screw" and "pull.")

Driver or Play-Club : A wooden-headed club with a full-length shaft, and with which the ball can be driven the farthest distance.

Duff : To hit the ground behind a ball.

Face : First, the slope of a bunker or hillock ; second, the part of the club-head which strikes the ball.

Flat : A club is said to be "flat" when its head is at a very obtuse angle to the shaft.

Fog : Moss, rank grass.

Foozle : A bungling stroke.

Fore! The warning cry to any person in the way of the stroke. (Contracted from "before.")

Fore-Caddie : A caddie employed to go in advance of the players and locate the balls.

Foursome : A match in which four persons play : two on each side.

Gobble : A rapid, straight "putt" into the hole, such that, had the ball not gone in, it would have gone some distance beyond.

Grassed : This is said of a wooden club whose face is slightly "spooned" or sloped backward.

Green : First the whole links ; second, the putting-green around the different holes.

Grip : First, the part of the handle covered with leather by which the club is grasped ; second, the grasp itself.

Gutty : A gutta-percha golf ball.

Half-one : A handicap of a stroke deducted every *second* hole.

Half-shot : Less than a full or a three-quarter shot.

Halved : A hole is said to be "halved" when each side takes the same number of strokes. A "halved match" is a "drawn game"—that is, the players have proved to be equal.

Hanging ball : A "hanging" ball is one which lies on a downward slope in the direction in which the hole lies.

Hazard : A general term for bunkers, long grass, roads, water, sand, whin, molehill, or other bad ground. (Rule 15).

Head : A head is the *lowest* part of a club and possesses, among other mysterious characteristics, a *sole*, a *heel*, a *toe* or *nose*, a *neck*, and a *face !*

Heel : First, the part of the head nearest the shaft ;

second, to hit from this part, thus sending the ball to the right hand.

Hole : First, the hole lined with iron ; second, the whole space between any teeing-ground and the hole in connection therewith.

Honour : The right to play off first from the tee.

Hook : See "Draw." A hooked club has the face lying in to the ball.

Horn : See "Bone."

Hose : The socket of iron-headed clubs into which the shaft is fitted.

Iron : A club with an iron head, more or less laid back to loft a ball.

Jerk : In "Jerking," the club should strike with a quick cut behind the ball.

Lie : First, the inclination of a club when held on the ground in a natural position for striking ; second, the situation of a ball, good or bad.

Lift : To take a ball out of a hazard and drop it behind or tee it.

Like : See under "Odds."

Like-as-we-lie : When both sides have played the same number of strokes.

Links : The ground on which golf is played.

Loft : To send the ball into the air.

Long odds : When a player has to play a stroke more than his adversary, who is much farther on—that is, nearer the hole.

Long game : Driving from the tee and playing through the green.

Mashie : An iron club with a deep, short blade.

Match : First, the sides playing against each other : second, the game itself. Match play reckoning the score by holes.

Medal play : Reckoning the score by strokes.

Miss the globe : To fail to strike the ball is counted a stroke.

Neck : The bent part of the head where it joins the shaft.

Niblick : A small narrow-headed heavy iron club, used when the ball has a bad lie.

Nose : The point or front portion of the club head.

Odds : First, means the handicap given by a strong player to a weaker in a single match, consisting of either one, two, three, or more holes to start with, or one stroke per hole, or every alternate hole, or at every third hole, etc. ; second, to have played "the odds" is to have played one stroke more than your adversary.

One-off-two, *one-off-three*, *etc.* : When your opponent has played two strokes more your next stroke is one-off-two, and so on.

Play-club : See "Driver."

Press : To strive to hit the ball harder than usual.

Putt : To play close to the hole. (Pronounce *u* as in *but*.)

Putter : An upright, stiff-shafted, wooden, iron, or gun-metal headed club, used when the ball is on the putting-green.

Putting-green : The prepared ground round the holes.

Rind : A strip of cloth under the leather to thicken the grip.

Rub of the green : A favourable or unfavourable knock to the ball. (Rule 22.)

Run : Running the ball along the ground instead of lofting it ; and also the run of a drive is the distance the ball runs after reaching the ground.

Scare : The narrow part of the club head by which it is glued to the shaft, and which is spliced over.

Screw : See "Draw."

Sclaff: Hitting the ground behind the ball first, thus not getting a clean stroke.

Scruff: Slightly razing the grass in striking.

Set : A full complement of clubs.

Shaft : The stick or handle of the club.

Slice : To draw the face of the club across the ball, sending it with a curve towards the right.

Socket : That part of the head of iron clubs into which the shaft is fitted.

Sole : The flat bottom of the club head.

Spoons : Wooden-headed clubs of three lengths—long, middle, and short : the head is scooped or grassed so as to loft the ball.

Spring : The degree of suppleness in the shaft.

Square : When the game stands level, neither party being any holes ahead.

Stance : The position of the player's feet when addressing himself to the ball.

Steal : To hole a long unlikely "putt" from a distance, not by a "gobble," but by a stroke which just succeeds in getting the ball as far as the hole.

Stroke : Any movement of the club which is intended to strike the ball.

Stymie : When your opponent's ball lies in the line of your "putt"; from an old Scotch word, meaning "obscuring."

Swing : The sweep of the club in driving.

Tee : The pinch of sand on which the ball is placed at the teeing-ground.

Teeing-ground : A space marked out within the limits of which the ground must be teed.

Third : A handicap of a stroke deducted every *third* hole.

Toe : Another name for the nose of the club.

Top : To top the ball is to hit it above the centre.

Two-more, *three-more*, *etc.* : See under "Odds."

Upright : A club is said to be "upright" when its head is not at a very obtuse angle to the shaft.

Whins, furze, or gorse.

Whipping : The pitched twine uniting the head and handle.

Wrist-shot : Less than a half-shot, generally played with an iron club—the old saying was "played from the knee."

APPENDIX B.

THE ALL-ENGLAND CROQUET LAWS.

1897.

1. *Mallets.*—There shall be no restriction as to the number, weight, size, shape, or material of the mallets; nor as to the part of the handle held. The ball must only be struck with either end of the head of the mallet.

2. *Size of Balls.*—The balls used in match play shall be three and five-eighth inches in diameter, of even weight, each ball weighing not less than thirteen and three-quarter oz. or more than fourteen and a quarter oz.

3. *Choice of Lead and of Balls.*—It shall be decided by lot which side shall have choice of lead and of balls. In a succession of games the choice of lead shall be alternate, the sides keeping the same balls.

4. *Commencement of Game.*—In commencing, each ball shall be placed on the starting spot. The striker's ball, when so placed and struck is at once in play, and can roquet any other ball in play or be roqueted whether it has made the first hoop or not.

5. *Stroke, when taken.*—A stroke is considered to be taken if a ball be moved in the act of striking; but should a player, in taking aim, move his own or any other ball accidentally, it must be replaced to the satisfaction of the umpire or the adversary, and the stroke be then taken. If a ball be moved in taking aim, and then struck without being replaced, the stroke is foul (see Law 25).

6. *Hoop, when run.*—A ball has run its hoop when, having passed through from the playing side and ceased to roll, it cannot be touched by a straight-edge placed against the wires on the side from which it was played, after the hoop has been placed upright.

7. *Ball driven partly through Hoop.*—A ball driven partly through its hoop from the non-playing side cannot run the hoop at its next stroke, if it can be touched by a straight-edge placed against the wires on the non-playing side.

8. *Points counted to Non-Striker's Ball.*—A ball driven through its hoop, or against the turning peg, by any stroke not foul, of its own side, or by any stroke of the adverse side, scores the point so made.

9. *Points made for Adversary's Ball.*—If a point be made for an adversary's ball, the striker must inform his adversary of it. Should the striker neglect to do so, and the adversary make the point again, he may continue his turn as though he had played for his right point.

10. *The Turn.*—A player, when his turn comes round, may roquet each ball once before making a point, and may do this again after each point made. The player continues his turn so long as he makes a point or a roquet.

11. *Croquet imperative after Roquet.*—A player who roquets a ball must take croquet, and in so doing must move perceptibly both balls (*vide* Law 27 (*b*) (*i*)).

In taking croquet, the striker is not allowed to place his foot on the ball.

12. *Ball in Hand after Roquet.*—No point or roquet can be made by a ball which is in hand. If a ball in hand displace any other balls, they must remain where they are driven. Any point made in consequence of such displacement counts, notwithstanding that the ball displacing them is in hand.

13. *Balls roqueted simultaneously.*—When a player roquets two balls simultaneously, he may choose from which of them he will take croquet; another roquet will be required before he can take croquet from the other ball.

14. *Balls found touching.*—If at the commencement of a turn the striker's ball be found touching another, roquet is deemed to be made, and croquet must be taken at once, but if it be found touching two balls the striker can take croquet of which ball he chooses. But another roquet will be required before he can take croquet from one of the other balls.

15. *Roquet and Hoop made by same Stroke.*—Should a ball, in making its hoop, roquet another that lies beyond the hoop, and then pass through, the hoop counts as well as the roquet. A ball is deemed to be beyond the hoop if it lies so that it cannot be touched

by a straight-edge placed against the wires on the playing side. Should any part of the ball that is roqueted be lying on the playing side of the hoop, the roquet counts, but not the hoop.

16. A rover can be pegged out by any stroke (not foul) of another rover, whether of the same or the adverse side. Players can, however, mutually agree before the commencement of the game that rovers shall not be pegged out by adverse rovers.

17. *Rover pegged out by Roquet.*—A player (rover) who pegs out a rover by a roquet loses the remainder of his turn because a rover when pegged out is out of the game and croquet cannot be taken from it. The law does not apply when there is no pegging out.

18. *Balls sent off the Ground.*—A ball sent off the ground must at once be replaced three feet within the boundary, measured from the spot where it went off, and at right angles to the boundary. If this spot be already occupied, the ball last sent off is to be placed in contact with the other, but no ball is to be placed less or more than three feet from the boundary, the player merely having option whether he place the second ball going off at the same spot to the right or left of the first ball. If a third ball go off on the same spot it must be placed touching the first ball.

19. *Ball sent off near Corner.* A ball sent off within three feet of a corner is to be replaced three feet from both boundaries. If more than one ball be sent off within three feet of any corner, the ball last sent off is to be placed in contact with the ball occupying the corner spot, and three feet from one of the boundaries at the option of the player. When a player roquets one of the corner balls he is entitled to place the balls in any order, provided one is on the corner spot, and the others touch it or some other corner ball; but he must take croquet off the ball he has roqueted.

If a player's ball be in a corner with two or more other balls the player is at liberty to choose off which ball he will take croquet, and previous to his doing so he may alter the position of the other balls to his liking, provided one is on the corner spot and the others touching it or some other corner ball.

20. *Ball touching Boundary.*—If the boundary be marked by a line on the turf, a ball touching the line is deemed to be off the ground. If the boundary be raised, a ball touching the boundary is similarly deemed to be off the ground.

21. *Ball sent off and returning to Ground.*—If a ball be sent off the ground, and return to it, the ball must be similarly replaced, measuring from the point of first contact with the boundary.

22. *Ball sent within three feet of Boundary.*—A ball sent within three feet of the boundary, but not off the ground, is to be replaced as though it had been sent off; except in the case of the striker's ball, when the striker has the option of replacing his ball, or of playing from where it lies.

23. *Boundary interfering with Stroke.*—If it be found that the height of the boundary interferes with the stroke, the striker, with the sanction of the umpire or the adversary, may bring in the balls a longer distance than three feet, so as to allow a free swing of the mallet. Balls so brought in must be moved in the line of aim, and placed at the same relative distance.

24. *Dead Boundary.*—If, in taking croquet, the striker send his own ball, or the ball croqueted, off the ground, he loses the remainder of his turn, unless (*a*) with the playing ball he make a roquet, or (*b*) the croqueted ball be caused to make a point in order (the striker's ball not passing the boundary).

25. *Balls touched by Adversary.*—Should a ball when rolling, except it be in hand, be touched, diverted from its course, or stopped by an adversary, the striker may elect whether he will take the stroke again, or whether the ball shall remain where it stopped, or be placed where in the judgment of the umpire or the striker it would have rolled to.

26. *Balls diverted or stopped by Umpire.*—Should a ball be diverted from its course or stopped by an umpire, he is to place it where he considers it would have rolled to.

27. *Foul Strokes.*—If a player make a foul stroke he loses the remainder of his turn, and any point or roquet made by such stroke does not count. Balls moved by a foul stroke are to remain where they lie, or be replaced at the option of the adversary. If the foul be made when taking croquet, and the adversary elect to have the balls replaced, they must be replaced in contact as they stood when the croquet was taken. The following are foul strokes:

(*a*) To strike with the mallet another ball instead of or besides one's own, in making the stroke.

(*b*) To spoon—*i.e.*, to push a ball without an audible knock.

(*c*) To strike a ball twice distinctly in the same stroke (except in the case of rolling two balls together if only one player use indiarubber).

(*d*) To touch, stop, or divert the course of a ball when in play and rolling, whether this be done by the striker or his partner.

(*e*) To allow a ball to touch the mallet [or any part of the player's person] in rebounding from a peg or wire.

(*f*) To move a ball which lies close to a peg or wire by striking the peg or wire [*i.e.*, to touch with the mallet a wire or peg in making the stroke].

(*g*) To press a ball round a peg or wire (crushing stroke).

(*h*) To play a stroke after roquet without taking croquet.

(*i*) To fail to move both balls in taking croquet.

(*k*) To croquet a ball which the striker is not entitled to croquet.

(*l*) To knock a wire of the hoop out of the ground when making a stroke.

(*m*) To move a ball in the act of taking aim without replacing it to the satisfaction of the umpire or the adversary before striking it.

(*n*) To hit a ball with any part of the mallet other than one of the ends of the head (*vide* Law 1).

(*o*) To improperly handle or touch a ball with foot or mallet (*vide* Laws 5, 34).

28. *Playing out of Turn or with the Wrong Ball.*—If a player play out of turn or with the wrong ball, no point made after the mistake can be scored unless as specified below. The balls shall be replaced by the umpire, or to the satisfaction of the adversary, where they were immediately before the mistake was made, and the player shall recommence or continue his turn as the case may be. But if the adverse side play without the mistake being discovered the turn shall hold good, and any point or points made properly (*i.e.*, in order for the ball he is playing with) during the turn shall be scored. In the case when the error is not discovered the adversary cannot be penalised for playing with either ball (of his own side), provided that he can prove that a mistake was made in the turn immediately preceding.

29. *Playing for Wrong Point.*—If a player make a wrong point it does not count, and, therefore (unless he have, by the same stroke, taken croquet, or made a roquet), all subsequent strokes are in error, the remainder of the turn is lost, and any point or roquet made after the mistake. The balls remain where they lie when the penalty is claimed, or are replaced as they were immediately before the last stroke was made, at the option of the adversary.

30. *Information as to Score.*—Every player is entitled to be informed which is the next point of any ball.

31. *State of Game, if disputed.*—When clips are used, their position, in case of dispute, shall be conclusive as to the position of the balls in the game.

32. *Wires knocked out of Ground.*—Should a player, in trying to run his hoop, knock a wire of that hoop out of the ground with his ball, the hoop does not count. The ball must be replaced, and the stroke taken again.

33. *Pegs or Hoops not upright.*—Any player may set upright a peg or hoop, except the one next in order; and that must not be altered except by the umpire.

34.—*Ball lying in a Hole or on Bad Ground.*—A ball lying in a hole or on bad ground may only be moved with the sanction of the umpire or with the consent of the adversary. The ball must be put back, *i.e.*, away from the object aimed at, so as not to alter the line of aim.

35. *Umpires.*—The duties of an umpire are:

(*a*) To decide any questions that may arise during the game, if appealed to.

(*b*) To keep the score, and if asked by a player to disclose the state of the game.

(*c*) To move the clips or to see that they are properly moved.

(*d*) To replace balls sent off the ground or to see that they are properly replaced.

(*e*) To adjust hoops or pegs or to see that they are properly adjusted (*vide* Law 33).

(*f*) To inform the striker when he is about to play or has played out of turn, or with the wrong ball, or when he has made a wrong point.

With the exception of the instances named in clause (*f*), an umpire shall not draw attention to, or give his opinion on, any mistake made unless appealed to by one of the players. The decision of an umpire on a question of fact shall be final, but on a question of law, if required by a player, he must appeal to the referee.

36. *Absence of Umpire.*—When no umpire is present permission to move a ball or to set up a peg or hoop, or any other indulgence for which an umpire would be appealed to, must be asked of the other side.

PRIZE MEETINGS, HANDICAPS, ETC.

A committee must be appointed and a referee. They will issue a programme announcing the details of the matches, size of grounds, width of hoops, amount due for entry, date of the draw, hour of the match play.

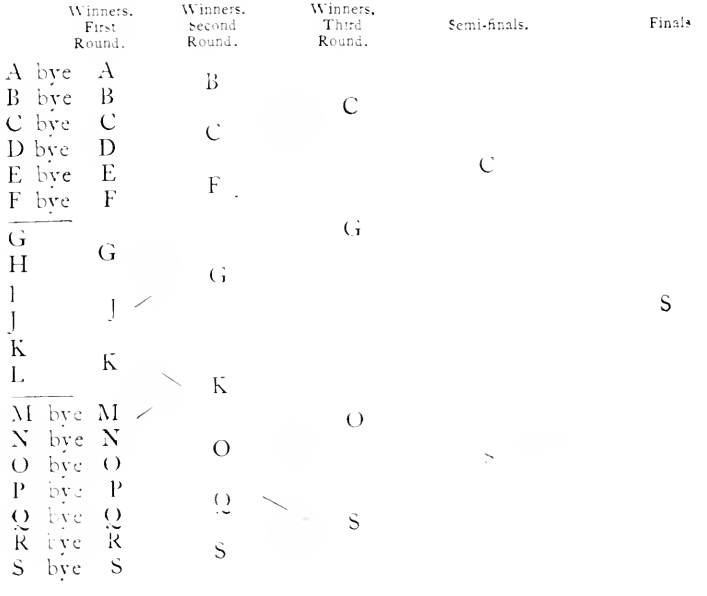
ENTRIES.

No entry shall be valid unless the entrance money is paid by such date as the committee appoint.

THE DRAW.

This is now conducted as in lawn tennis, the byes being got rid of in the first round.

If the number of players should be 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, or any higher power of 2, there are no byes. If on the other hand the number of players is not a power of 2 (let us say 19) matters are arranged after this fashion. The names of the players are drawn out of a hat and written down in order. To ascertain how many of these shall be byes subtract the number of players from the next highest power of 2 (19 from 32), which gives us 13. Of these, half go to the top of the list, the other half with the odd one to the bottom.



This leaves six players, G H, I J, K and L, to play the matches of the first round. Let us suppose that G, J and K win. Sixteen players now are left in. Consequently there will be no more byes. The players are paired in order through the line for the remaining rounds.

HANDICAPS.

For handicaps the players are divided into classes by the referee, class 1 giving one bisque to class 2, two bisques to class 3, and so on. In partner handicaps the bisques of the partners are added together and then divided by two. Thus if Miss A. (class 6) and Mr. G. (class 2), eight bisques in all, play Miss B. (class 7) and Mr. F. (class 4), eleven bisques in all, the weaker side gets one and a half bisques, the half being always changed to a whole one. These may be taken by either partner.

TIME HANDICAPS.

These are often a necessity at croquet meetings. The All-England Club laid down that there should be not more than eight players for singles and sixteen for double matches. One third of the time should be allotted to each game. If a game be unfinished the side ahead in points wins, a player being allowed to finish his break and take a bisque if one remains. If the points are equal the first roquet decides the contest.

In time handicaps the side which receives more than one bisque can only take half its bisques, until both balls have passed the turning peg.

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

A good bag of Tarpon - - - - - - - 175
A Matched Pair: Story of wedding breakfast and accident to M.F.H. in - - - - - - - - 5
Aberdeen, ladies' golf links at - - - - - 341
ALDENHAM RESTLESS.
Descendants winners at Peterborough Show - 84
Winning Champion Cup, 1893 - - - 84
All-England Croquet Association - - - - - 358
All-England Croquet Club - - - - - 358
Allgood Kennels - - - - - - - 90
Archer's Register - - - - - - - 232
ARCHERY, by Miss Walrond - - - - - 187
Bow, lineage of - - - - - - 187
Eastern ladies' exploits - - - - - 187
Improvement in - - - - - - 204
Revival of - - - - - - - 200
Royal amusement - - - - - - 193
ARCHERY (practical) by Mrs. Berens- - - - 207
Aiming - - - - - - - - 221
Arm guard - - - - - - - 213
Arrow, weight of - - - - - - 212
Before the draw - - - - 218, 219, 229
Beginners, advice to - - - - - - 208
Books recommended - - - - - - 232
Bows recommended - - - - - - 208
Club National Round - - - - - 228
Club Prize Meeting - - - - - 231
Coach desirable for beginners - - - - 224
Distances shot by women - - - - 215
Drawing - - - - - - - 218
Dress suitable for - - - - - - 217

Equipment needs care - - - - - 223
Full Draw - - - - - - - 225
Gloves or tips - - - - - - 214
Hereford Round - - - - - - 215
Loosing - - - - - - - - 222
Nocking - - - - - - - - 217
Standing - - - - - - - - 217
String recommended - - - - - - 210
Stringing bow - - - - - - - 209
Targets - - - - - - - - 215
To form a club - - - - - - 227
Weekly Club Meeting - - - - 231
Archery Dresses (about 1832) - - - - - 201
Archery Societies - - - - - 196—200
Art of Golf, Sir W. C. Sampson - - - - - 261
Art of Shooting, by C. Lancaster - - - - - 152
Ascham, Roger, treatise on Archery - - - - 193
Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles - - 101
Australia, Golf Clubs, Ladies' Championship - - - 343
Austria, hare drive in - - - - - - - 121

B.

BADMINTON LIBRARY.
Archery - - - - - - - - - 207
Golf - - - - - - - - - 261
Quoted on Shooting - - - - - - 116
Balfour, Miss May, Article on Skating - - - - 235
Portrait - - - - - - - - 234
Banks, Miss, on Archery - - - - - - 199
Banks, Sir Joseph - - - - - - - 199
Barham Downs, ladies' golf course - - - - - 343
Beagle Stud-book - - - - - - - - 96
BEAGLES.
Breeding - - - - - - - - 96, 97
For rabbit-shooting - - - - - - 140
Hunting with - - - - - - - 92, 95
Kennelling and feeding - - - - 99
Bentley Harriers - - - - - - - - 61
Account of - - - - - - - 85
Berens, Mrs., Article on Archery - - - - - 207
Portrait - - - - - - - - 206
Berkeley, Lady, using long-bow - - - - - 195
Betham, Miss, archery score - - - - - - 204

Book of Archery, Hansard, quoted on Persian ladies' archery 189
Bowby, Mrs., archery score - - - - - 204
Bownass, Miss, golfing at Windermere - - - - 347
Brentwood Croquet Club - - - - - - 360
Brighton and Hove ladies' golf course - - - - 342
Briscoe, Mrs., whipping in hounds - - - 61
Bronwydd Beagles, account of, by Miss Lloyd - - 105
Budleigh Salterton Croquet Club - - - - 360
Burn, Mrs., Fox Hunting - - - - 13
Portrait - - - - - - - - 12
Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, quoted - - - - 352
"Bush Farm," Meath, fences - - - - - 20
Butt, Mrs. W., archery score - - - - - 204
Butterflies at Captiva Island - - - - - 173
Buxom (hound) account of - - - - - 86
Buxom, Bentley Harrier - - - - - - 67

C.

Caledon Beagle Kennels - - - - - - 96
Campbell, Lady Ileene, hunting Lord Huntingdon's pack - 61
Canada, golf clubs in - - - - - - 343
Captiva Island (Gulf of Mexico).
Account of - - - - - - - 171
Tarpon, fishing at - - - - - - 170
Vegetation - - - - - - - 173
Carnoustie, ladies' putting course at - - - - 341
Carter, Bonham, croquet playing - - - - - 372
Cartridges recommended for women - - - - 111
Cheape, Mrs., and her Peterborough winners, Bracelet, Waterwitch, Verity, Woodbine, Generous, Worry 87
Cheape, Mrs., buying harriers - - - - - 85
Cheape, Mrs., Wellfield Beagles and Bentley Harriers - 60
Cheetham, Miss L., skating "a pass" - - - - 252
Cheltenham, ladies' golf course - - - - - 343
Cheltenham, lady golfers at - - - - - 348
Chester, ladies' golf course - - - - - 343
Chetwynd, Miss H., archery score - - - - 204
Chole, game of - - - - - - - 261
Chorley Wood, ladies' golf course - - - - 343
Clay Bird shooting competition - - - - - 130
Clay Pigeon Trap - - - - - - - 113
Clorinda, Moorish Queen, skilful with bow - - - 188
Clumber Spaniel - - - - - - - 97

Comet (property of Lady Gerard) - - - - - 37
County Down ladies' golf links - - - - - 338
Cox, Miss, ex-Irish Golf Champion - - - - 338
CROQUET, All-England Laws. Appendix B. - - 391
Article on, by Mrs. Spong - - - - - 357
Advantages of - - - - - - - 368
Balls - - - - - - - - - 361
Beginning, option of - - - - - - 367
Bisques - - - - - - - - - 363
Championships - - - - - - - - 370
Clips - - - - - - - - - 362
Clubs - - - - - - - - - 360
Handicapping bisques - - - - - 363
Hoops - - - - - - - - - 361
Lawn measurements - - - - - - 360
Lawns at Hurlingham and Ranelagh - - - 370
Lawns, size reduced - - - - - - 372
Mallets, 362; manner of holding - - - 363
Origin of game - - - - - - - 357
Pegs - - - - - - - - - 361
Qualities necessary for good player - - - 369
Revival of - - - - - - - - 370
"Roquet" - - - - - - - 365
Terms employed in - - - - - - 365
Tight croquet, expulsion of - - - - 358
Time games - - - - - - - - 371
Tournaments - - - - - - - - 358
Crusades, women prominent in sport during - - 6
Crystal Palace Archery Meeting - - - - - 200
Cub-hunting at Brigstock - - - - - - 15

D.

Dahlia (hound) - - - - - - - - - 86
Davies, George (Whip) - - - - - - 106
Deal Golf Club - - - - - - - - 331
Desmond, Lady, skill with bow - - - - 194
"Dinah," retriever - - - - - - - 146, 148
Dog breaking, secret of - - - - - - - 149
DOG BREEDING, by Hutchinson recommended - 152
Dogs and dog-breaking, utilising land for - - - 145
Driving popular with shooters and owners of moors - 131
Dulcimer, pure harrier, 89; account of - - - 90
Dumfries, ladies' golf links at - - - - - 341

E.

Eastbourne Ladies' Golf Course - - - - - 341
Edinburgh, ladies' golf links at - - - - - 341
EDITOR (FRANCES E. SLAUGHTER).
Englishwomen and Sport - - - - - 1
Hare-hunting - - - - - - - 59
Portrait - - - - - - - - 1
Elie and Earlsferry, ladies' golf links at - - - - 341
Eltham Ladies' Golf Course - - - - - - 341
Englishwomen and Sport, by the Editor - - - - 1

F.

"Fallible," beagle bitch - - - - - - 99
FISHING FOR TARPON, by Mrs. Murphy-Grimshaw 157
Bait used - - - - - - - 162
Bottom-fishing - - - - - - 178
Catching first tarpon - - - - - 163
Clothes required for - - - - - 160
First tarpon stuffed and set up - - - - 184
Fishing at Captiva - - - - 176-77, 179
Florida, arrival in - - - - - - 160
Playing a tarpon, 164; excitement of - - - 165
Rod suitable for - - - - - - 162
Season for - - - - - - - 164
Flat-coated Retriever, Champion Darenth - - - 143
Folkestone Ladies' Golf Course - - - - 343
Fort Myers, on Caloosakatchie River - - - 181, 183
Fishing for tarpon at - - - - - 158
FOX-HUNTING, by Mrs. Burn.
"Alone with the hounds," pleasure of being - - 31
Beauty and fit surroundings - - - - - 14
Champion and Wilton's Safety Stirrup - - - 36
Country in the shires - - - - - 19
Driving to and from hunting - - - - 52
Falls - - - - - - - - 35
Gates, opening - - - - - - - 32, 33
Gruel for horse, directions for making - - - 51
"Hands" cannot be taught - - - - 25
Hunting in provinces advantage over shires - 16
Huntsmen, way to be made for - - - - 32
Ideal hunter - - - - - - - 50
Mounting - - - - - - - - 41
Need for pilot - - - - - - - 44

People hunting like a flock of sheep - - - 31
Quick eye to hounds - - - - - - 43
Quietness necessary - - - - - - 24, 47
Riding a refuser - - - - - - 48
Riding sane horses - - - - - - 47
Riding slow - - - - - - - 35
Riding to hounds, advice on - - - - 22
Safety habits - - - - - - - 39
"Seeds" "Young Grass" - - - - - 34
Spurs - - - - - - - - 40
Stirrup foot, position of - - - - - 29
Tired horse, jumping a - - - - - 50
Women in hunting field, why unpopular - - 30
Women riding without third pommel - - - 26
France, golf clubs in - - - - - - - 344

G.

Gadfly (hound) - - - - - - - - 86
Gainer (hound), account of - - - - - 86
Game of Golf, by W. Park, junr. - - - - 261
Gentil on Amazoni in retinue of Indian Prince - - 190
Gifford, Lady
And her Harriers - - - - 58
Beagles-harriers - - - - 89, 90
Carrying horn with harriers - - - 61
Cure for distemper - - - - 92
Interest in Kennel Management - - - 90
On hounds' food - - - - - - 91
Golf Annual, Article by John Thomson in - 352
GOLF, by Miss Starkie-Bence - - - - 259
Approach Shot - - - - - - 284
"Approach Shots," Competitions for - - 324
Balls, different kinds - - - - - 333
"Bap" - - - - - - - - 275
"Bogey" Competition - - - - 297
Books recommended - - - - - 261
Brassey - - - - - - - 283
Bunkers - - - - - - - 260
Cleek - - - - - - - - 283
Clubs - - - - - - - - 262
Clubs, choice of (instruments) - - - - 274
"Cuppy" lie - - - - - - - 300
Dress suitable for - - - - - - 304

Driver - - - - - - - - 274, 279
Dropping the ball, Rule on - - - - - - 351
Esprit-de-Corps - - - - - - - 351
Etiquette to be observed - - - - - - 294
Failing to sign card - - - - - - - 260
Faults—Slicing, Hooking, Topping - - - - 299
Foresome - - - - - - - - - 259
Founding of - - - - - - - - 261
Green - - - - - - - - - 260
Grip 261, wrong grip - - - - - - 276
Grip of hands for driving - - - - - - 275
Grip when at top of swing - - - - - - 280
Handicapping - - - - - - - - 297
"Handicapping Scheme" 326; Rules - - - 327
Hazard, St. Andrew's Rules 14, 288; 15 - - - 288
Hazards - - - - - - - - - 260
Iron 274; lofting iron - - - - - - 283
Iron shots - - - - - - - - - 284
Ladies' Courses - - - - - - - 266, 267
Lessons from professional desirable - - - - 273
Lie - - - - - - - - - - 261
Links, size of - - - - - - - - 260
Links, "upkeep" of - - - - - - - 332
Mashie - - - - - - - - 274, 287
Medal play - - - - - - - - 298
Object of game - - - - - - - - 259
Position for driving - - - - - - 269, 276
Practice required for - - - - - - 271, 301
Putter - - - - - - - - - 274, 291
Putting - - - - - - - - 293, 295
Scores in Match playing - - - - - - 260
Scores in Medal play - - - - - - - 259
Scotch and English players, Styles of - - - - 272
Short Approach Shot with thumb down the shaft - 289
Suited to all seasons - - - - - - - 265
"Smothering" - - - - - - - - 279
Stance - - - - - - - - - 260
Stimulus to trade given by - - - - - - 328
Stymie - - - - - - - - - 351
Swing 280; Finish of - - - - - - 281
Swinging upwards for three-quarter iron shot - - 285
Glossary of Technical Terms - - - - - 384
Golf Links abroad - - - - - - - 343
Golf quoted on gutta-percha used for balls - - - - 332

Golf Rules, Appendix A - - - - - - - 377
Golf School in America - - - - - - - 344
Golfer's Referee - - - - - - - - - 292
Gone to Ground (Portraits of four B.O.H. Prize-winners) 53
Graham, Miss N., Golf Champion of Ireland - - - 338
Portrait - - - - - - - - - 339
Grand National Archery Meeting - - - - 200, 203
Grand Northern Archery Meeting - - - - 200
Grand Western Archery Meeting - - - - - 200
Great Yarmouth Golf Links - - - - - - 313
Greeks and Romans no word for Skating - - - 246
Grey, Lord de - - - - - - - - - 109
Grouper, red and black - - - - - - - 177
Grouse Shooting - - - - - - - - 131
Best Method - - - - - - - - 133
Gullane, Ladies' Golf Union Championship Meeting at 306, 320
Gullane Links, lengths between holes at - - - - 325
Guns suitable for women - - - - 110, 111, 127

H.

Hamilton-Russell, Lady Margaret (*née* Scott)
Golfing - - - - - - - - 272, 313
Portrait - - - - - - - - - 317
Hare Drive in Austria - - - - - - - - 121
HARE-HUNTING, by the Editor - - - - 59
Cleanliness absolutely necessary in kennels - - 74
Dwarf foxhounds - - - - - - 69
Feeding hounds - - - - - - - 74
Harrier, advantage of pure - - - - - 66
Harriers, faults of - - - - - - 71, 72
Hounds, drafting - - - - - - 77
Hounds, kind of - - - - - - 66
Hounds, signalling - - - - - - 71
Hounds, signs of health in - - - - - 77
Hounds, standard for - - - - - - 70
Lady M. H.'s Pack, story of - - - - 65
Quietness necessary for - - - - 59, 61, 66
Stud-book harrier - - - - - - 69
Training hounds - - - - - - 72
Viewing the hare - - - - - - 62
Whippers-in - - - - - - - 78
Harrier and Beagle Show, Peterborough - - - - 105
Hastings and Bexhill Ladies' Golf Course - - - 343

Hawking, women proficient in - - - - - - 3
Hertfordshire Society of Archers - - - - - 197
Himalayan pheasants - - - - - - - 132
History of the Cid, by Dr. Southey, quoted on "Star of the Archers" - - - - - - - - 188
Horniblow, Mrs., Archery score - - - - - 204
Hoylake Golf Links - - - - - - - - 311
Hoylake Ladies' Golf Links - - - - - - 343
Huntingdon, Load, harriers in Iceland - - - - 61
Hutchinson, General, system of breaking pointers and setters - - - - - - - - - 151
Hutchinson, Horace, Golf, Badminton Library - - 261
Hutchinson Horace, on putting - - - - - 292

I.

India, golf clubs in - - - - - - - - 343
Irish Ladies' Golf Union, meeting at Portrush - - 315
Irish Setters, Champions Shandon II. and Geraldine - - 126
Irishman on gun - - - - - - - - - 110

J.

Jacksonville, Florida - - - - 183
Jaques bringing out Croquet - - 358
Jew-fish - - - - - - 177

K.

"KATE COVENTRY," heroine, giving up hunting when she marries - - - - - - - 4
Kennedy, Miss Emma:
Golfing in North Wales - - - - - 347
Portrait - - - - - - 335
Kildare, Countess of, shooting deer - - - - 194
King-fish - - - - - - - 177

L.

Ladies' Golf Union - - - - - - - 265
"Handicapping Scheme," 326; Rules - - 327
Outline of - - - - - - - 307
Ladies' Golf Union Annual, Miss Pearson's article in - 328
Ladies' Golf Union Championship Meetings - - - 306
Great Yarmouth - - - - - 313
Gullane - - - - - - 306, 320
Hoylake - - - - - - 312, 319, 334

Littlestone - - - - - - - 312, 314
Lytham and St. Anne's - - - - - 309, 311
Portrush - - - - - - - 306, 312, 315
Lancer (Irish horse) - - - - - - - - - 27
Leake, Sir F., extract from letter to Lord Shrewsbury - 195
Leamington and Midland Counties Archery Meeting - 200
Legh, Miss, archery schore - - - - - - - 204
Leicestershire, account of blank day in - - - - - 23
Lelant, ladies' golf course - - - - - - - 343
Lillie, A., work on croquet, 355; suggestions in - - 373
Littlestone Golf Club - - - - - - - - 331
Littlestone Golf Links - - - - - - - - 312
Lloyd, Miss, of Bronwydd:
Account of Bronwydd Beagles - - - - 105
Whipping-in beagles - - - - - - 61, 106
Lloyd, Sir Marteine:
And some of the Bronwydd Beagles - - - 104
Beagle kennels - - - - - - - - 96
Beagles - - - - - - - - - 61
Bronwydd Beagles - - - - - 101, 145
Lloyd, Sir Thomas, started Bronwydd Beagles - - - 105
Lowther, Hon. Mrs. Lancelot, Portrait - - - - 108
Lowther, Hon. Mrs. Lancelot, Shooting - - - - 109
Lytham and St. Anne's Golf Club - - - - - 309
Ladies' Union, meeting at - - - - - 310

M.

M. F. H. advice to young lady - - - - - - 13
Machrihanish, ladies' golf links at - - - - - 341
Maidstone Croquet Club - - - - - - - 360
Malvern, ladies' golf course - - - - - - 343
Mandeville, A., K.H. and Second Whip to Mrs. Pryse-Rice 85
Mary, Queen of Scots, adept in golf - - - - 265
Maxwell, Miss A., golfing at Dumfries - - - - 347
Meath, hunting in - - - - - - - 20, 21
Melville, Whyte, heroines in hunting field - - - 4
Meriden, archery assemblies at - - - - - 196
Midlands Golf Championship - - - - - 345
Mitcham, Princes Ladies' Golf Links - - - - 334
Meetings - - - - - - - - 337
Moffatt, Croquet Championship Meeting at - - - 370
Monmouth, Robert Cary, Earl of, extract from Memories of 194
Montecute, Lord, entertaining Queen Elizabeth at Cowdray 194

Murphy-Grimshaw, Mrs.:
Fishing for Tarpon - - - - - - 157
Portrait, 156; on board the tarpon boat - - 167
Murray, Mrs., golfing at Gullane - - - - - 347
Musselburgh, ladies' golf links at - - - - - 341

N.

Nevill, Misses, golfing - - - - - - 348
New Zealand golf links in—ladies' championships - - 343
Newcastle, Duchess of, hunting harriers - - - - 61
Nicholas', Sir H., *Household Expenses of Henry VIII.*, entries from - - - - - - - 193
Nicol's Progress quoted - - - - - - 194
North Berwick Ladies' Golf Club - - - - - 347
North Berwick, ladies' golf links at - - - 341
Norwich, deer parks owned by See - - - 2

O.

Orr, Miss E. C., Portrait - - - - - - 263
Our Sisters in Canada - - - - - - - 243

P.

Park, W., junr., *Game of Golf* - - 261
Paris, Comtesse de, giving up Woodnorton harriers - - 80
Partridge, Fur and Feather series recommended - 152
Partridge Shooting - - - 121, 134
Driving - - - 134
Over dogs 134, 138
Walking up - - 137
Partridge, work by Stuart Wortley on - 137
Pascoe, Miss, Portrait - - - 307
Pearson, Miss Issette,
Article in *Ladies' Golf Union Annual* - 328
Golfing - 306, 313
Portrait - - - 329
Records at Wimbledon - - - - 341
Peel, W. H., founded All-England Croquet Association - 358
Pelicans - - - - - - - - - 139
Persian ladies amusing themselves with Archery - - 189
Pheasant Shooting - - - - - 138
Pheasants, by Tegetmeier recommended - 152
Pointer on Partridge - - - - 119
Portrush Golf Links - - - - - - - 312
Portrush, Irish Ladies' Golf Union Championship Meeting 315

Prestwich, ladies' golf links at - - - - - 341
Prior, Dr., Notes on Croquet- - - - - - 357
Pritchard, Professor, cure for distemper - - - - 92
Pryse-Rice, Mrs.
Account of harriers - - - - - - 80
And her harriers - - - - - - 81
Kennels, Aldenham Bitches - - - - 93
Kennels (Woodmorton, *Charity* and *Wilful*) - - 63
M.H. - - - - - - - - 61
On hares killed - - - - - - 85
On infusion of foxhound blood into harrier kennel- 85
Runs of hounds- - - - - - - 83
Pryse, Vaughan, hunting harriers for forty seasons - - 80
Punta Gorda 183; deserted by tarpon - - - - 158
Purves, Dr. Laidlow - - - - - - - 306

Q.

Queen Anne, lover of the chase - - - - 8
Queen Elizabeth, an ardent sportswoman - - - 7
Queen Elizabeth at Cowdray, skill with bow - - - 194
Queen Victoria, benefactor of women - - - - 9
Queen Victoria riding after hounds - - - - - 8

R.

Rabbit difficult to shoot - - - 130
Rabbit Shooting - - - - 140
Ranelagh Club, Ladies' Golf Meeting at 315
Ranelagh Ladies' Golfing group, 1897 349
Ranfurly, ladies' golf links at - - 341
Retriever breaking, rules for - - 150
Rhyl, ladies' golf course - - - 343
Richardson, Mrs. Ryder, golfing - 347
Richmond ladies' golf course - - - 343
Rifle for small game - - - - - 116
Rigby, second for Championship cup in 1897 84
Romans and Greeks no word for skating - 246
Rook shooting - - - - - - 117
Royal British Bowmen - - - - - 196
Royal Portrush Ladies' Golf Links - - - - 338
Royal Rock Beagles, started by Colonel Anstruther Thomson 105
Royal Toxophilite Archery Society - - - - 196
Rural Sports, by Daniel, recommended - - - 152
Rye Golf Club - - - - - - - 331

S.

St. Andrew's, ladies' putting course at 341
St. Nicholas, ladies' golf links at 341
Salisbury, Lady, hunting fox over Hertfordshire 59
Salisbury, Lady, supporting archery 196
Sandwich Golf Club 331
Sandwich Golf Course 345
Gentlemen's Amateur Championship at 346
Lady golf players at 346
Sampson, Sir W. C., *Art of Golf* 261
Scotch ladies' golf links 341
Scotland, hunting in 21
Scott, Sir Walter, excuses Di Vernon for sporting tastes 4
Sea trout 177
Serrell, Miss, on Colleen 45
Shooters, cautions to young 152
SHOOTING
Article on, by the Hon. Mrs. Lancelot-Lowther 109
Badmington Library on 115
Beginners, advice to 112
Books recommended 152
Dress suitable for 123
Etiquette to be observed 112
Judging distances 129
Measuring distances 115
Practice recommended 128
Qualities necessary for 127
Shrewsbury, Lady, adept with bow 195
SKATES 242
Bone 246-47
Mount Charles 247
Primitive 246
Roller-Skates 248
SKATING
"A pass" 252
Beginning 249
Club Figures 253
Dress suitable for 245
Equality on both legs 236
Exhilarating and healthful exercise 245
Foreign style introduced in England 241
Half-circle and circle 251
Hand-in-hand skating 237, 252

Ideal Skater - - - - - - 241
In Holland - - - - - 239
Introduced from North - - - - 246
Mastery of both edges - - - - 251
Outside edge - - - - - - 236
Points to be attended to - - - - 255
Rockers - - - - - - 252
Scuds - - - - - - - 252
Transition stage in England - - - 235, 241
Turning a three - - - - - 237
Waltzing on skates - - - - - 238
South Africa, golf clubs in - - - - - - 343
Spaniels for rabbit shooting - - - - - - 141
Spicer, Captain, of Spye Park, harriers sold to Mrs. Cheape 85
Spong, Mrs., article on croquet - - - - - - 357
Portrait - - - - - - - 356
Sport for upper classes in middle ages - - - - 1
Sporting dogs, grooming - - - - - - 151
Starkie-Bence, Miss, article on golf - - - - 259
Portrait - - - - - - - - 258
Straits' Settlements, golf links in - - - - - 343
Stuart-Wortley, work on partridge - - - - 137
Surtees, his hunting women - - - - - - 4
System of Figure Skating, by Maxwell Witham - - 253

T.

Tarpon boats, 159; at Captiva - - - - - - 174
Tarpon fishing (see Fishing for Tarpon).
Temple, Miss, archery score - - - - - - - 203
Thomson, Colonel Anstruther, started Royal Rock Beagles 105
Thomson, John, article on *Golf Annual* - - - - - 352
Trollope, sport no place in life of his heroines - - - 4
Troon, ladies' golf links at - - - - - - 341
Tudor, Margaret, journey to Scotland - - - - 190

U.

United States, golf clubs in - - - - - - - 343
Usbec Tartary, incident during plundering of village in - 187

V.

Verity (hound) - - - - - - - - - 86
Vernon, Di, excused for sport-loving tastes - - - 4
Villiers, Miss, archery score - - - - - - 203

W.

Walrond, Miss, article on archery - - - - - - 187
Portrait - - - - - - - - 186
Walsingham, Lord - - - - - - - 109
Walters, John, huntsman - - - - - - - 106
Warlike (hound) - - - - - - - - 86
Waterwitch (hound) - - - - - - - 86
Wellfield (hound), account of - - - - - 86
Wellfield Beagles - - - - - - - - 60
Welsh hares, speed of - - - - - - - 79
West Indies, golf clubs in - - - - - - 343
West Lancashire ladies' golf links - - - - 268, 334
Match team - - - - - - - 334
Whigham, Miss Sybil, golfing at Prestwick - - - 346
Whitmore, Walter Jones, started scientific croquet - - 358
Wilson-Hoare, Mrs., golfing - - - - - 313, 348
Wilton, Elizabeth, Countess of, on Willoughby - - 17
Wimbledon ladies' golf club uniform - - - - 303
Wimbledon ladies' golf course - - - - - 341
Witham, Maxwell, *System of Figure Skating* - - - 253
Woking, ladies' golf links at - - - - - - 341
Women.
At shooting parties - - - - - - 118
Middle ages, hunting in - - - - - 2
Position in world of sport - - - - - 1
Proficient in art of falconry - - - - - 3
Woodbine, Wellfield, Buxom, Bentley Harriers - - 75
Woodmen of Arden - - - - - - - - 196

Y.

Yonge, John, Somerset Herald - - - - 190
Yorkshire golf championship - - 345

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